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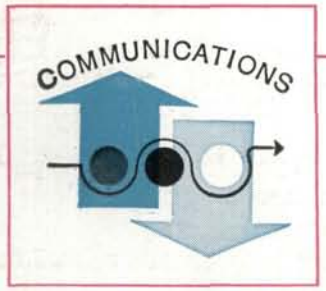
# Saturday Review

April 11, 1964 25¢

## SO YOU WANT TO WORK FOR THE GOVERNMENT

### A Fresh Look at the Federal Civil Service

By Frank C. Porter




## MISTER J. WALTER THOMPSON

By James Webb You

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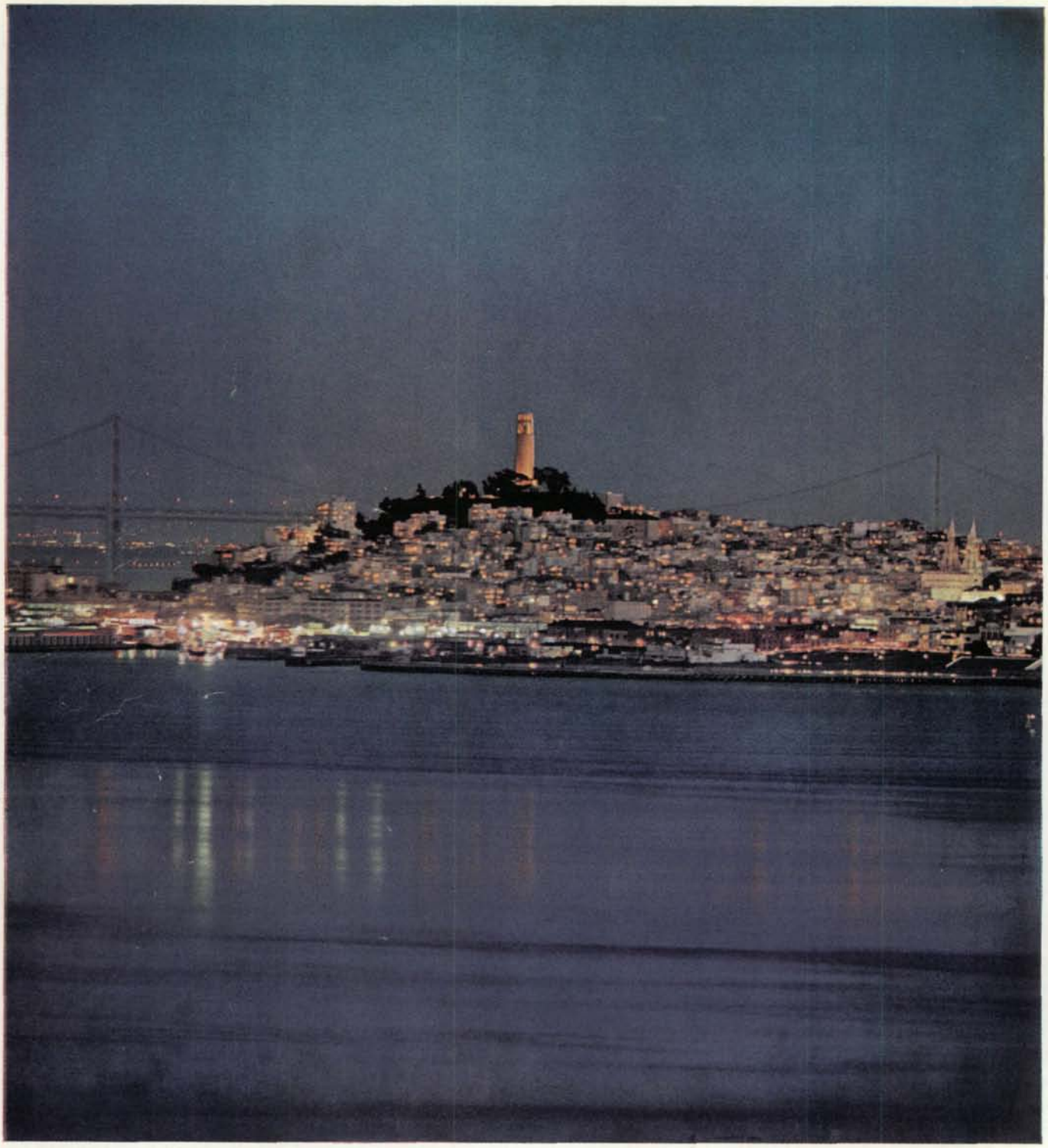

# SEVEN THINGS TO BRING TO SAN FRANCISCO:
# Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

There's more to San Francisco than Fisherman's Wharf, Chinatown, Nob Hill, Union Square, North Beach, the Embarcadero, Candlestick Park, the Golden Gate Bridge, the Marina, Telegraph Hill, Seal Rocks, Russian Hill, et cetera.

San Francisco is a night at the opera. Cappucino at one a.m. A walk along the beach at Land's End. It's a Chinese parade. The sound of a cable car as it brakes at the top of a hill. An Italian dinner, with French bread.

To carry it *all* away with you, just be sure to pack one thing into your trip: *a week*.

**For free illustrated guide write San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau, Dept. SR, 1375 Market St., San Francisco 3, Calif.**

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# Pairing you with a buyer when you're ready to sell usually takes only a matter of minutes at the New York Stock Exchange

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Messages from the two firms go to their brokers on the floor of the Exchange. They meet at a post where the stock is traded. There, each of the brokers tries to get the best price for his customer. A price is arrived at and the transaction is made.

**Your buyer might be an individual.** There are some 17,000,000 shareowners in the United States. Or a large institution which may buy or sell large blocks of stock. Or an Exchange member called a floor trader who buys and sells for himself.

Or your buyer could be an Exchange member called a specialist. Certain stocks are assigned to him. When there is an unusually large gap between what is asked for a stock and what anyone is willing to pay, the specialist is expected, within practicable limits, to narrow the gap by making a higher bid or lower offer. This is how he may help your order to be executed quickly at a price not far from the price of the last sale.

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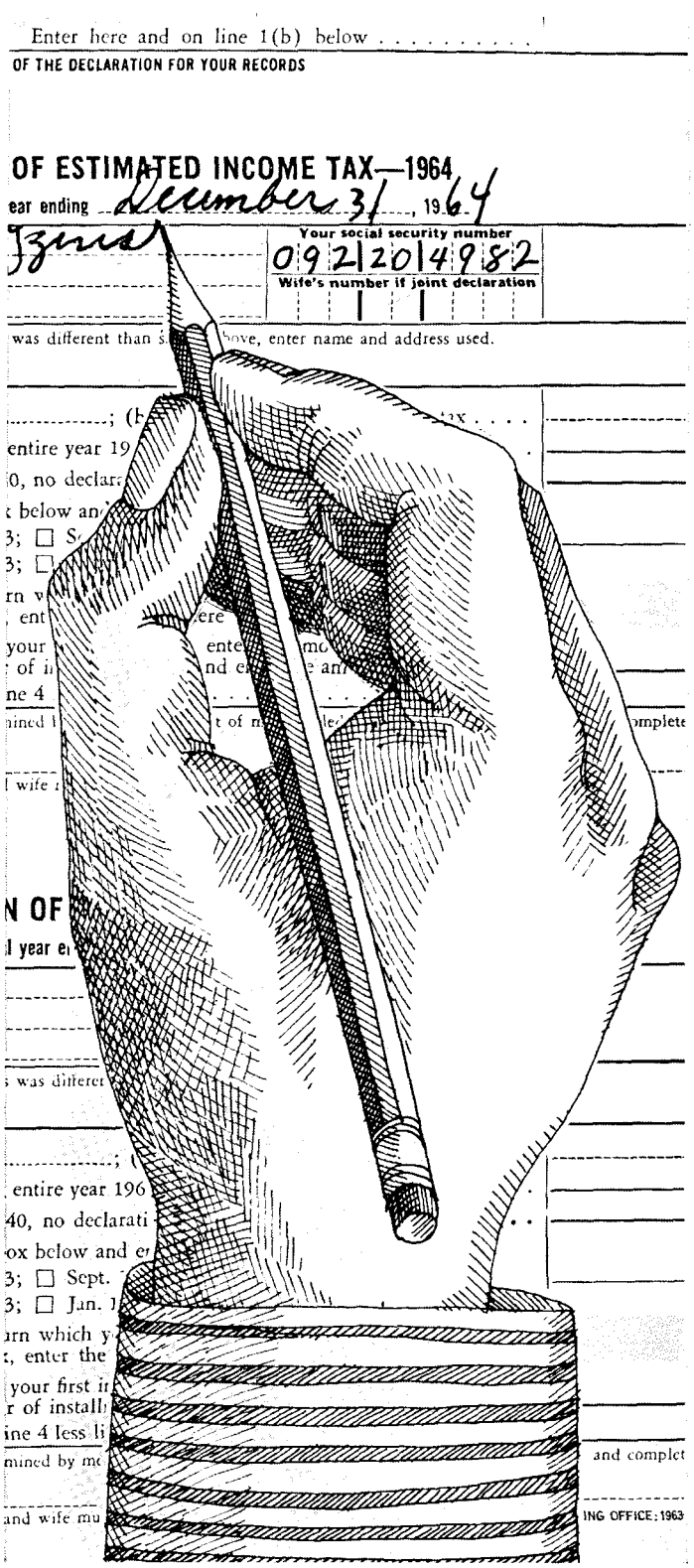
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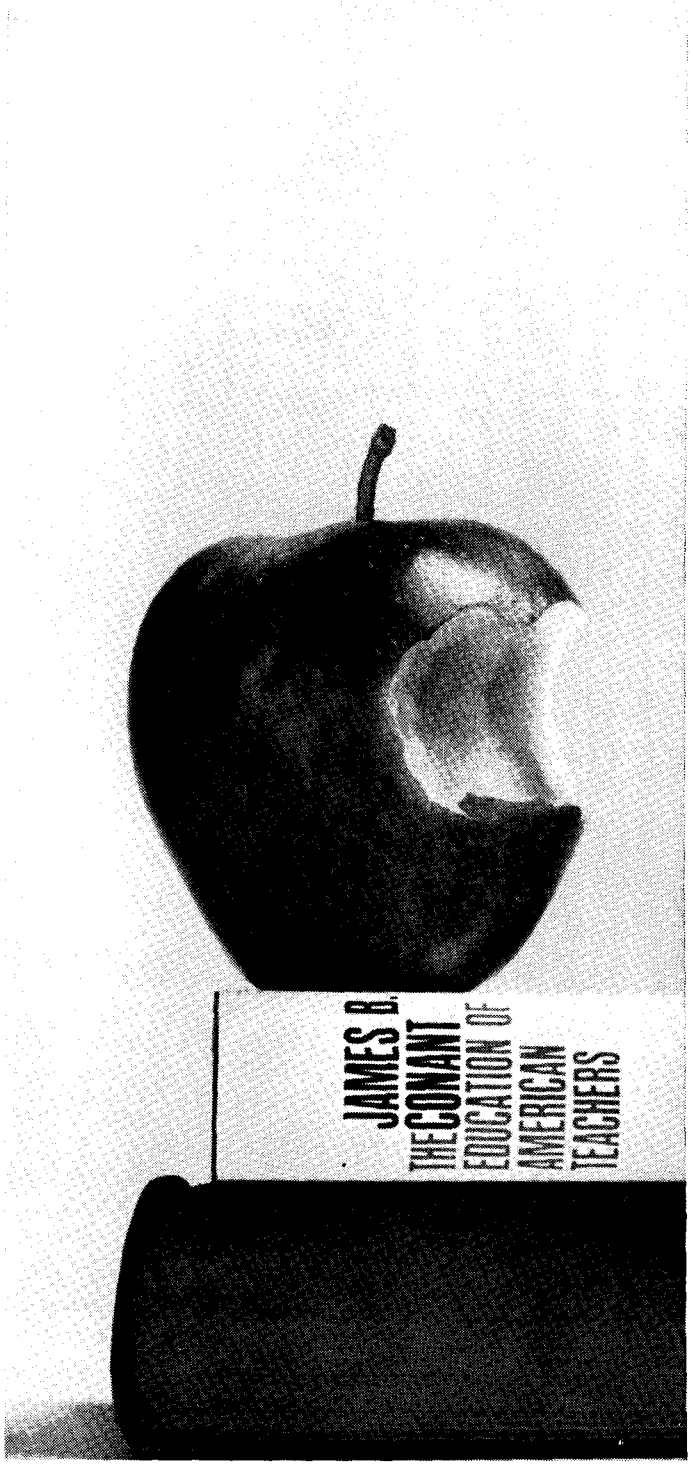
**THE PIVOTAL** Six years ago, McGraw-Hill's BUSINESS WEEK began pointing out that the federal income tax structure hindered economic growth and fostered unemployment. In June, 1962, at a key moment, a BUSINESS WEEK editorial campaign drove home to businessmen the realization that a substantial tax cut was imperative, even at the risk of increasing budget deficits for the short term. Members of Congress, among others, recognized this leadership as a strong force in the final enactment of the historic tax cut in 1964.




**THE PEDAGOGIC** Should a teacher properly qualified in one state be allowed to teach in every state? Educator James B. Conant says yes, emphatically. In THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS, Conant has 27 recommendations on the touchy subject of how teachers should be taught. Why does McGraw-Hill publish such a controversial book? Because of the critical importance of the topic. And because readers look to McGraw-Hill, a major publisher of textbooks, for the newest thinking on education.

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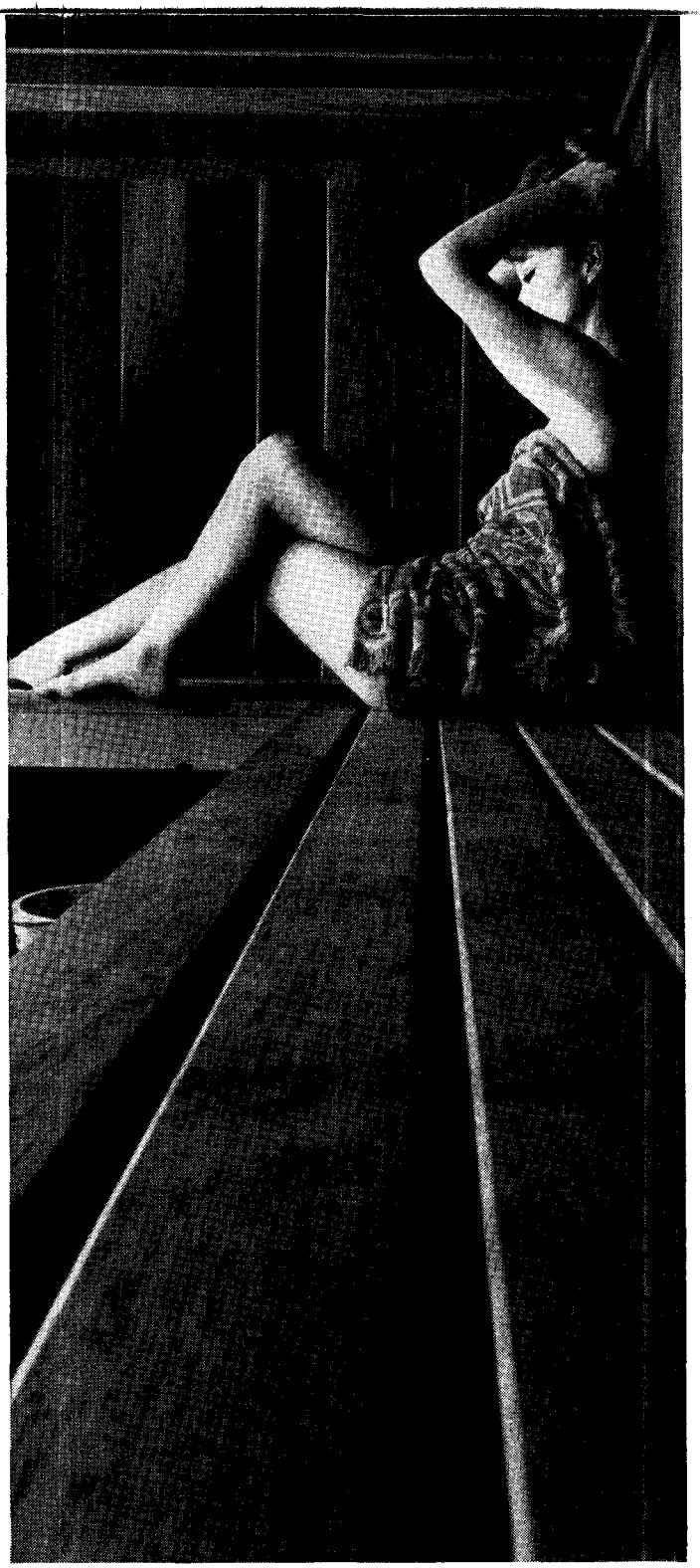
**THE PERCEPTIVE** What's brewing in Bratsk, Russia's huge hydro site? How are things in Khabarovsk, 25 miles from Red China? Soviet hydroelectric power is being cut back, and Japanese trade in Siberia is growing. This news came from our Moscow News Bureau chief after a recent 10,000-mile trek. Such coverage is routine for McGraw-Hill World News Service. Every week, this large business news-gathering service relays a quarter million words to McGraw-Hill's 43 business publications.



**THE PRACTICAL** No need to go to Finland to enjoy a sauna bath... or even to a health club. You can have one installed in your home for about $1,500. With the growing popularity of saunas, architects get more requests to include them in plans. They find data on saunas, among thousands of more conventional items, in Sweet's Catalog Files, bound volumes of the catalogs of some 1,800 suppliers to the construction industry. Sweet's is another example of how McGraw-Hill serves man's need for knowledge.

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It's difficult for a city person like me to catch the spirit of a small town—a town small enough so that everyone in it knows everyone else. The fact that Marian Gavin can completely put across the feel of such a town and can know its people as she does is one of the considerable triumphs of her first novel, "Jailer, My Jailer."

It's only one of Miss Gavin's accomplishments in this book, though, for she has chosen a difficult story to tell, and has—for my money—brought it off with great success. Her town is Leggit, somewhere in East Texas, and her hero is Sheriff Sam Breelon, the best peace officer the county ever had, and a man of apparently total rectitude.

Finding an honest small-town sheriff in a modern novel is a very rare occurrence, but a man like Sam Breelon is even more unusual, since he manages to be upright without ever being a prig. When Breelon's great test comes, it's fitting that his temptress is genuinely worthy of him.

I won't give away any more of the plot than that, except to say that the entire tale takes place between Friday and Sunday, and I seriously doubt you'll be able to stop reading "Jailer, My Jailer" till it's over. It is always a chancy thing to say that any first novelist is going to be a first-rate storyteller. In the case of Marian Gavin, there's no gamble. She already is one.

*L. L. Day*
**EDITOR-AT-LARGE**

*Jailer, My Jailer* ($4.95) by Marian Gavin is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York.


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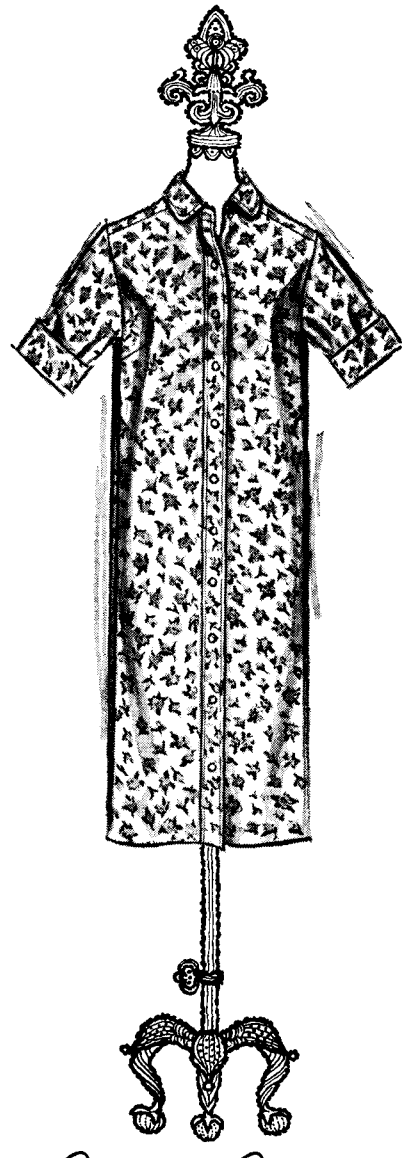

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**A MESSAGE FOR PARENTS—ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY...**

# *Our teen-age girls are not learning to eat right, and poor health is their penalty*

TEEN-AGE GIRLS in the United States, a country noted for its great abundance of healthful foods, often damage their own health and deprive themselves of a full measure of the sparkle and vitality they want because they have not learned to eat right.

Surveys conducted by university nutritionists indicate clearly that the diets of teen-age girls tend to be low in calcium, vitamin A, and ascorbic acid (vitamin C). Many of these girls are low in intake of these essential nutrients because they, much too often like their parents, skip breakfast or try to start the day with too little nourishment.

Studies have been made to determine why these girls do not eat right. Many of them are simply ill-informed about what is happening to them in their adolescent years. They do not realize their young bodies are maturing and need food nutrients in adequate amounts to enjoy good health. They are sometimes excessively concerned about being overweight even though many of them are really undernourished.

### EATING RIGHT HELPS INCREASE VITALITY

Many of these girls, as well as many of their older sisters and their mothers, lack the very vitality they want because they don't eat right. They ignore or don't realize the important role that diet plays in physical appearance, including skin and hair health. There is evidence, too, that poor nutritional habits in the teen years account for a significant part of the difficulties which young women experience in childbirth.

These girls tend to be deficient in the nutrients found primarily in milk and in citrus fruits and juices. Too many have picked up from their mothers, and perhaps their fathers, the completely erroneous idea that milk is "fattening." Because they skip breakfast, they often don't have the fruits or juices rich in ascorbic acid.

Teen-age girls are frequently quite volatile personalities and may be difficult to reason with. They dislike being treated like small children and being told to eat this or that. They are in training for maturity, and the parents who follow the policy of "Do as I *say*, not as I *do*" find it very difficult to encourage their children to adopt the kind of eating habits that will prove most beneficial for the younger members of the family.

### NEED A FAMILY FOOD PLAN?

Preparing food for the family should not require the services of a computer, nor is a healthful diet one that is not also enjoyable. Following the Daily Food Guide which the nutrition scientists have developed is a sound, and easy, approach to keeping the entire family well fed. But, remember, its good sense applies to the adult members of the family as well as to the children. The Daily Food Guide suggests selecting foods from these four major groupings:

**Milk and Dairy Foods:** Teen-agers and children should have 3 to 4 glasses of milk each day (or its equivalent in such dairy foods as cheese and ice cream). Adults, for a balanced diet and to set a good example for other members of the family, should have at least 2 glasses of milk each day.

Milk is an important source of essential food nutrients. For an adult man, for example, 2 glasses of milk each day supply about 25% of daily protein needs; 71% of the calcium (required to keep bones strong even after growth stops and for other vital processes); 15% of the vitamin A (which helps to keep skin clear and smooth); 46% of the riboflavin (which also aids skin health and helps cells use oxygen); 10-12% of the thiamine (which helps prevent irritability and promotes normal digestion); 10-13% of the calories (which, despite any unhappy thoughts the term suggests, are needed to provide the body's energy).

Percentages of nutrient requirements for an adult woman are slightly higher in each case because the adult female has lower nutrient needs. The 4 glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide higher percentages of all these essential nutrients, but this amount of milk supplies only 25 to 28% of the total calorie needs of a teen-age girl. Remember, too, that the calories in milk are often called "armored calories" because they supply so many other essential food nutrients.

**Meat, Fish, Poultry, Eggs:** 2 or more servings each day from this group provide more protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.

**Vegetables and Fruits:** 4 or more servings help assure adequate intake of vitamins and minerals. Selections should include a citrus fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A.

**Breads and cereals:** 4 or more servings each day from this group provide iron, B-vitamins, protein, and calories.

If you make the Daily Food Guide your family's plan for eating right, you'll do everyone a favor. Teen-age girls have many problems growing up in American society, but helping them learn to eat right is one way we can reduce the strains for them. The best way to help them learn to eat right is for parents to set a good example at the family table.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association
20 N. Wacker Drive
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## Hang It All

Edited by Martin Levin

### Take a School Bus, and Leave The Driving to Us(s)

"Mount Vernon Bars School Busing Plan"—headline in the New York *World-Telegram & Sun*: "15,000 Parents Protest Busing"—headline in the New York *Daily News;* "Senator Eastland said the Southerners would try to amend the bill 'to require busing' so that there would be no 'double standard' "—the *New York Times.*

In perusing papers using
School-bus news it's been confusing
To read "busing."

In discussing all the fussing
Why not write of parents' cussing
Plans for "bussing"?

In Webster's new lexicon, bussing's held better,
But newspapers still drop one sibilant letter.
Could be in their view we'd think bussing was kissing,
A thing that on school grounds is grounds for dismissing.

So students in transit to classrooms are "bused,"
A transitive verb part that's now the *mot juste.* —E. J. KAHN, JR.

### The Butterfly

THIS little bouquet is really for the moth, but if you use "moth" in the title you lose a lot of readers. It is a known fact that when the word moth is used in conversation people stare over your head. Or over your shoulder, depending on the heights of all concerned. It probably has to do with the fact that moths have sort of lumpy bodies and when they hurl themselves at window screens everybody gets nervous.

The clothes moth is the one with the aggravating habit of putting the kids into wool and furs. The silk moth lays eggs in silk. I haven't any intention of finding out *ever* what the gypsy moth does.

As a courtesy to those who tuned in in good faith to hear about the butterfly, it can be said that the *morpho gadardi amasonia,* for one, is a fake. To the extent that it looks blue, anyway. It (the one the author admires as the star, so called, of his collection) seems to be blue but actually is sort of light tan. What happens is that owing to some peculiarity of its wing structure the surface absorbs all colors but blue, which it reflects back. You catch it with the sun behind it, though, and you find that it is pretty drab.

Some kinds of lepidoptera live only one day, just as you have heard. They have no facilities for eating. They just procreate and pass on. It is not unlikely that if the time element could be adjusted a number of your friends wouldn't mind living the same way.

There is some question as to *white* moths, and the most popular answer is that since they come out at dusk and at dawn it's easier for the opposite sex to find them. Then there is a female of one species that, if captured and kept in a container, sends out something—maybe an odor—and in no time hundreds of males gather. They have no way of rescuing her, but then they haven't much else to do with their time, so it doesn't matter.

It may interest you to know that many species of these things migrate hundreds of miles, but the chances are that your little eyes are glazing over. Well, it's getting late and there's a lesser vine sphinx at my window. No, it's a cecropia. Iccch.

—HENRY MORGAN.

### Malice Domestic

WE have two problems in our house: staples and wire coat hangers.

The staple problem is not, in its essence, too complicated. It is largely a question of getting staples out of things. But that involves more doing than you might expect. Take, for instance, those staples they put into bags of potato chips. To open the bag, you have to pry out the staples with a nail file and there is always danger of the file slipping and giving you a painful wound.

Also, unless you are smart about it, you may break off a small section of the staple, which falls into the bag and gets mixed up with the potato chips and you accidentally eat it, over a cocktail. It works its way into your system and finally reaches a vital organ. It isn't pleasant to think of being killed, in your prime, by a mere staple.

I mentioned this to a nice lady that I know who runs a gift shop. She said I was behind the times, which is perhaps

"Beat it. We're choosing a President!"



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"If I have seen farther than Descartes,
it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."
Sir Isaac Newton

Giants that help chemical research
today are not all flesh and blood.
Or great minds.

Some are giant computers.

For example, the performance
characteristics of no less than
seven thousand key chemicals
have been programmed for one of ours.

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true. "I'm out of them right now," this lady told me, "but what you need is a staple-remover. It's not expensive and it's perfectly safe, even for somebody like you. It's a clever little invention."

I said, "Instead of inventing a staple-remover, wouldn't it have been just as clever not to invent staples?" She said no, staples were fine things.

I investigated and found out that anybody who runs a shop of any kind is practically certain to belong to the pro-staple school. Staples, I guess, are designed for the person who puts them in. Call him the "staplor." As usual, there is complete apathy about the welfare of the consumer; or, as you might say, the "staplee."

There is no real danger of that sort to be traced to wire coat hangers. But they can get out of hand and create a nuisance. To show you what I mean, try putting a couple of wire coat hangers into a seldom-opened, dark closet and leaving them alone for, say, two weeks. Then creep up and fling open the closet door.

It's safe to say that at least a dozen wire coat hangers will pour out onto the floor.

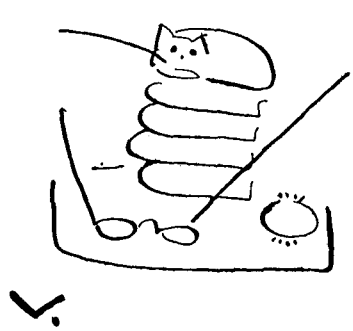
The only explanation is that they breed. Like mushrooms, they do it in the dark. And there must be a pair. I have never known a solitary wire coat hanger to duplicate itself. Which brings up the everlasting subject of sex.

How do you tell if you have a male and female coat hanger? Frankly, I don't know. But, as far as that goes, I am unable to distinguish a female kitten from a young tomcat, until pretty well grown. Cat fanciers, no doubt, can do this.

So probably people who make a study of wire coat hangers and get to be professionals in the field can tell at a glance whether they are dealing with a couple capable of progeny. At present, such expertise is beyond me.

There you have our household problems; different, as you see. There is no difficulty about getting wire coat hangers out of bags. And staples, according to my observation, do not breed. Together, they keep domestic life from getting monotonous.

—Russell McLauchlin.





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Captain Auke de Jong of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam greets several passengers.

## *Does First Class to Europe have to be pretentious?*

## *Captain Auke de Jong says: "Absoluut niet!"*

Captain Auke de Jong of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam speaks perfect English. But when he answers a question like this, he's apt to prefer the more forceful Dutch.

"Absoluut niet!" he says. "There's no place for pretension on Holland-America.

"Yes, we like to pamper our First Class passengers. We like to surround them with every elegance and comfort. Feed them gourmet meals. But too many people think that stuffy formality is all part of the First Class package. It isn't—not on a 'happy' ship."

"Happy," of course is a nautical term. It sums up the entire atmosphere of a ship. Its crew. Its service. Its outlook.

Holland-America pretentious? Absoluut niet. Holland-America First Class has more gala parties, more festivity, more friendship-making moments than you might enjoy on a month-long holiday.

Holland-America formal? No again. Even at dinner, black tie if you like (it can be fun). But the choice is yours. A dark suit and tie for a man is fine. A cocktail dress for a woman.

But don't think the "happy" outlook means anything less in sheer luxury. For these are the ships with a *continental* reputation for magnificence.

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—ROBERT LOWELL

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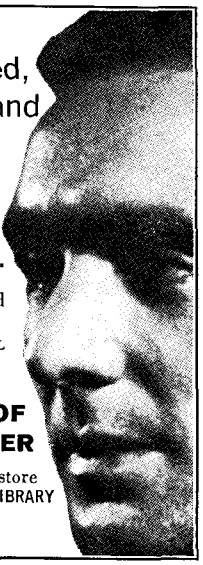

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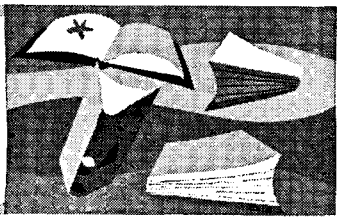
# Trade Winds



**It's rather dreary,** sometimes, reading and marking those exam papers, but the teaching profession does get a few laughs out of it. J. James McElveen, who instructs the seniors in a South Carolina high school, often finds a student writing about the threat to England from the Invisible Armada. Answering "Who was Anne Boleyn?" the other day, one wrote:

"Anne Boleyn was the woman Henry VIII wanted to marry and bear him a son since Catherine of Aragon could not. This resulted in the Church of England."

From California Mamie Castleberry enthusiastically reports that her class

thoroughly enjoyed *Macbeth*. She sends some excerpts from exam papers that show their understanding of the play.

Q. Did Lady Macbeth really faint at the banquet?

A. Lady Macbeth might really have fainted from fright because of what her screwball husband was saying.

She faked a faint to draw the attention off him.

Q. Paraphrase the "If 'twere done" speech.

A. If Macbeth is going to kill Duncan, then when he kills Duncan he should do a good job of it.

Q. Can you justify calling Shakespeare a supreme dramatist?

A. Yes. The way he casted characters, set scenes, and used tricky little expressions, he was second to none.

Mrs. Castleberry says, "These students communicated. Should the English teacher ask for more than that?"

**What I said about** signs last time prompted Edward M. Anthony to recall some amusing ones he found on a recent trip to Japan. Since he was on an English-teaching mission, he paid more than the usual attention to versions of that language. Educated Japanese invariably asked, "On what previous occasions have you journeyed to Japan?"

One morning after, his "How are you?" received this response: "I slept exceedingly well after a moderate amount of alcoholic beverage."

As for the signs, at the Tokyo airport where you catch the plane for Hokkaido, their Niagara Falls, one says: "Passengers with infants, honeymoon first, then in order of your boarding group number."

A Nipponese hard-sell sign in a store announced, "If you buy here, it's a purchase!"

**One way of learning** history is to write a book about it. Richard Armour knows a lot about the subject because he has just had published *Our Presidents* (Norton). It tells a lot about the thirty-five men who have held the job, and it's easy to swallow because it's all in verse. Armour, a lecturer in English at California's Scripps College and the author of a couple of dozen books of humor and light verse, says he forgets as easily as he learns. So right now the facts are fading from his mind, but he did tell me that Grover Cleveland had a metal jaw for ten years and it was kept secret. He also reminds me that there have been three Vice Presidents named Johnson, whereas most people know of only two.

Armour has his own ideas about improving things, too. He is plumping for a six-year term with no re-election for the Presidency. And he believes we should go back to the original plan of giving the post of Vice President to the candidate running second. This would mean a reduction in partisanship except at election time, he says. While you're waiting for that, you can read his book and see the rhymes he found to go with Polk, Taft, and Truman, for example.

**I see that Milovan Djilas** has another piece of fiction out. It's in the latest issue of *Short Story International* and, in fact, it is from a book Harcourt will soon bring out, a collection of stories by Djilas. As Djilas is in a Yugoslav prison, and as Tito will not release him because he keeps writing these stories, and as they are always "smuggled" out to the accompaniment of great publicity about it, I am beginning to assume that either there is no more Djilas, or else there is a branch post office in the prison where they handle this fellow's smuggled works, which always manage to get delivered to editors and translators around the world. If there is no Djilas any more (there once was, of course), then I be-



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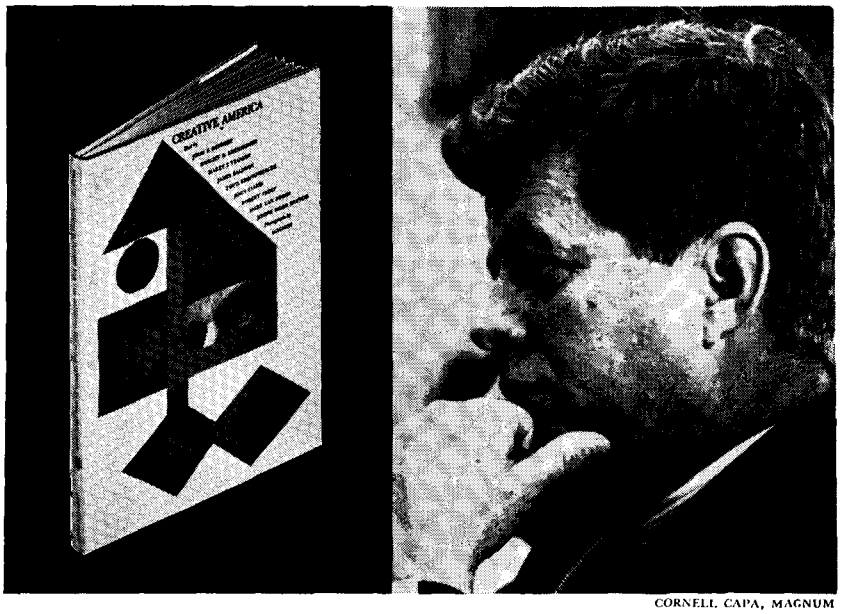
"To further the appreciation of culture among all the people, to increase respect for the creative individual . . . is one of the fascinating challenges of these days."

—*John F. Kennedy, in* CREATIVE AMERICA




CORNELL CAPA, MAGNUM

# CREATIVE AMERICA

WRITTEN BY *John F. Kennedy / Dwight D. Eisenhower Harry S. Truman / James Baldwin / Robert Frost Louis Kronenberger / John Ciardi / Mark Van Doren Joseph Wood Krutch* / THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE JOHN F. KENNEDY CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS.

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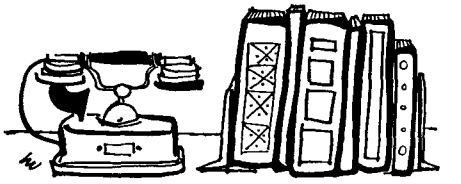
lieve Tito is writing the stories himself, using the byline of his old pal and now enemy to avoid embarrassment and complications. You got a better theory?



**Sharps and Flats:** Closing the gap, The American Way. In Monterey, California, more than 2,000 enlisted men and officers are studying twenty-nine tongues in the Army Language School. There are 500 instructors. It is, the commandant says, "the largest language training center in the world."

► Bradlee's, the chain of discount houses, is having a big sale on men's socks for fifty-nine cents a pair, advertised as "65% lamb's wool and 40% nylon." That's real wool-gathering.

► I don't understand the economics behind the advertisements of the local bank in which they tell how you can "save" $223.54 by buying a new car their way.

► A chap in Stanford, California, looked at the label of a tin of "Mixed Nuts" which his wife had purchased. It listed the contents as follows: "Virginia peanuts, cashews, Brazil nuts, almonds and pecans." He opened the can and counted each and every nut. Results:

| | |
|---|---|
| Peanuts | 435 |
| Cashews | 12 |
| Brazil nuts | 3 |
| Pecans | 2 |
| Almonds | ½ |

► Neat Trick: Two masked bandits help up a Connecticut liquor store and, wrote the Norwalk *Hour*, "made their getaway in a parked auto."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1565)

C. D. BOWEN:

*FRIENDS AND FIDDLERS*

(Suggested by Katherine Fales)

Neglect is truly an art. I began exercising it at music school, and my progress was, as first, slow. Learning to practice the violin in a room with an unmade bed was the first test I put myself. I lived in a rented room.



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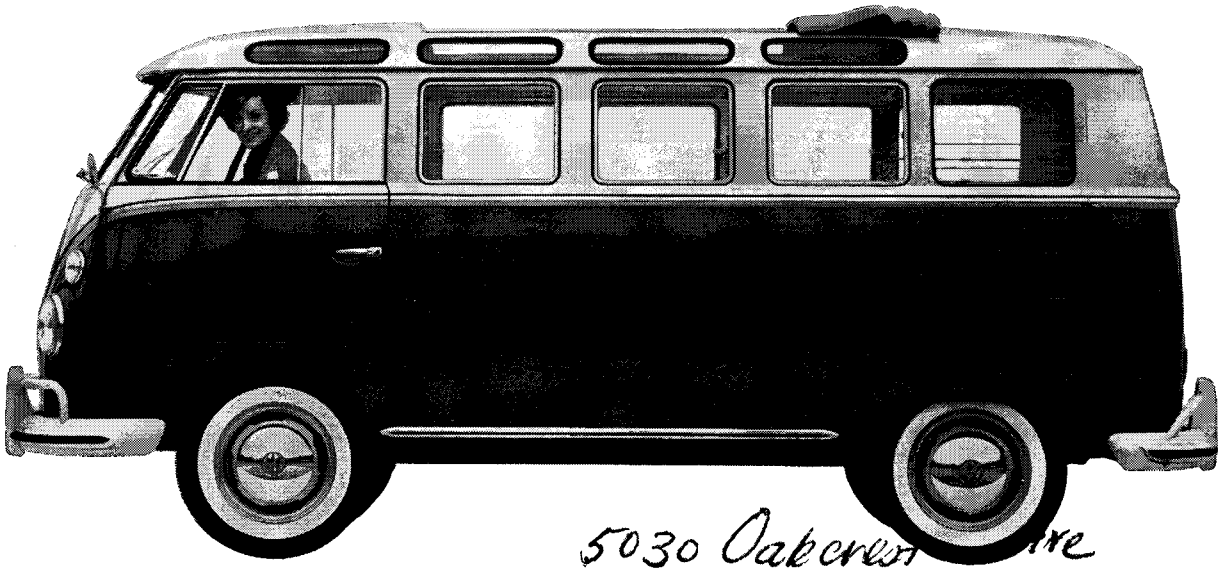
# It's a monster!



5030 Oakcrest [illegible]re
Oxon Hill, Maryland

Gentlemen.

I agree with your ads. Most wives look at the Volkswagen Station Wagon and say, "Absolutely not — it's too silly looking."

But I agreed to go to the local VW showroom and take a spin. "It's a monster" was my first reaction. "I'll never be able to drive it," was my second. But I did drive it - all 105 pounds of me — with no trouble at all! I can see out in all directions and I don't have a right fender to worry about.

We bought it and I must confess it's even less trouble than our dear, reliable VW Sedan.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Allen L. Boyd

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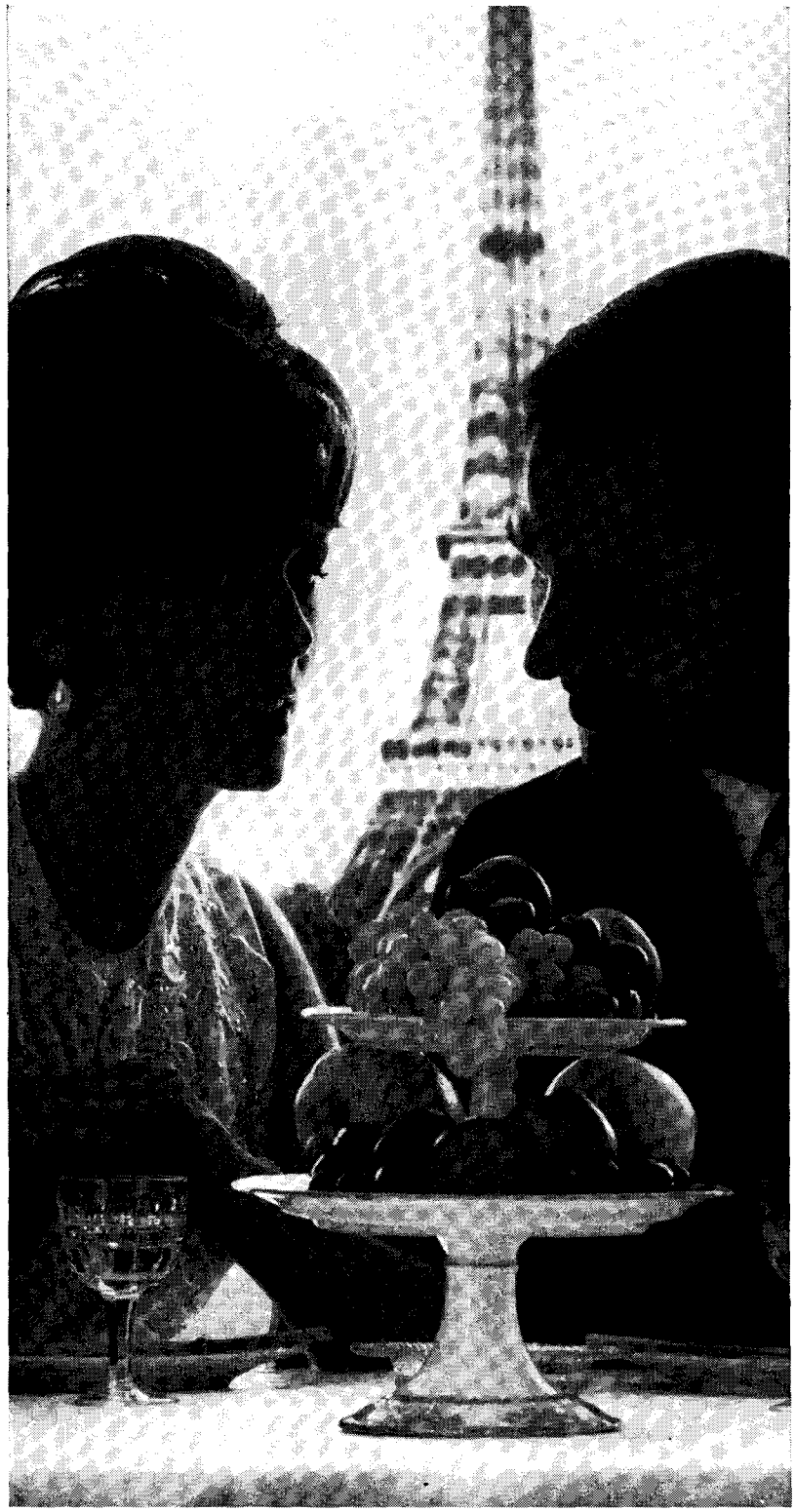

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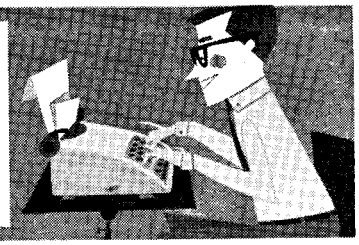
# Top of My Head



## Mr. President vs. Mr. Ed

IN HIS TV report to the nation on his first hundred days in office, President Johnson came up against the rating system. He ran second to *Mr. Ed,* a talking horse. There is not a word yet from Jim Aubrey of CBS whether Mr. Johnson has been canceled. Or whether the sponsor has dropped him.

The low rating Mr. Johnson received should not have come as a shock to network executives, since they consider television audiences a mass of boobs. Of course the viewers didn't start out that way, but after ten or twelve years of exposure to television their tastes have been so downgraded that when it was announced on all three networks that the President would speak and the *Mr. Ed* would be pre-empted, it was only natural that, out of resentment for having been deprived of their Sunday evening's

visit with this horse, they should turn off their sets, sit around sulking in the dark, and wait till next week. Of course there are some Republicans who will argue that the preference for *Mr. Ed* rather than Mr. Johnson does not indicate a downgrading in taste.

But aside from his low rating—and after all, it must be remembered that the President is no Beatle—he also got some bad reviews along with the good. The President is known to be a little impatient with critics, for he said during his talk that everybody naturally prefers approval to disapproval. But he must have been nettled by the critics. Yet critics do serve an important function. History would have been considerably altered, I'm sure, if Lincoln had asked Mary: "What kind of reviews did that play get at Ford's theater this week? And if Mary had read to him from a review that the second act needed work. They would have stayed at home and looked at their stereoscope.

One of the critics of Mr. Johnson's TV appearance was David Lawrence. He conceded that the President had a good show, and he had no quarrel with the President's right to speak to the American people on any subject, political or nonpolitical. But he claimed it did not advance the cause of fairness in American politics if the opposite side did not have an opportunity to refute some of the President's statements. And then he went even further by saying that they should have this right on the same night.

This is rather a radical suggestion; it might play havoc with the networks' schedules—but when you think about it, why not? Many a night I've had the urge to say a few things in rebuttal. One night I did it. You should have heard what I said to *Petticoat Junction.* Almost every night I've had a few things to say to *Grindl* and to *McHale's Navy,* to say nothing of Donna Reed. And what I have said to *Bachelor Father* I can't repeat here. But I said it aloud to my set, which just stood there blinking at me. And for the first time, that show was in color.

However, there's another side of the coin. All season the opposition has been meeting the press, facing the nation, telling youth what it wants to know, and appearing on programs of that ilk. It would keep a President pretty busy popping up all over the networks in rebuttal on the same day.

Although rebuttal may make a point or two, it was demonstrated at a recent primary that silence is a virtue in politics not to be too readily discounted. Most of the votes there went to a man who didn't say a word. In appreciation for this respite from the sounds of fury he was practically elected temporary president of New Hampshire.

Speaking of equal time, CBS some time ago had a special documentary on the mess in Cuba. We were exposed to some opposing theories by some of our leading politicians on how to get rid of the mess. Among the speakers was Senator Barry Goldwater. He had suggested that our country was miserably lacking in leadership, and said that if he had his way he would send a handful of Marines and take over the entire island. (He has, however, since modified his views somewhat.) It was a shocker. And the camera immediately went to the moderator of the program.

"And now," he said, "a word from American Motors."

How much more equal time that could have been if he had said, "And now a word from American mothers."

—GOODMAN ACE.

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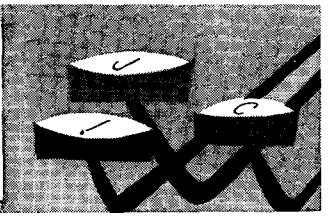
# Manner of Speaking



**Mailbag (Outgoing):**
Dear Teacher:

Thank you, so to speak, for sending me the seventeen free verses by your students.

As you must yourself have suspected, they are student exercises and do not, in my opinion, qualify for publication.

Would it be uncivil to point out that my duty as poetry editor is to accept or reject poems, not to operate a mail-order school of criticism? I was once employed as a teacher-critic of student writing, but gave up my professorship and my cozy tenure because I could no longer bear to apply splints to those compound fractures of the emotions that students think of as writing. Is there no way in which a man may reasonably refuse to do as a favor to a stranger the same work he has refused to do for pay and social security, especially when he is being asked to do that stranger's work rather than his own?

Having gone as far as this, however, let me offer at least the minimum comment. Your student poets have emotions and seem still to be surprised by them. Like all students, they can even be engaging in their green surprises. They have yet to dream, however, of wrestling with that essential demon whose primary manifestations are Diction, Metaphor, Rhythm, Rhyme, and Form. In the name of whatever light may yet grow, I hope you will forbid them free verse for at least the next thirty-seven and a half years while they wrestle with their demon. Should any of them survive the match, I hope you will send me more of their poems then, by which time, within the mercies of this world, I expect to be dead.

Yours from in-basket to out,
Old Mortality.

**Mailbag (Correspondence File):**
Dear Mr. Chiriaradi:

Tho only a student I am one of your faithful readers and now I have to do a speech for school and I hope you will answer a few questions.

Where do you think modern literature is going? By this, I mean has it advanced over past literature? If so, in what way has it improved?

What do you think modern literature tends toward? Is it becoming more emotional, tragic, blissful or what in your opinion, do you think it is swaying toward?

Also, what do you think the fate of modern literature will be? Will it gradually become worse or will there be an increase in the quality?

Please answer *as soon as possible.* Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,
Vera Nonesuch (pseudonym supplied).

Dear Miss Nonesuch:

It is impossible to answer your questions because you have not thought about them enough to know how to ask them.

It is unreasonable to ask me to do your homework for you because I am still working at my own education and am doing none too well at it.

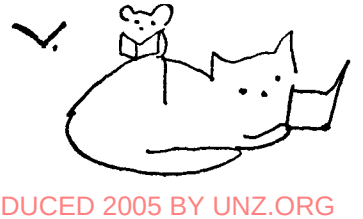
If you do not understand in what way one thing is impossible and the other unreasonable, show this letter to your teacher, who is paid, among other things, to suffer. If your teacher does not understand, quit school, try to get a job for yourself, and try to get some other job for your teacher before both of you are found guilty of occupying public buildings to no visible purpose.

Yours for the public good,
A Citizen.

**Mailbag (Book Department):** From Lea and Febiger, medical book publishers of 600 South Washington Square, Philadelphia, there arrived at the book review department of *SR* a book titled *Human Sex and Sex Education*, by Warren R. Johnson, Ed.D. Lounging around between work breaks one day, I found the book under my hand, picked it up idly, and opened it at random. That day's random happened to be page 63, and the first thing my eye lit on was a single sentence. It probably chose itself to my eye because it was not only in the middle of the page but set off as a paragraph unto itself between longer paragraphs.

Nor, certainly, could that typographical arrangement be improved, for it has allowed me to remain meticulously ignorant of whatever comes before or follows after. It alone is my sentence, the one sentence I shall carry with me from the author's mind, through all this world and to the brink of eternity; and that sentence I mean to have forever pristine, forever undiluted by any context, itself a nature, itself (to borrow from Wallace Stevens) "that which gives rise to everything else," itself its own mystery of possibility. But enough. I quote:

> If pregnancy does occur, the victim must choose among several possible courses of action.



**Mailbag (Power of the Press):** In the music section of *SR* for October 12, 1963, I reviewed four readings (by Baldwin, Styron, Malamud, and Roth) that launched a new venture into seven-inch LPs averaging about sixteen minutes to the disc, all released by Calliope Records, 53 Pinckney Street, Boston. Along with my admiration of the first four releases (they are among the best readings I know) I filed an objection to the $1.95 price, arguing that four of them (at a total of $7.80) came to only a bit more than the total playing time that could be squeezed onto a single regular LP, usually priced at $5.95.

I have just received, along with four new releases by James Jones, Ustinov, Updike, and Baldwin (I shall review them for Irving Kolodin later), a note from Howard M. Kahn of Calliope, part of which reads as follows:

> I am delighted to send you this second quartet of Calliope releases. I am delighted because they have been a long time coming, but more because your kind words sparked a considerable interest in this somewhat private project and, as a result, we have been able to lower our price to $1.25 (for all releases, past as well as present).

I hope Mr. Kahn is not just buttering up my ego. (Gad, to think of having such power! Stop the presses, world! I haven't told you what to do yet!) And yet for such worlds as I may persuade, let me say again that the first four releases were superb, that I expect the second four to bear them fit company, and that any fan of these authors, or any one who cares for the art of reading can get more-or-less sixteen minutes of each author on an individual disc for $1.25, at which price these releases strike me as a bargain.

Affidavit: I, the undersigned, certify that I am not a member of the firm of Calliope Records, nor an employee thereof, nor engaged thereto in any contractual or other capacity, nor have I invested in the firm, nor am I related to any person known to me in any such capacity or known to me to have so invested, nor am I now, nor have I ever been engaged to the sister of any such person, nor sought to be so engaged. And I further certify that I have no plans to become engaged in any such capacity, and that, in fact, and as a general rule, I have no plans I can avoid having, so help me Internal Revenue.

/s/ John Ciardi.



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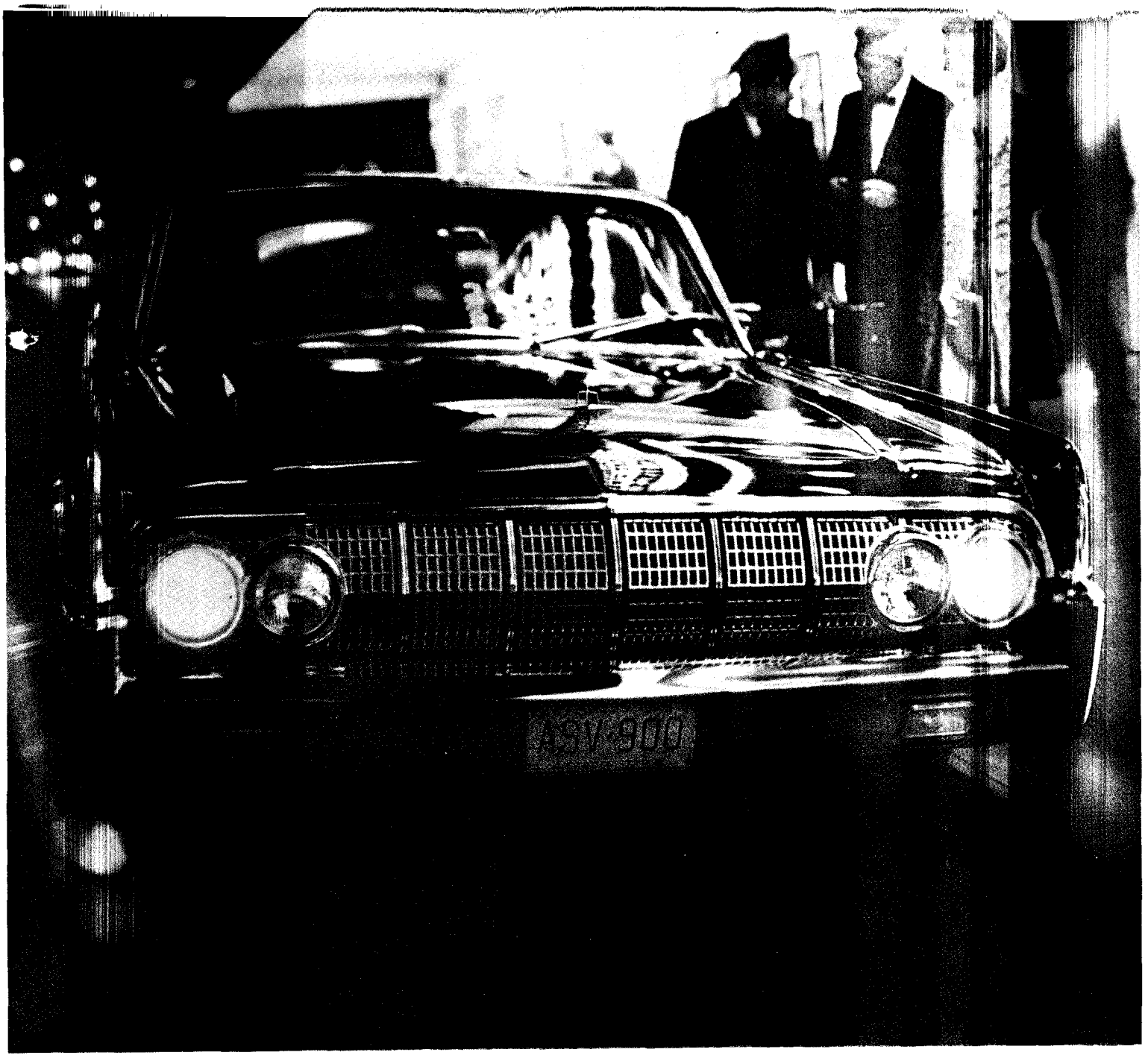


When you see a Continental, take a second look.
Notice the kind of person who enjoys it.
Then experience the Continental yourself—
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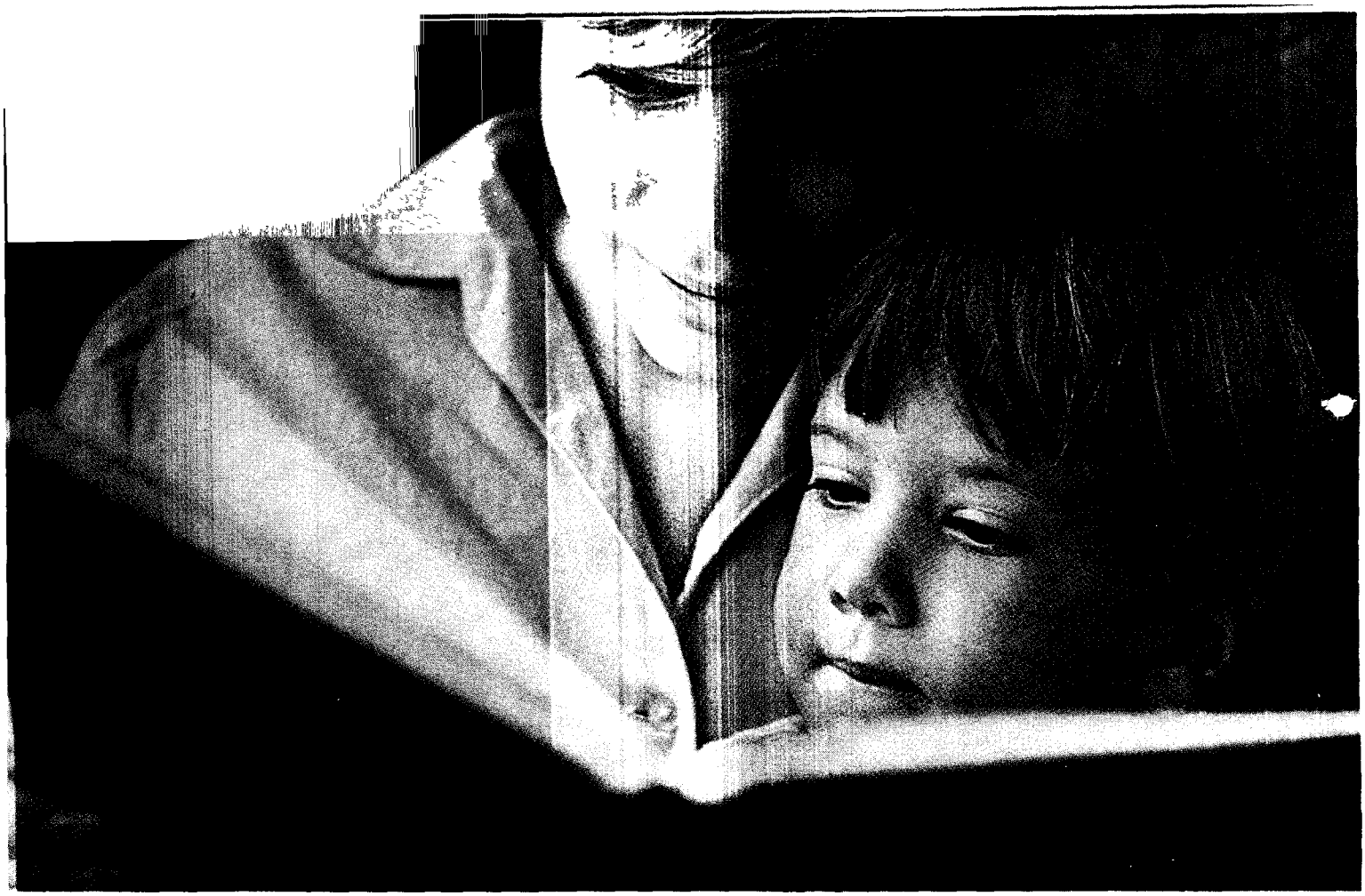

"Send me a man who reads!" *A series by International Paper*

# How to get the reading bug to bite your child

**How can you encourage your children to read? Here are suggestions on when and how to begin—how your reading habits can improve theirs.**

READ ALOUD—early and often. That's the first clue. By the time your child is two, he'll know the stories and nursery rhymes so well he may turn the pages himself as you read to him.

Pick a time that's free from interruptions. If you choose the *same* story time each day, your child will begin to look forward to it—like lunch.

Let him *see* what you are reading. As he gets a little older, point out the objects and animals shown in the book and ask him to identify them. This makes him a participant.

### Read to each other

When he reaches school age, keep right on reading aloud to him. And encourage him to read to you. His teacher will take care of the mechanics of reading. You can supply the *fun*.

Let your child ask plenty of questions. Let him select the books. Let him show off what he's learning in school.

But be sensitive to his moods. Don't force him or you may take the joy out of it. And *praise* him when he does well.

Soon he'll start developing his own special interests. Help him track down books and articles about them.

### Help him explore

Another way to make reading a lark is to get him a library card and let him do his own exploring. Once a young reader finds *one* book he likes, he usually gobbles up a dozen more like it.

Do *you* go to the library? Do you have books around the house? Do you and the rest of the family give each other books for Christmas and birthdays? These are all good ways of getting youngsters into the reading habit.

Let the reading habit bite *you* and it will very likely bite your child.

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*Saturday Review*
April 11, 1964

# SO YOU WANT TO WORK FOR THE GOVERNMENT

**Automation and the search for talent in the Capital are producing vast changes within the Civil Service**

By FRANK C. PORTER, *labor specialist for the Washington Post.*

"NINE out of ten government employees do a full day's work for a day's pay," President Johnson told his Cabinet recently, "but I want that tenth man to measure up also."

In the fair name of economy and efficient stewardship, the President had unhappily stepped on the toes of a good many civil servants. "They're prepared to admit that perhaps 2 per cent don't do a full day's work," an agency executive said of his subordinates. "But they don't like to be told that every tenth man among them is a deadbeat."

Mr. Johnson had not meant to hurt anyone's feelings. Neither, probably, had the late John Foster Dulles a decade ago when, after becoming Secretary of State in the midst of the McCarthy era, he gave a pep talk to his new minions in the departmental parking lot and called upon them for their "positive loyalty." By permitting the inference that loyalty had been something less than positive under his predecessor, the new Secretary had done little to improve morale.

The civil servant in general feels he has a poor enough public image without his own bosses giving him the needle, too. Writing about the British variety, Member of Parliament Douglas Houghton observed that "when the Civil Service is not being derided, made fun of, or praised by the leader of the Liberal Party, it is being taken for granted. Civil servants, like the Americans, want to be loved. But one cannot love bureaucratic power—only submit to, fear it, or hate it. Civil servants are the 'They' in our society."

To the layman, it may seem that civil servants do little to win the love they supposedly crave. He reads of moonlighting federal workers caught driving cabs on the taxpayers' time. He hears of agencies where more effort seems to be spent on defining "performance standards" than on performance itself. He listens to Congressional complaints of overstaffing and payroll parasites.

BUT the common concept of the Civil Service as "an army of clerks" constantly increasing at a prodigious rate no longer holds.

The contrary is true. Although federal employment is hardly immune to Parkinson's Law, it is slowly shrinking in relation to population and the economy. And the government worker today is as likely to be a physician or an engineer as a clerk.

When George Washington was inaugurated in 1789, the 350 civilians then on the federal payroll amounted to one for every 11,430 Americans. By the time the civil service system was set up in 1883, there was one government worker for every 400; in 1923, one for every 215; and at the all-time peak in federal employment during World War II, one for every thirty-six.

Except for an upward jog during the Korean War, the trend has been reversed. The increase in federal jobholders now lags behind population growth. There is one federal government worker for every seventy-six Americans.

The federal establishment is, of course, still vast—2,512,000 civilian workers against the postwar low of 1,943,400 in 1950 and the Korean peak of 2,604,300 two years later. But, contrary to popular supposition, the civilian payroll accounts for only about 15 per cent of the federal budget; the great majority of federal funds goes for purchases of goods and services from the private sector. (It is often contended that these purchases represent the huge, submerged base of federal economic power. An estimated 9,000,000 employees in private industry—more than an eighth of the work force—owe their livelihood directly or indirectly to Uncle Sam.)

The growth in federal employment is dwarfed by the spectacular rise in state and local government jobs. They now number something more than 7,000,000 and represent an 82 per cent increase since 1947. Federal civilian employees grew by less than 27 per cent over the same span.

It is of more than passing interest that state and local spending is rising much more rapidly than disbursements from Washington. Historically, Americans have spent much more for governmental services at the local level—for schools, police and fire protection, roads, sanitation, libraries, and the like—than they have at the national. Federal outlays at the turn of the century were only a bit more than half those of states and local jurisdictions. It was only in the midst of the Great Depression and the New Deal experiment that

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federal spending caught up. Barring war or economic catastrophe and despite Washington's incursions into such fields as urban renewal, welfare, and highways, this traditional relationship is likely to be re-established within fifteen years at present growth rates. In 1946, state and local spending amounted to only 18 per cent of that disbursed by Uncle Sam; today the proportion is more than 70 per cent.

War and the threat of war bear the major responsibility for delaying a return to this relationship. And this is reflected in federal payrolls. About half of the government's civilian employees work either for the Defense Department or the Veterans Administration (another quarter is accounted for by the Post Office Department).

Defense expenditures have leveled off and have begun a slight decline. Because of the nation's much-publicized "overkill" potential, the atomic stalemate, and a slow thaw in the cold war (signaled, if only weakly, in the test ban treaty), military expenditures may be in for wholesale trimming in the not too distant future.

If such be the case, the implications for federal employment are clear. Not so obvious, however, are the implications of a revolution that has been going on within the federal establishment for more than a decade. It promises to change radically not only the relative size but the character of government employment.

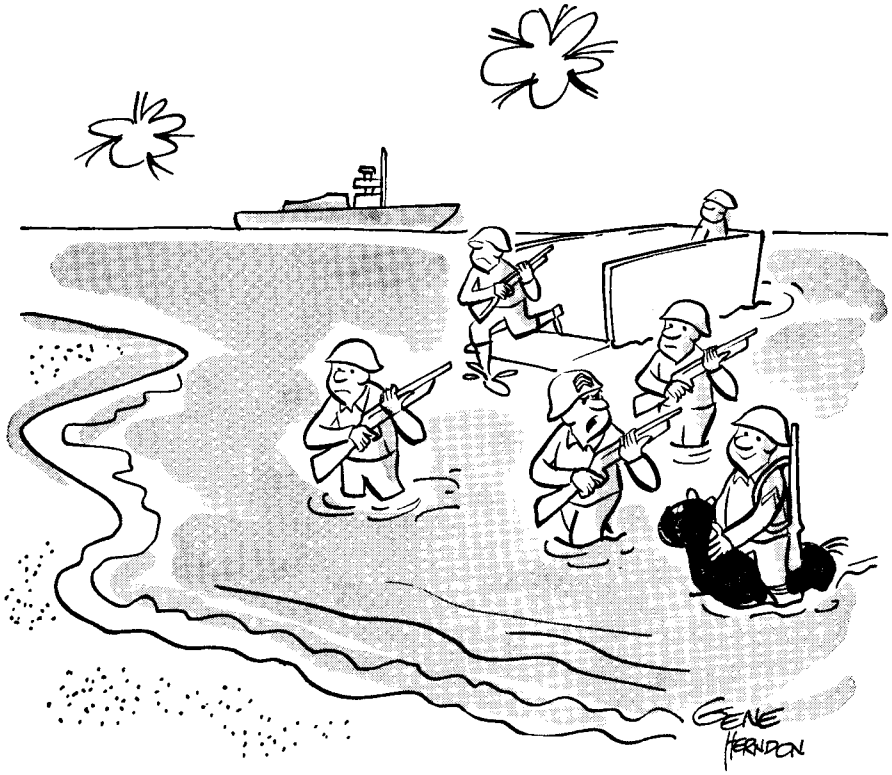
This is the cybernetic revolution, a revolution that the government itself helped launch. The computer has transformed manufacturing techniques, management decision-making, record keeping, inventory control, in fact almost every facet of business life. But its impact on government, where paperwork is king, has been even greater.

Thanks to the computer, the Veterans Administration now handles its 6,000,000 insurance policies with 3,000 employees instead of the 17,000 it took in 1950. Put another way, during this period the agency has reduced its operating costs from $9.03 a year per policy to $3.88.

THE Post Office is introducing electronic visual scanners that will read addresses and pass on instructions to mechanical sorters, giving promise of eliminating almost completely the most time-consuming part of human mail handling.

The Internal Revenue Service hopes to have a consolidated file for every individual and business taxpayer on magnetic tape by 1966. The savings in manpower and gains in revenue through better enforcement and recapture of taxes on unreported income can't be estimated, but they should be very substantial.

The government also uses electronic data processing to project missile orbits, forecast weather, simulate global warfare, check commodity inventories, match servicemen with job vacancies at overseas bases, and compile the census.




"You're not taking our war games seriously, Benson."

It was in the Census Bureau that the seed of the cybernetic revolution germinated. Herman Hollerith, a young engineer helping out in the 1880 census, invented the tabulating machine, the electro-mechanical precursor of the electronic computer. His "statistical piano," as he called it, was credited with saving two years and $5,000,000 in the 1890 census. Later it became the foundation for the incredible success of International Business Machines.

The government also pioneered in both the development and use of electronic data processing. The War Department joined with the University of Pennsylvania to produce the first completely electronic computer, ENIAC, in 1946 for use in ballistic research. In 1951 the government installed the first commercial computer, a UNIVAC I, at the Census Bureau. (It was not until three years later that General Electric, the first private company to make regular use of a computer, put a UNIVAC into operation.) By last July, 1,248 computers were at work for the federal government, some on an around-the-clock basis.

Recently Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz cited some startling examples of automation in industry. Ninety per cent of the nation's supply of light bulbs are turned out by glass-blowing machines attended by fourteen operators. A machine run by ten employees produces the same number of automobile engine blocks turned out by 400 men ten years ago. Two workers can assemble 1,000 radios a day—a job requiring 200 employees a few years ago.

The effects of cybernation in government are more pedestrian but no less significant. Since 1957, the country's population has increased 11 per cent, bringing a corresponding expansion in the demand for many governmental services. But the demand for postal services has outpaced population growth. So have the requirements of the National Parks Service because of the rapid rise in popularity of camping; of the Federal Aviation Agency because of the upsurge in air travel; of the State Department's Foreign Service because of the proliferation of new African states; of the National Institutes of Health because of new stress on medical research; of Social Security because of increased coverage.

On top of this have come new programs—plans for a moon shot that boosted the National Aeronautics and Space Administration budget from next to nothing to more than $4 billion, the Peace Corps, area redevelopment, manpower retraining, accelerated public works, a U.S. Travel Service.

But despite all these added demands, despite the 11 per cent population growth, federal employment went up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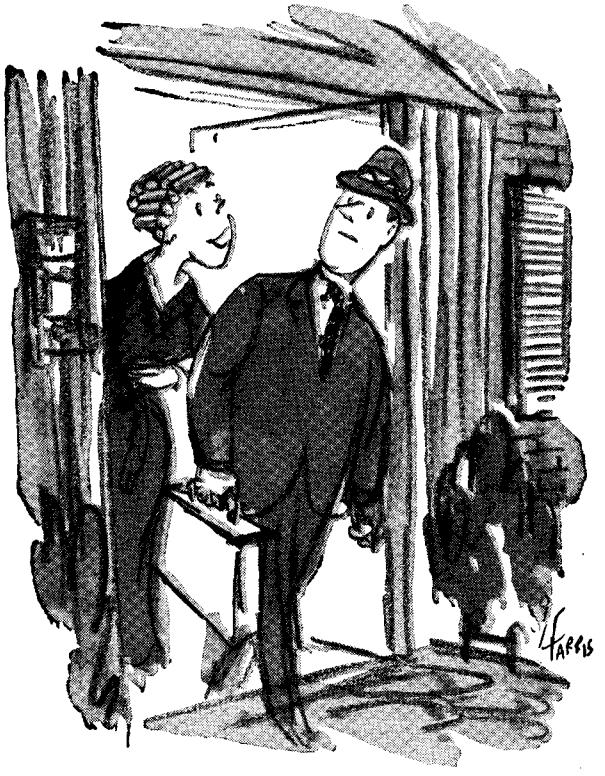
only 3 per cent in the seven years since 1957. The pertinent but unanswerable question: How much would employment have gone up without the cybernetic revolution?

Unlike manufacturing industry, productivity increases cannot be measured for over-all governmental activity because there is no common or tangible unit of output (except in a few agencies such as the Post Office). But it can be deduced, despite the waste that attends any governmental bureaucracy, that a lot more work is being done per man hour today in the federal establishment than formerly.

The prospect is that not only will federal employment continue to fall relative to such things as population and the gross national product, but it is quite likely to decline in absolute numbers. President Johnson has in fact pledged himself to a cut of at least 10,000 in federal civilian employment during the next fiscal year and says he is hopeful additional reductions may be made as time goes on. (The projected decline is slight, and some Washington skeptics suggest uncharitably that the move is more show than substance).



"Have a good rat race today, dear."

Perhaps more important than the question of numbers is the rapid upgrading of skills in governmental service. The computer technology is not displacing man's brain. Far from it. It is freeing him from drudgery so that, ideally at least, he can devote his abilities and energies to more creative work.

The number of employees in the three lowest Civil Service grades, for example, has declined from 240,000 in 1958 to 180,000 today. Already the 165,000 engineers, scientists, and technicians outnumber typists by more than two to one (although declining in number, typists paradoxically are still in short supply). Blue-collar workers dropped 12 per cent in the period 1957-62. But engineers rose 67 per cent; physicists 60 per cent; chemists 29 per cent; biologists 28 per cent; and educational personnel 24 per cent.

After World War II the flow of college graduates into government service was a trickle, maybe a few hundred a year. The Civil Service Commission devised the comprehensive Federal Service Entrance Examination and in 1956 invaded college campuses to compete with recruiters from private business. Now, commission officials say, the government wins its "fair share" of college graduates, about 15,000 annually.

College graduates are being courted not only for specialized skills but to build up a leadership cadre. Many of today's government managers came to work during the 1930s, when private jobs were in such short supply that college graduates could be hired as messengers. The drought in professional recruitment in the decade following World War II has left a leadership shortage that the commission is still trying to fill.

The development of a nonpolitical, professional civil service often goes on unrecognized. The *Whitley Bulletin*, a British civil service publication that ought to know better, recently referred to "the 'spoils system' that so disgraces the U.S. Federal Civil Service."

The *Bulletin* was a bit off in its history. Few traces of the spoils system are left. But a century ago Abraham Lincoln expressed fears that "this thing is going to ruin republican government." The spoils system had gained its main impetus under Andrew Jackson in the 1830s and had become so embedded in the political mores that Lincoln, much as he hated it, used it to make the cleanest sweep of officeholders yet seen. (Felled by smallpox shortly after inauguration, Lincoln advised an attendant: "Tell all the officeseekers to come in at once, for now I have something I can give to all of them.")

At the height of the spoils system, newspaper ads such as the following were not uncommon: "An educated and highly respectable lady desires a position in one of the government departments; will pay 40 per cent of salary for same." Some aspirants paid as much as a full year's salary for a four-year appointment. Political influence and graft were the main criteria for federal employment. Some positions were held by absentees who performed no services at all. Others farmed out their jobs to substitutes at lower salaries. So besieged by officeseekers was William Henry Harrison that some historians blame his death after four weeks in office directly on the spoils system.

Efforts toward reform stretched over decades but it took the martyrdom of another President, James A. Garfield, to bring it about. Garfield was shot in 1881 by a disappointed officeseeker. The Civil Service Act became law eighteen months later.

The merit system established by the act required all covered positions to be filled through open, competitive examinations and protected jobholders from political removal, demotion, or assessment.

Initial coverage was meager—only 13,900 or 10.5 per cent of the work force. The rest were still subject to the spoils system. In eighty-one years, however, this coverage has gradually been extended so that it now includes 86 per cent in the "competitive" service. Of the roughly 360,000 excepted from Civil Service requirements, 132,000 are under special merit systems (as in the Foreign Service, the Tennessee Valley Authority, FBI, and other agencies), and about 1,400 occupy key policy-making or confidential posts.

The three-man Civil Service Commission established by the act began its life largely as a policing or watchdog agency. It has since grown into the per-

(*Continued on page* 51)



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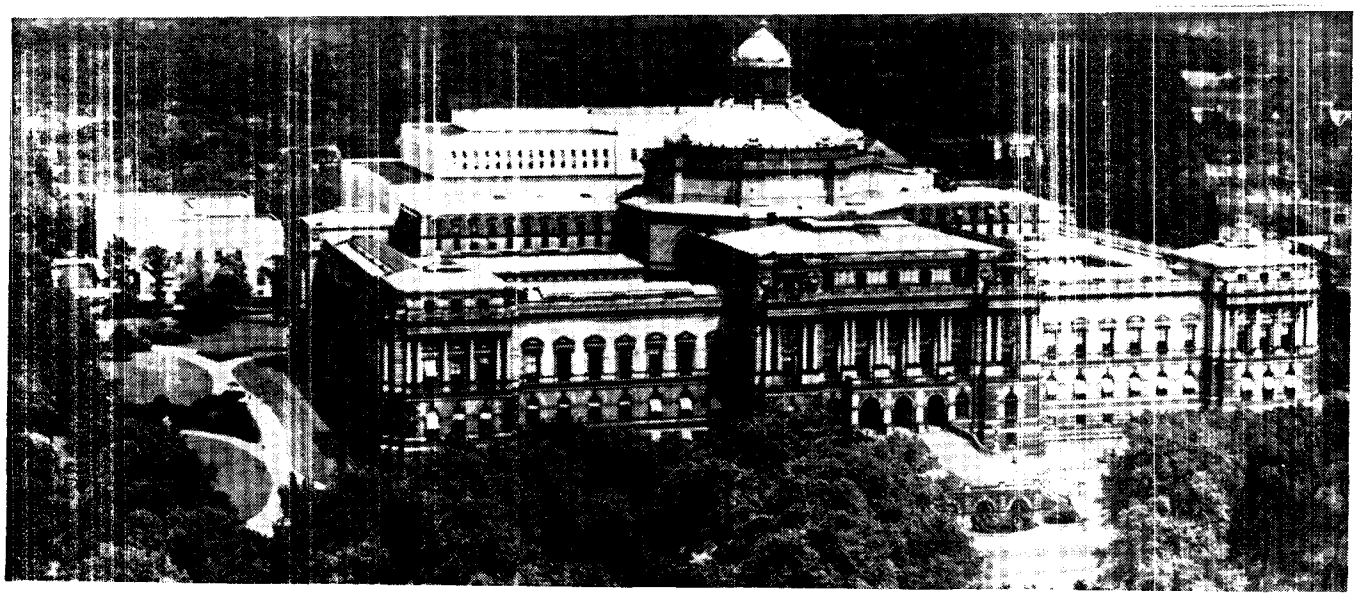

The Library of Congress—"a nightmare of divided responsibility."

# THE LUCKLESS LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

By A. L. TODD

LAST December, as it took place, hardly a reader, writer, or scholar in the country was aware of the crime, or even realized he was being hurt.

Congress completed its work on the Library of Congress appropriation request for the fiscal year 1964 by slashing $763,000, or 3.6 per cent, from its bare-bones operating budget. It cut another $142,800 from the budget to maintain the two library buildings in good repair. This was nothing new, because Congress has made it an annual custom to chop the library down to size. It has done so without hearing a murmur, because this central institution of American culture has no lobby to defend it.

It is time that the American reading public recognize its concern over the mismanagement, by Congress, of the Library of Congress. This is not a matter for Washingtonians alone, since on this library depend the health and efficiency of many others from coast to coast, public and private, in small towns and large universities. Hopefully, when the public understands, it will act.

Because of the increased pace at which material is pouring from the presses today, with library users and their fields of inquiry multiplying rapidly, libraries have been forced to go cooperative. They must share facilities and labor with one another in order to put reading and research materials into the forms and places accessible to a maximum number of users, at reasonable cost. Libraries need each other, and the small ones need all the help they can get from the big ones.

By its position as the biggest library in the United States—one that maintains the largest card catalogue, is the copyright deposit agency, and has access to the richest purse (the federal government), the Library of Congress has become through historical process America's national library. By this, librarians mean that it has acquired the status and assumed the responsibility of leading the nation's library movement in services and in example.

Though most members of Congress concede that their library owes a duty to the country beyond mere service to the legislative branch, some persist in the notion that the Library of Congress is still just their private bookroom, as it was a century ago. Oddly enough, in name and legal form it still is, technically, the private domain of Congress, for lack of a federal statute to define its larger mission. Its place in government badly needs reorganization, as a number of thoughtful experts have lately concluded—and as a look at the way it is run will indicate.

An obvious example of Library of Congress service to the nation is its work in classifying and cataloguing new books copyrighted in this country. The library staff does this job on a gigantic scale. It supplies printed catalogue cards at close to cost to thousands of other libraries—fifty million cards last year. Members of Congress have been repeatedly told that this work pays for itself (it brings nearly $3,000,000 back to the U.S. Treasury annually) and that it saves money and work for the libraries in their own states. Nevertheless, Congress does not even see to it that the library has the space and staff to perform this national service properly.

L. Quincy Mumford, Librarian of Congress, reported that last June he had nearly 200,000 books and pamphlets not finally classified and catalogued, and that cataloguing had fallen behind intake by 6,000 volumes in 1962 and by 17,000 in 1963. In April the catalogue card division will be shifted from the Capitol Hill to the vacated Naval Weapons Plant, where the staff needed for the catchup work can be accommodated. But when the librarian asked for funds to pay fifty-seven new card cataloguers, now that he has the space for them, Congress gave him money for only twenty-two.

Most members of Congress are neither trained for nor interested in running a library. They don't seem to care that old and brittle wood-pulp books and papers must be microfilmed before they flutter to pieces and are lost. Con-

(*Continued on page 44*)

As a salute to National Library Week, April 12 to 18, *SR* herewith presents two articles, one on the current problems of the Library of Congress and the other on the life and lore of state libraries. A. L. Todd has been a regular user of the Library of Congress, where he researched and wrote *Justice on Trial: The Case of Louis D. Brandeis*, to be published by McGraw-Hill in June. James F. Fixx, whose article starts on page 45, is *SR's* feature editor.



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# Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

## A Misunderstood Angel

IN THE past forty years Robert Nathan has published about thirty novels, to say nothing of works in other forms. Some time ago I decided that Nathan's novels didn't have much for me, and I stopped reading them. I decided, however, to read the latest novel, *The Fair* (Knopf, $3.95), to see if I had been missing something. The answer, I'm afraid, is, "Not much."

This is a novel of Great Britain in the sixth century, with King Arthur dead and the Saxons overrunning the country. But Nathan is not concerned with legendary heroes. His central character is a fifteen-year-old girl, Penrhyd, whose father has been killed in a Saxon raid. When her uncle's castle is threatened, it is decided that she shall go to the Priory at Malmesbury with her tutor, Odo the Abbot of Swynneddfod. The party also includes her nurse, Dame Margit, her younger cousin, Godwin, and a romantic and youthful squire, Thomas of Glen Daur.

Odo has told Penrhyd that "each of us has a guardian angel appointed by heaven," and she has dreamed about hers. Then, the first night of their journey, in a deep forest, he makes his appearance. His name is Azael, and he is black. He is a mild sort of angel, with a philosophical turn of mind and limited powers. "Angels," he explains, "when they take mortal form, must accept its limitations, lest they be tempted by pity or some other emotion, such as indignation, to alter the course of history." Whatever supernatural powers Azael has seem to be operative only with animals: a bear, a boar, a stallion, and a doe pay homage to him.

The most distinctive quality of Azael is his color, which gives Nathan a chance to be gently satirical. When Odo says, "But how can you be an angel and black?" Azael proclaims:

> Colors are God's delight. He made the dark and the light, the night and the day; He made the green of the sea and of the evening sky, the blue of the lake and of the distant hills, the white of the moon daisy, the lavender of dusk. He made the heather and the gorse, the rose and the wild strawberry, the grass and the broom. He made light people and dark people, the people of the desert and of the watered plains, the people of the Horse, of the Sun, and of the Hollow Hills. All are equally dear to Him, once they have acknowledged His Kingdom.

This is nicely said, but the white people Azael encounters do not share his sentiments. The Prior of Malmesbury has no desire to entertain an angel, black or white. A Roman gentleman named Aurelius takes the party in, but he sends Azael to the servants' quarters. And so it goes.

The story moves rather slowly until Aurelius is killed and Penrhyd abducted by a wandering Saxon. The Saxon, deciding Penrhyd is good for nothing, "neither for work in the yard, nor for pleasure in the bed," leaves her to the wolves. But she is sheltered by a Druidess, who sees ways of making use of her.

Meanwhile, with the addition of Nicias, a learned Greek who was one of Aurelius's servants, Penrhyd's friends move towards the fair that is being held nearby. This is because Azael suggests that the soothsayers and magicians at the fair may give them information about the missing girl. When Nicias asks why an angel should need to rely on such people, Azael replies, "Saul consulted the witches of Endor. And it is generally true that in matters of this sort it is wise to seek all the help one can get."

So they proceed to the fair, talking and talking and talking about all sorts of things. Nicias, for example, discourses on the heresies that have sprung up since the beginnings of Christianity: "Ebionitism, Elkesaitism, Gnosticism, Neo-Platonism, Sabellianism, Chiliasm, Montanism, the Milatian Schism, the Paschal Controversy, Manicheanism, the Arian, Nestorian, and Apollinarian heresies, and the influence of Pelagius."

When they at last reach the fair, Thomas discovers that Penrhyd is there


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29 The Mythmakers: An Essay on Power and Wealth, by Bernard D. Nossiter
30 The Great Treasury Raid, by Philip M. Stern
31 The Dying Day, by Wlodzimierz Odojewski; The Bells of Bicêtre, by Simenon
62 The Fugitive, by Pierre Gascar
63 The Loser, by Borden Deal
64 Adenauer: A Critical Biography, by Charles Wighton
65 The Kaiser, by Virginia Cowles; The Kaiser and His Court, edited by Walter Görlitz
66 The Inevitable Americans, by John Greenway
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before them, being employed by the Druidess to dance in front of her fortune-telling booth. But the joy of reunion is soon overshadowed by the arrival of a Saxon force in the vicinity. Azael, put in charge of the defense, is reminded by Abbot Odo of the strategy adopted by Gideon in the Book of Judges, and so he arms each of his men with a candle hidden in a pitcher and a horn. On the signal they break the pitchers and blow their horns, while Azael charges on a unicorn (rhinoceros), Thomas on a wyvern (ostrich), and Odo on an elephant. Of course the Saxons are routed, and the only casualty on the British side is Thomas, whose wyvern ducks its head (to bury it in the ground, of course) and sends him flying. But even this mishap turns out to be a blessing, for it leads to the reconciliation of Penrhyd and Thomas and thus to a happy ending.

Surely this is a harmless little story. There is adventure, there is romance, there is philosophy, and, in the matter of the black angel, there is satire. But the adventure is ridiculous, the romance is sentimental, the philosophy is commonplace, and the satire is feeble. Even Nathan's style, which some people have admired, is limp and sometimes careless and trite. (The news of the first approach of the Saxons is received "with general consternation," and the Keep is "like a beehive of activity.")

IN an interview some years ago Nathan said, "People think me wishy-washy, a gentle and sentimental writer, and use the word *whimsical* on me. I'm about as whimsical as a scorpion." But he is sentimental, and he is sometimes whimsical, almost to the point of coyness. For instance, after arriving at the fair, Azael talks with the head keeper, who is an African, a Bantu, and discusses the virtues of Christianity. "Who wants to be equal?" the Bantu cries. "The Ashanti? The Watusi? To be equal is something for termites. Where I come from the onliest thing everybody wants to be is superior."

The conclusion one has to draw from Nathan's continued success is that there is a market for sentimentality and whimsy. And of course there is. In our little library, where I spend a couple of hours every week, somebody is always saying, "I would like an old-fashioned novel without lots of problems," or, "I don't mind sex, but I'm getting tired of those four-letter words." And it is nice to know that one can recommend, with no misgivings, a book by Elizabeth Goudge, say, or one by Robert Nathan. In fact, one can recommend their books without having read them, and that's what I'm going to do from now on.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

**THE PUBLISHING SCENE**

# Picking the Winners

A NUMBER of American publishers offer cash bounties, in the form of prizes worth from $1,350 to $10,000, to attract authors to their lists. Such an incentive is especially useful for new firms, or older houses launching a new imprint, and it is a fair assumption that this is what inspired the Delta Prize Novel Award of $10,000, which has just been given to Jeremy Larner for his first novel, *Drive, He Said.*

Delta is a division of Dell Books, which began as a reprint house. When the firm decided to branch out into hardcover publishing two years ago it faced the problem of establishing a new "image," or at least revising an old one, as well as finding original mss. to go with it. A contest was indicated, and a prize of $5,000 announced. Mary McCarthy, Leslie Fiedler, and Walter van Tilburg Clark agreed to serve as judges, and although 613 novels were submitted, none was considered good enough to win. The deadline was extended another year and the kitty was doubled. Another 1,018 mss. arrived, including Mr. Larner's as well as four other non-winners that were bought for publication. As a result of its efforts Dell has added five new novels to its list for the price of one prize.

Although winning a publisher's prize is not easy, there is a sufficient variety of contests going to enable an author who keeps a shrewd eye on the market to maximize his chances. If you are a Canadian, for instance, writing on any subject, or a non-Canadian writing about Canada, Doubleday has $10,000 earmarked for a winning novel. Likewise, there is a $5,000 prize for a book of Catholic interest. Mystery writers may turn to Simon & Schuster's Inner Sanctum contest ($3,000) or Dodd, Mead's Red Badge prize ($4,000). Dutton last year inaugurated a $7,500 award for a book, fact or fiction, about animals; this is a pretty sure-fire subject, and the winner—Sterling North's *Rascal*—became a best-seller. This year Dutton announced a $3,500 Junior Animal Book Award (for young readers, not about junior animals—why can't publishers make these things clear?).

The most venerable and probably the most respected award is the Harper prize for novels, which goes back to 1923, when Margaret Wilson won with *The Able McLaughlins.* This choice, along with two other winners—H. L. Davis's *Honey in the Horn* and Martin Flavin's *Journey in the Dark*—also received the Pulitzer Prize; and, indeed, the list of nineteen winning books (the prize is awarded every other year) is a distinguished one that includes Glenway Wescott's *The Grandmothers,* Frederic Prokosch's *The Seven Who Fled,* and most recently Richard McKenna's *The Sand Pebbles.* Harper & Row is one of two publishing houses that depend upon outside judges to pick their winners, evidence that these firms want to find good books and not simply books that will sell.

But this is rather the exception. Most publishers' contests today are what might loosely be called "self-liquidating"—that is, increased sales are expected to cover the cost of the prize. And the prize is seldom what it appears to be, as an inspection of the various rules brochures makes painfully clear. Indeed, reading them is a deflationary experience: $10,000 often turns out to be an outright grant of $2,000 plus an $8,000 guarantee against royalties. (This is the Harper breakdown, for example. The Doubleday split on the Canadian Novel is $2,500 and $7,500.) Dutton's $7,500 is all guarantee and no prize. The best deal going at the moment would appear to be the new Delta contest, which will now be held every two years, with half of the $10,000 award going to the winner free and clear.

Putnam has carried the self-liquidating principle to new lengths in its "$10,000 Awards," which recently turned up Eliot Baker's *A Fine Madness.* Strictly speaking, none of this money is additional take-home pay, and only $5,000 of the total is guaranteed to find its way into the author's pocket in any case. The remainder is simply committed by the firm for advertising and promotion of the winning book. With a reasonably successful offering, this may be no more than the author would have gotten anyway; although with a flop, of course, the guarantee is so much gravy. But Putnam tries to avoid flops by giving its sales department a hand in selecting the winners. Happily, the six titles that have been picked since 1960 are of fairly high caliber; yet the question remains as to whether Putnam is really giving its winners an award or simply an all-out boost with mirrors.

One result of prize contests is that


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authors are sometimes lured away from their regular publishers. At the same time, authors already on a publisher's list are often penalized by not being allowed to compete; instead, they must enter somebody else's contest. (Not always, of course. Both of Doubleday's Canadian Prize winners were already Doubleday authors.) Thus, while a firm may gain a new writer by properly baiting the prize hook, it may also lose one. Sound crazy?

A final question: is the whole cumbersome business worth while? In the case of the Harper prize, as well as the Houghton Mifflin fellowships ($2,400 outright for a work in progress), the record is exceptionally good. To take Harper as an ideal case: a majority of its novels have had considerable literary merit; almost all have appeared on the best-seller lists at one time or another; they have earned their minimum advance of $8,000, and every one in recent years has been bought as a reprint. As a bonus, Harper & Row is able to turn up an average of five or six publishable books every year from among the nonwinners.

BUT most prize contests, lacking this kind of prestige, don't get the best mss. Macmillan was so inundated with contest novels in 1962 and 1963 that the editors could hardly keep up with their regular work; yet nothing was deemed prizeworthy, and the award was dropped. McGraw-Hill had a one-shot fling at a novel competition some few years ago, awarded the prize twice, to two of its own authors, and gracefully withdrew. Dodd, Mead once offered $3,000—pardon, $500 plus a $2,500 advance—to college professors who wrote mystery novels, possibly on the theory that if the British can do it, so can we. It appears, however, that American professors can make more money writing textbooks, and there were not enough entries to justify their continuing the award.

Dodd, Mead still conducts four contests and, according to its president, Raymond Bond, "we have almost never failed to get at least one publishable book, adult or juvenile, out of a competition." In 1938 a beginning writer named Elizabeth Seifert won a Dodd, Mead competition for first novels. Her book was called *Young Doctor Galahad*, and it sold 30,000 copies. This year the firm will publish Miss Seifert's fiftieth novel. All of them have been about doctors, and each of them, except for the first, has sold about 10,000 hardbound copies. There is a moral to this, but whether it has to do with prize contests or the appeal of the medical profession I am not prepared to say.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

# The President: A Free Man First

—*From the book.*

Lyndon B. Johnson with Peace Corps trainees—"cautious means and lofty ends."

***A Time for Action: A Selection from the Speeches and Writings of Lyndon B. Johnson, 1953-64*** *(Atheneum. 183 pp. $3.95), reveals some facets of the political thought of a "gradualist" for whom none of the usual labels are appropriate. James MacGregor Burns wrote "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox" and "John F. Kennedy: A Political Profile."*

By JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS

CAN A man be summed up? Can he summarize himself? "I am a free man, an American, a United States Senator, and a Democrat, in that order. I am also a liberal, a conservative, a Texan, a taxpayer, a rancher, a businessman, a consumer, a parent, a voter, and not as young as I used to be nor as old as I expect to be—and I am all these things in no fixed order."

These well-known but still arresting words of the President, written for *The Texas Quarterly* in 1958 and reprinted at the start of this book, are an effort on Lyndon Johnson's part to avoid classification. "At the heart of my own beliefs is a rebellion against this very process of classifying, labeling, and filing Americans under headings: regional, economic, occupational, religious, racial, or otherwise," he goes on to say in this same essay. "I bridle at the very casualness with which we have come to ask each other, 'What is your political philosophy?' "

This fear of labels is understandable but also a bit puzzling, for President Johnson goes on in this essay, and also in most of the nineteen speeches that make up the rest of the volume, to state his political philosophy. What he really dislikes, of course, are casual efforts to sum up a man's political thought in a few crude words. So do we all. But all words and all speeches are shorthand oversimplifications—labels, if you will.

Mr. Johnson's real difficulty, I think, is that none of the usual words like "liberal" or "conservative" fit him. And they do not fit him because he has held, as his own self-definition suggests, a highly mixed and shifting set of political views. If I can violate the President's own injunction and summarize his former philosophy in a few words, he has been a gradualist who would stay within the bipartisan consensus of political attitudes and within the governmental system of checks and balances in pursuing humanitarian and internationalist ends.

Both the cautious means and the lofty ends are sketched out in the speeches



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printed here. Yet there is still a puzzling gap, and one that is accentuated by the selection. (The book has no editor; the choices were made by the publisher, but the criteria for inclusion are not explained.) This is unfortunate, for the collection is actually quite limited. These are clearly the liberal speeches of Lyndon Johnson, most of them delivered after he became Vice President and represented a national constituency. The earlier Johnson—the moderate Democrat, the mediator among Democratic factions in the Senate, the opposition-party leader who could work with President Eisenhower, the gradualist on civil rights—is largely lost from sight.

This is fair to Johnson the President, for the speeches in this book—on disarmament, civil rights, education, urban affairs, NATO, etc.—forecast and reflect the solidly liberal and internationalist Democrat that Lyndon B. Johnson has become in the White House.

BUT is it fair to Johnson the man, who rejects oversimplified labels? John Kennedy once said that he envied the men who had grown up in clearly liberal milieus, who had had their liberalism "made for them." So could Johnson say that he envied the men from liberal urban constituencies who could follow a strong liberal Democratic line from the start. His lot was different: he represented a Texas constituency; he had to placate financial interests there; he had to umpire warring factions in the Senate. This man was suddenly catapulted into the leadership of the Presidential Democratic party. He seemed to make the transition without a quiver—doubtless one more example of the blessings of not being overly labeled. But in this book we lose sight of the complex, real-life man who has had to respond to a variety of murky political situations.

THIS is a pity, because inclusion of the earlier Senate speeches along with the Presidential and Vice-Presidential ones would not only illumnate the whole man and minimize the curse of labeling, it might also illuminate the clash of two different strategies. As Adlai Stevenson points out in a typically eloquent introduction, Johnson has always been willing to settle for half a loaf as long as he could keep working for a whole one. But the strategic problem is whether accepting half-loaves is always a step toward gaining full loaves. It has been argued that the civil rights (mainly voting) acts of 1957 and 1960, in which Johnson takes a good deal of pride, actually were not steps in the right direction, because they gave the appearance of progress without the substance.

We should be thankful, however, for what we have. Within four months of the beginning of Johnson's Presidency, within two and a half months of the State of the Union Address of January 1964 (which is included here), we have an attractive, well-indexed collection of speeches. And, however inadequate this selection may be for portraying Lyndon B. Johnson's growth and complexity, it certainly gives solid hope for great deeds to come.

"What a marvelous dream! I was the only one that President Johnson danced with twice!"

**The View from the White House:** How do Presidents of the United States themselves view the Presidency? This is the question Arthur Bernon Tourtellot sets out to answer in a penetrating volume derived mostly from direct quotes from the Chief Executives of the nation. Mr. Tourtellot has sorted these quotes and comments into categories for reader convenience—the President as national leader, as administrator, his relations with the Congress and the judiciary; his appointive and removal powers; the Presidency and foreign relations, the Presidency and party politics; the President as Commander-in-Chief, as reformer, and as writer. The final chapter is devoted to limitations of the Presidency as seen through the eyes of Presidents themselves. The book is, therefore, an engrossing and useful source of quotations from the men most personally concerned with the highest office within the gift of the American people.

As one would expect, Mr. Tourtellot finds Lincoln and Wilson the greatest writers amongst American Presidents, in literary force, mastery of language, and creative phrase. Indeed, the chapter called "The Presidents as Writers," which serves as an introduction, is by all odds the most interesting section of *The Presidents on the Presidency* (Doubleday, $5.95). To prove his point, the author quotes Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address: "And thus there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it." Mr. Tourtellot also remembers that one of the most hardheaded and succinct utterances by a President was Lincoln's sharp reply to Greeley: "If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." One of my own favorite quotes from the book comes in the deceptively simple style of Woodrow Wilson, on the purpose of education: "You do not know the world until you know the men who have possessed it and tried its ways before ever you were given your brief run upon it."

All in all, a mighty useful venture, not only as a source book, but as fascinating reading to the American history or political science buff. In the growing awareness of our own past, now approaching its second full century, U.S. readers should be drawn to a book like this one. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.



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# New Rules for Monopoly

***The Mythmakers: An Essay on Power and Wealth,*** *by Bernard D. Nossiter (Houghton Mifflin. 244 pp. $4), calls for a "visible hand" to govern those elements of the economic system that have outgrown private control. David Cushman Coyle is an engineer and author whose current books include one on the U.S. political system and one on the United Nations. He wrote many books and articles about the New Deal during the Roosevelt period.*

By DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

IN THIS irreverent and brilliant essay Bernard Nossiter discusses why the rate of economic progress in the United States has been falling behind that of Japan and the free nations in Western Europe. The author, who is national economics reporter for the Washington *Post,* knows what ought to be done in this country to accelerate our growth, and he knows why it is not being done. What Mr. Nossiter has undertaken is to show up the manipulations of the "invisible hand" that, according to Adam Smith, gently leads a free-enterprise system into the best of all possible paths. Because a free competitive market has long ceased to exist in many lines of big business, we now need, Mr. Nossiter asserts, a visible hand we can watch. To clear the way for a sensible discussion of a visible hand he digs out a number of well-rooted myths that hide the real situation or paint the loss of competition as harmless.

One myth is that competition really controls the prices for materials such as steel or cement, which are technically definable and uniform in quality and whose salesmen actually compete only in the opulence of the night clubs and yachting trips they offer to buyers, half at the taxpayers' expense. Another myth is that the modern big-business executive, although he can control prices in ways that a free market would never permit, is not the traditional robber baron of the nineteenth century, but a new man, strongly imbued with social conscience and guided by a sense of responsibility for the best interests of the nation. Mr. Nossiter reports in lurid detail how the General Electric middle-echelon men went to jail for violating the antitrust laws, protesting that they had inherited the law-defying methods and had been told to get results or else, while the top-level officials denied all responsibility for the behavior of their wayward subordinates. He also reports that Henry Ford II, while speaking piously of patriotism, sent a whopping big sack of dollars abroad to buy up the minority stock of the British Ford Company—just when Eisenhower was bringing back the soldiers' families in a desperate effort to staunch the loss of gold.

Similar treatment is accorded the comfortable myth of "countervailing power." The fact is, as Nossiter so rightly says, the only countervailing power that can possibly thwart the wild tycoons is the political power of the federal government, used as it is in France, Norway, and Japan, and in a few sophisticated developing countries such as India. These countries call in the businessmen, labor union leaders, and other interests to consult and advise, and a model is set up in which the government's tax, spending, and subsidy policies are realistically set forth. When approved by the legislature, these offer a relatively accurate picture of future developments, accurate enough to lead to far better results than we are getting here.

Thirty years ago national planning was a dirty word, so bad, in fact, that in 1934 FDR had to change the name of the National Planning Board to save it. The First New Deal got off on the wrong foot by hankering after production planning, Russian style, and tumbling into the NRA, in the style of Mussolini. However, after 1935, during the Second New Deal, saner counsels prevailed. The forerunner of the present French-style planning was the TVA, which Frederic Delano, chairman of the National Resources Board, liked to call "unplanning." The TVA fixed the river and some other features of the environment or "infrastructure," called in the businessmen and farmers, and said, "Just take a look at this." They took a look, and the result was a rapid rise in prosperity. The essence of it was there was no coercive socialist management, but what is now called "indicative" planning of the environment, or air-conditioning of the climate in which free enterprise can flourish.

Of course, as Nossiter recognizes, there may still have to be some cancer operations, such as splitting up U.S. Steel. But he is right in thinking that it is high time to put in a visible hand to govern those elements of the economic system that are technically not adapted to private control, and administer them so exactly that private enterprise will see in advance where its opportunities lie.

All this is not going to be done soon. But the world does move. Bernard Nossiter still is young; he has fired a well-aimed and potent volley in this war, and no doubt will fire plenty more. If he lives, time will bring him the satisfaction of seeing results.

"I suppose I'm going to be 'type cast' again."



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# Reform for Form 1040

***The Great Treasury Raid,** by Philip M. Stern (Random House. 361 pp. $5.95), proposes reforms for the tax privileges accorded certain interests. Harold S. Taylor was formerly managing editor of Barron's magazine.*

By HAROLD S. TAYLOR

A FORMER research director for the Democratic National Committee has leveled a brilliant attack at the absurdities and intricacies of the Internal Revenue Code as it is presently written, interpreted, and circumvented. Presumably his first purpose is to arouse the indignation of everyone else against such favored classes as oil tycoons, movie magnates, real-estate syndicators, and those who hold a few million dollars' worth of tax-exempt securities. In this aim Philip M. Stern, now a free-lance writer living in the Washington area, has every right to succeed. His instances are truly hair-raising.

The book's last chapter unfolds a second purpose—to scrap the cumbersome machinery that now grinds out the revenue that maintains the government, and replace it with a simple new model. The failure here is as marked as the success of the first endeavor. If all efforts toward tax reform were channeled toward Mr. Stern's proposals, the reformers' cause would be irretrievably and needlessly lost.

Mr. Stern plunges right into his indictment of the current Revenue Code: Five citizens with incomes of $5 million apiece in 1959 paid no taxes at all. In another recent year a man with an income of $20 million paid no taxes. A real-estate corporation in New York found it could distribute $5 million to its stockholders in a year in which it reported to the Internal Revenue Service a $1,750,000 loss.

An entire chapter is devoted to the oil industry, with its inexcusable right to consider most of its capital investment current expense, and its controversial depletion allowances, which continue long after the cost of a producing well has been recovered.

The really startling incidents appear in a chapter on such special provisions as the law that converted the late Louis B. Mayer's severance pay from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from income into a capital gain, the deal that saved Mrs. Gerard Swope $4 million in taxes, and even the clause tucked into a statute about patents to make sure that a friend of the late Senator Robert Kerr should not have to pay a claim that the government had successfully pressed through the courts.

Real-estate depreciation provisions, whereby each successive purchaser of a building starts writing off its cost all over again, come in for a scathing chapter; but Mr. Stern's greatest fervor is reserved for the capital gains provisions of the Revenue Code. He tells us, at the end of the chapter headed "The Great Capital Gains Trial," that he himself is speaking as the foreman of the jury when he says:

> We start from a simple proposition: A dollar is a dollar, no matter how it was earned or where it came from. It will buy just as much in groceries, in shoes, in mink coats or in Cadillacs, whether it was made from a sale of stock or a sale of the sweat of a man's brow or the fruits of his brain. It will pay taxes just as well, too.

When Mr. Stern finally unveils his solution for the evils of which his book so convincingly complains, it turns out to be a plan for "taxing uniformly 'all incomes, from whatever source derived,'" as stipulated in the Sixteenth Amendment, with income defined as "'control over economic resources'—or, in layman's language, the ability to buy things."

The trouble with this is that income is not "the ability to buy things." A man who inherited a million dollar bills when he was born could take 1,000 of them out and buy things every month until he was eighty-three years old, but let's hope Mr. Stern wouldn't call that income. The accountant's best definition of income is still Adam Smith's: "What without encroaching upon his capital he can place . . . for immediate consumption."

Mr. Stern is indignant that a friend of his who earns $7,000 a year in a steel mill paid $1,282 in taxes last year, while another acquaintance simply ordered his broker to sell stocks for $7,000 more than they cost him, and was only taxed $526.

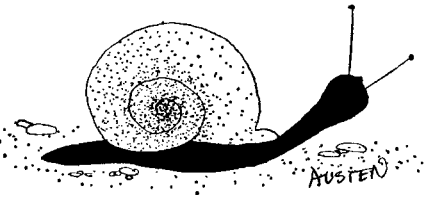
Mr. Stern's friend, in disposing of 350 shares of Celanese Corporation for $60 a share (they cost him $40 a share) definitely encroached on the capital he possessed the moment before he called the broker. If he buys back 350 shares, he has nothing left over, and if he lays out the $14,000 he started with he has some 233 shares where he once had 350.

It is true, as Mr. Stern eloquently sets forth, that many rascals have saved a lot of taxes by pretending that transactions that weren't capital gains were capital gains, but that doesn't mean that capital gains do not exist, and that they aren't different from income.

Mr. Stern is very happy to document instances of unbecoming behavior by Congress, but he is quite ungenerous in giving the legislators credit for their better instincts. One example is the special tax bill regarding the divestment by E. I. duPont de Nemours of its General Motors stock. For more than a generation everyone who bought a share of duPont got seven-eighths of a share of General Motors folded into it. By some tortuous process of sophistry, the Treasury persuaded itself that if that ownership were symbolized by two pieces of paper rather than one, the holder had realized income and must needs be taxed. Congress very properly brushed aside the sophistry and declared that indeed he hadn't and he needn't.

One of Mr. Stern's reforms—it was really sponsored by Stanley S. Surrey of the Treasury—is to begin taxing the interest on all outstanding state and municipal bonds. There are $72 billion in such bonds. The value of the tax exemption they are accorded is roughly 35 per cent of their sales price. These bonds were all bought in the faith—reinforced by Supreme Court decisions—that the interest would never be taxed. Suddenly to whack $25 billion off their resale value might sound like reform to Mr. Stern and Mr. Surrey. Fortunately, Congress is still full of simple souls who would recognize it for grand larceny.

Mr. Stern argues that since specific reforms haven't made much headway, the one-big-push route is as good as any. This view would have more weight if there were solid evidence of any sincere campaign for the individual reforms. In a half-dozen places, Mr. Stern pictures the Kennedy Administration fighting for reforms against a stubborn Congress. Then in one rueful footnote he concedes what all of us who have followed the matter know to be the case: the Kennedy Administration "was prepared to jettison the reform (which only accounted for about a third of the



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tax-cut 'carrot' anyway) in order to get its true goal—the 'economic stimulus' of a massive tax cut."

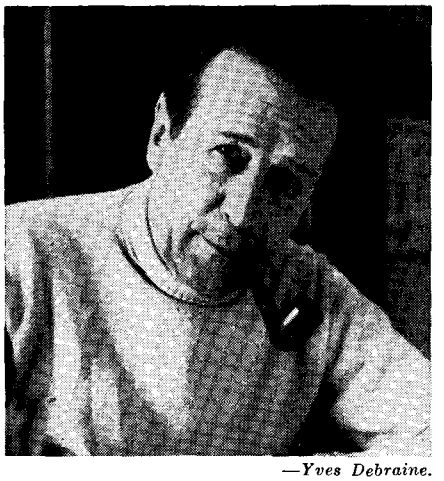
There are a number of specific reforms in the tax structure that could be enacted with sincere sponsorship:

- Stock options could be absolutely forbidden, not so much as a tax measure as in simple justice to the ordinary stockholder.
- Every commercial building, on completion, should get an *in rem* depreciation figure, which would follow it through every change in ownership, and when that was gone there would be no more.
- Trusts and gifts should not be considered to have passed from a donor until actual possession was transferred and all strings to the donor were permanently cut.
- The oil-depletion debaters should stop screaming at one another and get the data on what the physical depletion rate really is. The method by which the present figure of 27½ per cent was reached was wildly irrational, but there is no firm evidence that the 20 per cent or 15 per cent variously proposed is correct either. The records of the Bureau of Mines and of a dozen oil-country supply companies could furnish figures extremely close to the mark. (In any case, Mr. Stern is wrong again about limiting depletion to the cost of each producing property. Since the government isn't paying the losers their losses, the winners should be able to deduct their own antes and the losers' as well.)
- Once the indefensible intangible-cost deduction for oil drilling loses the protective coloration of the emotional battle over depletion, it could easily be knocked off.

Whether one agrees with Mr. Stern, disagrees, or votes for and against from chapter to chapter, there is one thing for which he deserves the thanks of everyone who must do much reading about taxes. He places the word "loophole" in meticulous quotes, and explains that by it he means legal tax preferences rather than the dictionary definition: **"loop'hole,** *n.* Figuratively, a method of evading the intent of a statute, contract or obligation." Too many editorial writers and commentators define it **"loop'hole,** *n.* Any provision of the Internal Revenue Code on which Walter Reuther, were he a Senator, would vote 'Nay.'"

Mr. Stern knows that what he is talking about are not evasions but legislative decisions. He points out that the remedies for the inequities he lists lie in badgering our legislators, rather than simply waiting for the wily taxpayer to stop trying to shift his burden onto some other taxpayer.

# Life in the Last Analysis



—*Yves Debraine.*
Simenon—"bitter pills"

***The Dying Day,*** *by Wlodzimierz Odojewski, translated from the Polish by Maurice Michael (Harcourt, Brace & World. 156 pp. $3.95), and* ***The Bells of Bicêtre,*** *by Simenon, translated from the French by Jean Stewart (Harcourt, Brace & World. 240 pp. $4.95), question the worth of individual lives lived in trivial or crippling circumstances. James Gray wrote "On Second Thought."*

By JAMES GRAY

A NOVEL that concerns itself with a confrontation between man and death would seem to promise little of the élan that propels the usual work of fiction. But here are two in which the moment of final suspense is crowded with so intense a desire to comprehend the meaning—if any—of human experience that they seem to contain all the fully alerted vitality of a lifetime.

In each, the protagonist is a European who has lived the life of his time in a conspicuous place; each book poses the question: Can the worth of an individual life be demonstrated even if the conditions enclosing its achievement have been trivial or degrading? Both testaments are meager in their bequests of hope; but in quite different ways they are valuable reports on the human predicament, compiled by shrewd, experienced observers.

Much the more impressive is *The Dying Day,* by a young Pole whose work is new to this country. Wlodzimierz Odojewski enters the mind of a writer (one surely not unlike himself) who has wished, with the fierce concentration of a man to whom analysis is second nature, to understand and to help guide the political destiny of his generation. With an eagerness no less avid he has sought close identification with a fellow creature in the realm of sentiment. Through one afternoon while he lies dying of tuberculosis he reviews the crucial happenings of this adventure of the spirit—not in chronological sequence but in a series of feverish, hallucinatory dreams, flashes of memory, glimpses into meanings.

Only the essence of each crisis is presented; there is little of factual detail. Perhaps it is necessary for a Pole still to be cautious in any examination of the terror and tyranny that must have pressed hard upon his mind and flesh from the moment of birth. Odojewski's method of coping with this problem is technically brilliant. The longest passage of the book is devoted to a Kafka-like allegory in which the vast, vague menace of inexplicable authority threatens decency, integrity, even the sense of identity. On other pages the reader is made to share the sufferer's feeling of being exposed on a desert of indifference even more vast and terrifying. It is easy to believe that a man *in extremis,* tormented by fever, would endure again in just this way the miseries of life in a police state.

The second theme is presented more realistically; memories return in moments of only partially clouded lucidity. Pitiful and petty doubts assail the dying man about his relationship to his wife. Her separate existence as a successful actress is wrapped in enigma. Does she, he wonders, merely play for him another role, that of sacrificial mate to a doomed creature? The "latent strangeness" in another intensifies for him the cruelty of the love-hate duel that maims intimacy. Here Odojewski has obviously found another mentor: as the tortured neurotic yearns for the presence of a woman whom he distrusts, and at the same time wishes her to be as far from him as possible, one cannot fail to recall the similarly painful alternation of moods that plagues Proust's central figure in *The Sweet Cheat Gone.*

Odojewski allies himself successfully with the best tradition of the modern

(*Continued on page* 62)



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# Saturday Review

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# Report on C.P.R.

TWO YEARS AGO, Carlos P. Romulo left his ambassadorial post in the United States to become president of the University of the Philippines at Manila. For almost a quarter-century his life and work had made a deep impress on the American mind. He was known as author, lecturer, aide-de-camp to General Douglas MacArthur during the Second World War, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, head of the Philippine Delegation to the United Nations, and Ambassador to the United States. It is probable that not since Lafayette had any representative from another nation been more highly regarded or acclaimed.

It is natural, therefore, that there should be a great deal of interest in Carlos Romulo's new career as university president. While in Manila, I had ample opportunity to visit the General and observe him in action. This piece is in the nature of a brief report.

His first few months as university president were not lacking in excitement or personal challenge. Some of the students seemed to feel that the Ambassador's identification with the United Nations and his consistent advocacy of a world-citizenship philosophy ran counter to the new spirit of Philippine nationalism. Or they assumed that the fact of his adherence to the Catholic Church would endanger the university's standing as a secular institution. Or they were apprehensive that his long service in the United States had given him such a strong conditioning that the university would be indistinguishable from an American campus in no time at all.

Even before he arrived on the campus, critical comment appeared in the student newspaper. And he had hardly hung up his hat in the President's office when trouble loomed in connection with the announced state visit to the Philippines of Prince Akihito and Princess Michiko of Japan. A delegation of students served notice that if the royal visitors came to the university they would be greeted by a demonstration protesting Japan's treatment of the Philippines during the war.

Characteristically, President Romulo responded to the attacks of the student newspaper by increasing the freedom and responsibility of the editors and reducing the role of the faculty adviser. To the students who warned they would demonstrate against the Japanese royal visitors, President Romulo said that this was entirely within their rights. He stressed that the right of protest was one he intended to uphold but stressed equally the need to equate freedom with responsibility. And he made it clear that the university was looking to tomorrow and not to the perpetuation of old grievances.

To the more general apprehensions or criticisms, the president's reply was to direct his main attentions to the central problems of the university. He embarked immediately on an eighteen-point program of development – raising academic standards, enlarging the scholarship program, strengthening the faculty, stepping up faculty salaries, refurbishing the university plant, instituting research programs in both the physical and social sciences, establishing a medical school, undertaking basic planning for an Institute of Communication that could serve as a research and training center in Southeast Asia for mass media and related fields.

It is only a short time, relatively, since Carlos Romulo became a university president, but all the early troubles and criticisms are far behind him. The students like their access to the chief and his readiness to discuss or debate with them. Meanwhile, substantial progress has been made on the eighteen-point program. Two boosts in faculty salaries have already been put through and more are scheduled. Academic standards have been raised and will go even higher. The library is being expanded. Land is being cleared for the major new buildings. Intellectual ferment is in style; visiting lecturers like Arnold Toynbee and Barbara Ward have challenged the students to relate the problems of the Philippines to the larger problems of the human community. The spirit of Philippine independence has been strengthened in official school activities and observances. At the same time, President Romulo has made the point that independence for the Philippines, or for any other nation, depends on interdependence in the world.

CARLOS ROMULO believes that the first obligation of his university is to the nation and its people, but he also recognizes that the school is uniquely situated to serve as common ground between East and West. The Philippine people have had a triple heritage—Asian, European, and American. He regards this as a prime natural asset in enlarging the university's place in the educational community in general.

Several attempts have been made to entice Carlos P. Romulo back into public life, but he has successfully held his ground. His role is that of elder statesman and educator. He is consistently consulted on questions of foreign policy by President Diosdado Macapagal. And his influence as educator is being felt throughout a large part of Asia.

At sixty-four, Carlos Romulo has what he considers to be the most rewarding of all possible jobs. The government has warned him it has no intention of letting him retire next year or for some years to come. Meanwhile, he maintains the kind of schedule that is exhausting just to contemplate. He is often at his desk by 7 A.M. for a daily stint of twelve hours or more. It is possible the workload may be eased as his eighteen-point program comes to fruition. He welcomes this prospect, for it will give him time to do something he has hoped to do since he came to the university. In addition to his work as president he would like to give a course in American literature. –N.C.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Postal Problems

As an almost twelve-year veteran of the Post Office, I read Alvin Shuster's "The Swifter Completion of Their Appointed Rounds" [*SR*, Mar. 21] with amusement. He mentioned the alphabetical ABCD, NIMS, ZIP, and VIM—"all suggesting names of patent medicines designed to remedy tired blood." He also could have mentioned some of the abbreviated designations of different classes of employees—one of which is the ISTMH (Indefinite Substitute Temporary Mail Handler).

Mr. Shuster wrote that ZIP has been the object of a lot of gags. Now we hear that the Post Office plans to hire additional women employees who will be called "Female Mail Handlers."

Roger Williams.
New York, N.Y.

Although I realize, as Alvin Shuster indicates, that the Post Office has a high batting average for on-time delivery of mail, I also believe that the Post Office can improve.

There is no excuse for a postman to have a variation of three or more hours in the time he delivers mail to your door. It is understandable but inexcusable for a postman to gossip with a patron while neighbors anxiously await their mail. I do not understand why in March of 1964 it required two weeks for a third-class envelope to reach me from New York when at the most it should have taken no more than a week. Nor do I understand why a first-class piece of mail from the U.S. Department of Justice took four days to reach me from Washington, D.C. No postmark, but the letter was dated.

Thinking positively, I suggest that all city patrons be required to buy and erect uniform mailboxes near the street or sidewalk, so that all the postman will have to do is lean over his vehicle, drop your mail, and speed on to the next stop. This should expedite our mail and eliminate gossiping.

And why can't the postman reverse his route periodically so that the last can be first and the first last? Finally, I think postal workers could give the authorities some valuable suggestions on time-saving procedures.

J. Wilson Harrison.
Spartanburg, S.C.

## O'Connor's Womanless World

Roger B. Dooley ought to know that "The Womanless World of Edwin O'Connor [*SR*, Mar. 21] is actually the womanless world of the Irish. This quirk stretches straight on back to the authors of their pagan legends. Even in those free and easy times they took no honest pleasure in sex, and the women they sang over turned out mostly to be cattle rustlers. Read on down to G. B. Shaw and examine the thoughts he put into the mouth of Don Juan. This curiously asexual world of the Irish is shared by most of the pagan, Catholic, Protestant, and atheistic Irish authors. One suspects that Adam may have been the first Irish author.

Every acute reader recognizes that we can accept the author's portrayal of an alcoholic Irish priest and instantly reject any attempt to place him in bed with his housekeeper. Yet we appreciate the innately honest delineation by Morris West of an Italian priest sleeping with his housekeeper. Does Mr. Dooley understand why G. K. Chesterton said, "The great Gaels of Ireland are the men that God made mad, for all their wars are merry and all their songs are sad"?

Let us be honest enough to admit that, strange as it may be, O'Connor's half-world wherein women are little better than shadows on the wall is in truth a good, traditional portrayal of the womanless world of the Irish. I'll give the back of my hand to the idiots who made it so, but not to Ed O'Connor for his compassion in showing it.

Kenneth O'Meara.
Holland, Mich.

In this day of best-sellers whose main theme seems to be sex, it is certainly to Edwin O'Connor's everlasting credit that he has written two moving books in which a nubile woman is neither the cause of nor the reason for all of man's troubles.

Must a book be full of gutsy women, front and center all the time, to be a good book? Has Mr. Dooley read so many sexy novels that any other love a man might have, such as love of God, of parents, even of self, seems unnatural to him? Perhaps we had all better check our reading habits.

Mrs. Mary Anne Hawkins.
Schenectady, N.Y.

"Have you seen this report? How independent can an independent research organization get?"

Roger B. Dooley's critique of Edwin O'Connor certainly ranks near the top of the list of cleverly written, emotionally aimed, and shallowly contrived articles that I have read. . . .

His outburst has the ring of the very narrowness he accuses O'Connor of. He claims that he does not know real people who live and think the way O'Connor's characters do. Let me tell Mr. Dooley that one would have to be an extremely insular person to live in New York City, much less the Borough of Queens (where Mr. Dooley works), and never come in contact with the thousands of people who are like those so accurately portrayed in Mr. O'Connor's novels.

If he is capable of it, Mr. Dooley might be well advised to overcome his own "narrowness" of experience. Criticism, to paraphrase, should begin at home.

Joan McCarthy.
New York, N.Y.

## Previewed Elections

I read with great interest Robert Louis Shayon's piece on televising early election returns [*SR*, Mar. 14]. I maintain that no returns should be broadcast, televised, or printed until after the last polling place in the country is closed. Why? Because human nature's urge to "jump on the bandwagon" is a force mighty difficult to combat. Whether consciously or unconsciously influenced, thousands of voters who listen to or watch as returns from Eastern states are announced are pulled onto the bandwagon of the early-return winner. This is a problem of gigantic import to our democratic form of government; a basic Ameri-

(*Continued on page* 43)



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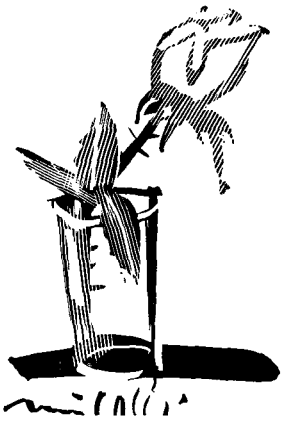
## Whatever Happened to Baby Snooks?



DURING the extra month of revisions taken by the creators of *Funny Girl*, someone must have realized that this new musical might better have replayed the highlights of Fanny Brice's career, using some of the songs and routines the late comedienne made famous. Or, failing that possibility, undoubtedly precluded by contracts made with composer Jule Styne and lyricist Bob Merrill, Isobel Lennart might just as well have fashioned a new libretto to fit the talents of the show's new star, Barbra Streisand. For while Miss Streisand bears much resemblance to Fanny Brice, she is actually a strikingly unique performer with her own eccentric personality.

Although she begins the show in turn-of-the-century costume, twenty-one-year-old Miss Streisand is distinctly contemporary, a forlorn girl who deals with an unsatisfactory world by joking away pretense and romantic feeling. Adversity doesn't dissolve her into tears or helplessness, but rather toughens her outer shell and strengthens her resolve to make the world pay for the painful schizoid separation it impels her to adopt.

Miss Streisand's technique includes an extensive vocabulary of improvisation. She is mistress of the art of akimbo; time and again she punctuates a delivery by slouching a hip and flinging out an arm at an impossible angle. She is also adept at the well-timed moment of high camp. The latter is best demonstrated when she arrives at Nick Arnstein's private dining room for the seduction she so eagerly anticipates. She enters and greets the conventionally romantic situation by flicking open a fan, smiling to dispell the conventional schmaltz and reach a more honest and extraordinary rapport, and langorously covering her face with the fan, Spanish-style. To top it off, she gives him a look that simultaneously punctures the tension and sustains the intention. Later she jokes to her overly suave, playboy dinner partner, played by Sydney Chaplin, "Most girls slip in such ordinary ways. Me, I do it Bordelaise."

Miss Streisand also has her own way of singing. It contains a little of Judy Garland's sudden, full-throated despair, some of Lena Horne's dramatic tenacity, and a good range, despite an unfortunate tendency to nasality in the upper register. Since she is involved in singing eleven of the show's sixteen musical numbers, it is hard to pick one outstanding song. Certainly the catchiest is "You Are Woman," whose melody does for "Glowworm" what "With a Little Bit of Luck" did for "Listen to the Mockingbird."

*Funny Girl* also features Kay Medford as Fanny's mother and the versatile Danny Meehan as a friendly dance director. Miss Medford is particularly effective in the opening number when she challenges her neighbors' sung contention that "when a girl's incidentals are no bigger than two lentils, well, to me, that doesn't spell success." She replies with another question, "Is any nose with deviation, a crime against the nation?" Of course, both Miss Brice and Miss Streisand have already rewritten the book on nasal treason. Mr. Meehan is most amusing when he does a parody of the sort of vaudeville act in which a performer would be wildly applauded for simultaneously standing on his head and whistling a tune. A similar parody of a World War I patriotic number is staged with much more precision and force by Carol Haney than the original prototypes ever had.

Director Garson Kanin and production supervisor Jerome Robbins have managed to keep this tenuous little saga of Fanny Brice's deceptively easy rise to fame and her underplayed heartbreak at the loss of the man she loved neatly trimmed and relatively unflagging. However, the opportunity to see Miss Streisand as an emerging new star is what makes *Funny Girl* worth the casual theatergoer's notice.

The trend in serious musicals that start merrily and finish sadly, like *Funny Girl*, is reinforced by the earlier, now departed *Rugantino*, which ended with the protagonist being guillotined at the final curtain. Also, the current *What Makes Sammy Run?* is a musical portrait of a ruthless opportunist who betrays everyone, only to arrive at an empty, compulsive success. One can only admire the integrity of Budd and Stuart Schulberg for sticking to their bitter story and that of singer Steve Lawrence for bringing Sammy Glick to life without softening the characterization. However, the bitterness of what is being said doesn't mix well with conventional pop tunes, the comic gags, and the escapist atmosphere that comprise traditional musical comedy. While stories of any depth can be set to music and performed—even with considerable deference to an audience's predispositions, musicals are more satisfying theater, when they maintain a certain homogeneity in their approach and in the extent of their compromises.

—HENRY HEWES.

"You know what has just occurred to me, Andy? I'm too old to fall in love with an older woman . . ."



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## BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

### The New Tahiti

ASK ME not where they went to, but nearly four years have passed since the last time I visited Tahiti, and much has happened. For one thing, the French administration discovered the benefits of tourism, which it had hitherto viewed with a welcome it might have reserved for an outbreak of scarlet fever. The French have finally built an airport, and one can now land directly at Tahiti without having to shuttle 155 miles from the nearest strip at Bora Bora. The jets had come, and so had that other windstorm, Marlon Brando, leading the company that MGM had sent to film the remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. And if all that wasn't enough to jolt the island into the twentieth century, there was de Gaulle's announced intention to pop an atomic bomb in the nearby islands. Supply ships and companies of Foreign Legionnaires had beat me into town.

The day I landed at the new airport at Faaa near Papeete—it was aboard one of the first runs of Pan American that has got landing rights, too—the drums were banging away in the waiting room, and performers were doing some dances I had never seen before. "Have you come to witness the last days of Tahiti?" said my old friend Jeanne Winkelstroeter (*SR*, July 2, 1960), a long-suffering travel agent and *hôtelière*. "Look at this new airport! Look at these dancers! They're doing something they learned from the Cook Islanders who were here for Bastille Day. They no longer think their own dances are good enough."

THE airport was surely manufactured in Paris, and the fact that it is embellished with the work of local artists hardly matters. The artists were manufactured in Paris, too. While going through the customs formalities, I reflected on the last words of the purser aboard the plane. There is no tipping in Tahiti, he had explained over the loudspeaker. He said the local authorities hoped that visitors would not break the code. Then he said there would be a new tax on tourists payable on departure. It turned out to be better than $4, and until the Metropolitan French raise their own departure tax—already an abomination—it is the second highest in the world

## Restaurant English

ONE of the pleasures of travel is foreign menus—reading them, that is. Breathes there a tourist with palate so dead who never to a waiter hath said, "*Garçon*, what does this mean in English?"

Many restaurants in cosmopolitan centers such as Paris, Rome, and Kabul attempt to help the struggling linguist with bilingual or even trilingual menus. These, alas, do not really solve the problem of what to order, but they do at least provide food for thought.

Connoisseurs of restaurant menu translations will treasure the following collectors' item, a genuine "first edition" from the Corral de la Morería, a well-known Madrid dining-flamenco establishment. The Corral caters to its international clientele with a menu printed in Spanish and English, as follows:

| *Spanish* | *English* |
|---|---|
| *Bullabesa al estile Pescador* | Bullabesa style fish |
| *Pechugas Loren* | Breast of chicken Loren |
| *Pollo Chilindren* | Chilindren chicken |
| *Crema de Ave* | Bird cream |
| *Escalopes a la parrilla* | Grilled escaloppes |
| *Pollito (pieza) salteado al ajillo* | Chicken (pieze) shute in garlic |
| *Chuleta de ternera Buena Mujer* | Veal cutled "Bonne Femme" |
| *Cocott a la crema* | Cocott creamed |
| *Escalfados Gran Duque* | Eggs poached great duke |
| *Puding Morería* | Pudding Morería |
| *Cesta de frutas* | Fruit basked |
| *Crep Susset* | Crep Susset |

—PATRICIA K. BROOKS.


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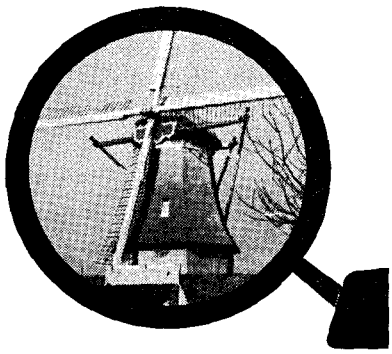

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The new airport has spawned sellers of shell leis, those magnificent strands with which Tahitians greet and bid farewell to visitors. If anything, the leis had become more sophisticated than the ones I had seen on my previous visits, and they had already attracted the attention of fashion buyers from afar. The most beautiful and intricately worked ones, which cost about $1.20 at Faaa or the neighborhood Chinese grocery stores, were $7.50 at the Hotel Aimeo on neighboring Moorea where the Matson ships come in, and as high as $15 in Honolulu.

BOTH Hertz and Avis and a number of lesser-known car rental companies are now well established in Tahiti and even on neighboring islands—Raiatéa, for instance. But to date neither Hertz nor Avis has a stall at the airport. If a car has been reserved for an arriving passenger, it is left in the parking lot with the keys in the lock and the lessee's name in big letters pasted on a convenient window. I see no reason, really, why some unscrupulous sort—I suspect that even so gentle a place as Tahiti has a few—wouldn't be encouraged to go for a spin, safe at least until the next aircraft from overseas arrived. The customer could hardly be expected to note the mileage difference after the bill reached him at home, 5,000 miles away and many weeks later.

Tahiti's tourism went up 35 per cent last year compared with 1962, but the number of Americans who came nearly doubled the visiting tourists from France. Despite the figures and the much-heralded impact of Brando and the *Bounty* company, the influence, if there is any change in it, is more French than before. That lovely old wooden post office, one of the most celebrated buildings in the Pacific, has been removed. In its place, the French have given Tahiti a designed-in-Paris edifice that is all concrete and glass, with oddly shaped glass doors and a penthouse apartment for the French postmaster, who has been newly transferred from Paris.

In spite of these improvements, the hotel code remains strict. All hotels outside Papeete must be fashioned in the traditional thatched-roof bungalow formula. They are considered too much of a fire hazard to be permitted inside the town, but anyone is allowed to burn up in the *faubourgs* as long as the traditions are maintained. Les Tropiques succumbed to conflagration some years ago and only reopened, on a severely limited basis at that, last November. Taaone, perhaps the most elegant, if that's the word, of Tahiti's hotels, lost its restaurant, bar, and kitchen, a serious loss anywhere, but a holocaust on French terri-



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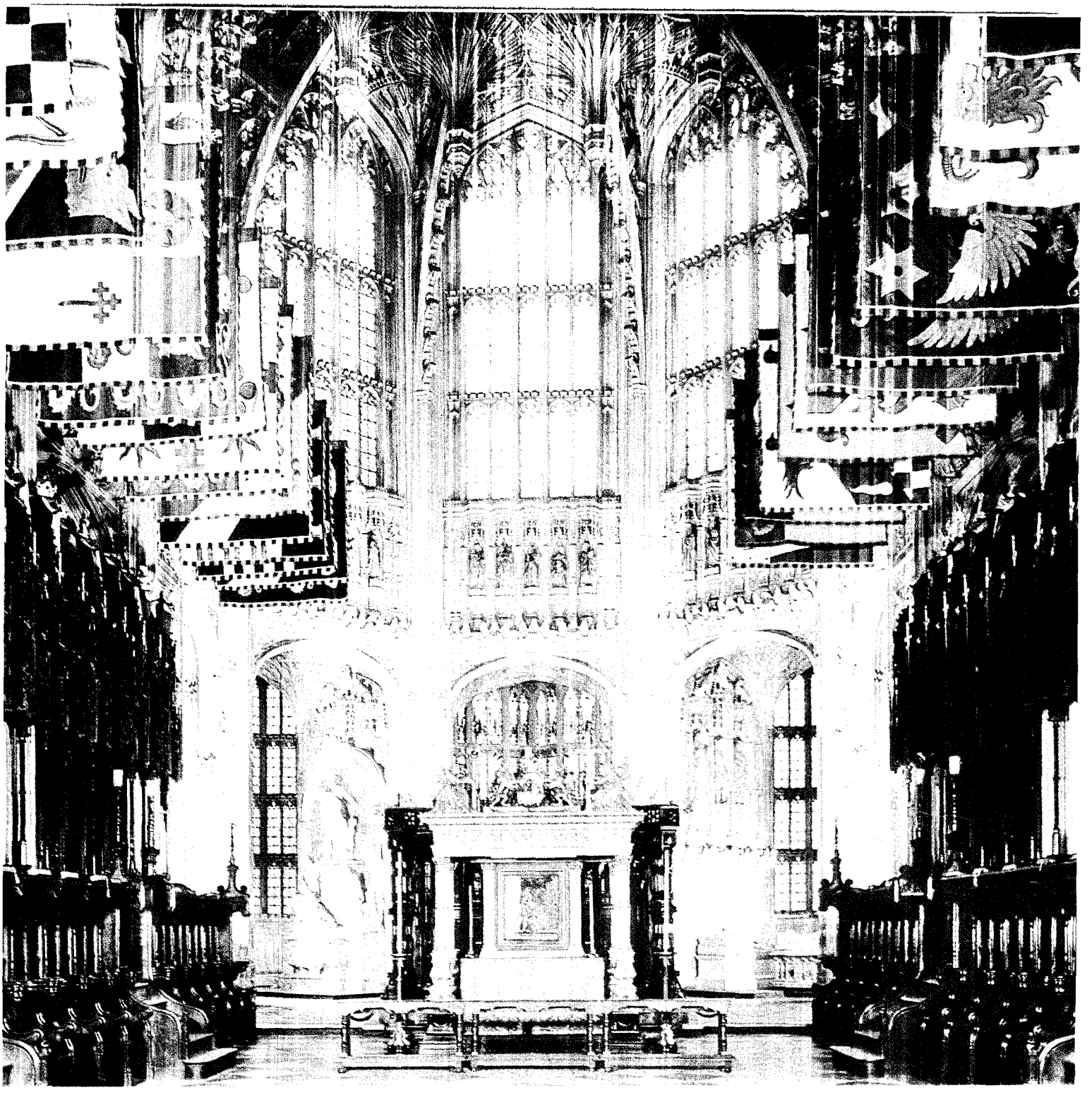

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tory. The Taaone is back in business with a pleasant dining room that has been laid out just above the black sand beach. Dinner there recently with an expatriate American journalist came to $17 for the two of us with a modest bottle of wine, a price that might have been considered a down payment on a month's stay here not so very long ago. Taaone has thirty-four rooms, all in bungalows, all under thatch, and the whole lash-up is located two miles from town.

If the fashionable airs are at the Taaone, the action is at the Hotel Tahiti, owned by Spencer Weaver, a Honolulu restaurateur, and operated by Henri Rittmeister, who formerly managed Honolulu's venerable Halekulani. Weaver and I discovered Tahiti together, having flown down, both of us for the first time, on the same pioneering flight back in 1955. The airplane, then, if I may be permitted a short digression, was a DC-4 that required a stop at Canton Island for refueling before coming to rest at Bora Bora. We took a flying boat to Papeete for the final lap. When I was last here in 1960, Weaver was in town too, this time building the Hotel Tahiti. I must say I was hardly prepared for the world of the Hotel Tahiti that has emerged since in the few years that have elapsed.

The night I arrived a few weeks ago —Pan Am's once-weekly service leaves Honolulu after lunch Saturday and gets to Tahiti for dinner—seemed, at least in the gardens of the Hotel Tahiti, to be a cross between Mardi Gras and Bastille Day. The dance floor was a gay collection of Legionnaires, French sailors, long-haired demoiselles, bug-eyed tourists from California, crewmen from yachts, French civil servants, and assorted unclassified types. It was about the most colorful, if mixed bag, of characters that I have yet encountered in the South Seas, and I include observations in Suva, Fiji, and Pago Pago, Samoa—not to throw in Uturoa, Raiatéa, and Vaitape, Bora Bora.

The bandstand at the Hotel Tahiti is being managed these evenings by Eddie Lund, a remarkable sort who fled Portland, Oregon, long ago, lives the good Tahitian life in a modest house by the sea, and functions as unofficial interpreter of Tahitian music. That doesn't mean his orchestra is above playing the current smash in Tahiti, which is *le Mah-dee-sohn* performed here with great concentration. A Frenchman usually calls the turns, and the transfixed crowd responds with mopey obedience.

The crowd to which Lund's musicians addressed themselves, spread through the dining room, filled every seat in the bar and floated out onto the vast lanai. Somewhere in the darkness stood Moorea, that ever-present satellite of an island. Wreathed in lights, down at the

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wharf, was the royal yacht that was to have taken the Queen Mother on her journey to the antipodes. It was a scene to remember, and the curtain didn't drop on it until midnight, when the town places close and the crowd moves out to the dance halls in the suburbs. Saturday night at the Hotel Tahiti ended in a mad jam of departing Peugeots, girls on motor bikes, and arm-waving *gendarmes* in their *képis*, shorts and long socks.

I should add that in its quieter times, the Hotel Tahiti offers such cosmopolitan comforts as a barber shop and hair dressing salon, both operated by practitioners up from Australia, a swimming pool, and some downright comfortable rooms in long gingerbread houses—no thatch, for once—that copy, quite delightfully, I think, that fussy style of the early Colonials.

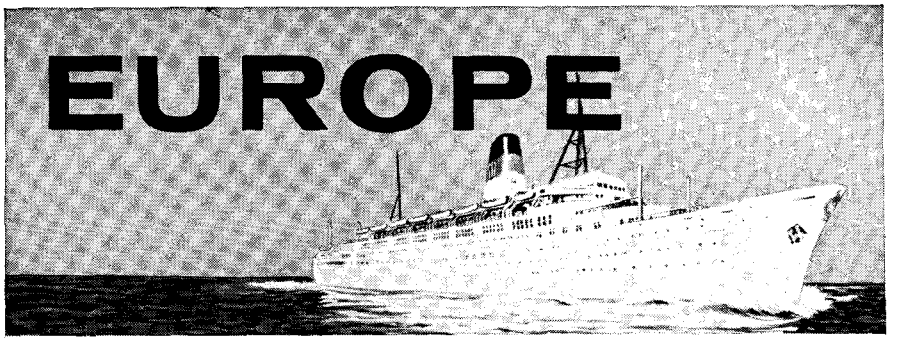
As for the other hotels, I ought to mention the Arahiri, a modest place of fifteen rooms, each with a salon, double beds, shower, and bath. The cuisine, perhaps its best attraction, is French and Chinese. Bel Air is pleasant enough, if you don't mind a ride out into the country, and even beyond it, the Moana Nui, past the airport, in a district called Punaauia. Run by a half-American named Ripley Gooding who used to operate a restaurant in San Francisco, the Moana Nui is a quiet, beachless place by the sea, with indifferent accommodations in bungalows and silent dinner hours on the lighted terraces.

A hotel called the Tahiti Village, ten miles out of town and, like the Moana Nui on the west coast of Tahiti, has considered building a convention hotel with eighty rooms. Supposedly the project would be financed by the Bank of Indo China, the French Club Méditerranée, and French government funds. There has also been talk of a Hilton, particularly on a lovely hilltop site that was first reconnoitered for the Matson steamship people some years ago.

What the new tourists who are expected to come will find in Tahiti is currently a topic of much speculation among old Pacific hands. Strangely enough, there were any number of wandering Americans in town when I arrived, some island-hopping through the Pacific, and some, like the man I met in the barber shop, vacationing from winter for six weeks. There is no getting around the fact that Tahiti has a personality that neither the high steppers from Hollywood nor the jet passengers have yet been able to overwhelm. After all, the missionaries ruled these islands for fifty years, but the dances, the music, and the friendly way of the natives somehow survived even that lengthy moratorium.

Two new art galleries have opened in Papeete, a rather extraordinary feat for a place with 20,000 citizens. One, run by a Florentine named Sancini who thunders through town in an underslung Italian sports car, serves up such local artists as the colorist Mourareau ($90 to $160), who has done a mural for the new post office; Masson ($160 to $170), one of the most celebrated of the itinerant talents; and Ravello ($60 to $70), a new impressionist. The art talk bubbles, particularly around Vaima, a fine café with sidewalk tables arranged just across the road from a nest of yachts.

The idea of women coming to Tahiti has always been something of a joke, and a ribald one at that. But lately, especially with the arrival of winter travelers from the United States, men have been

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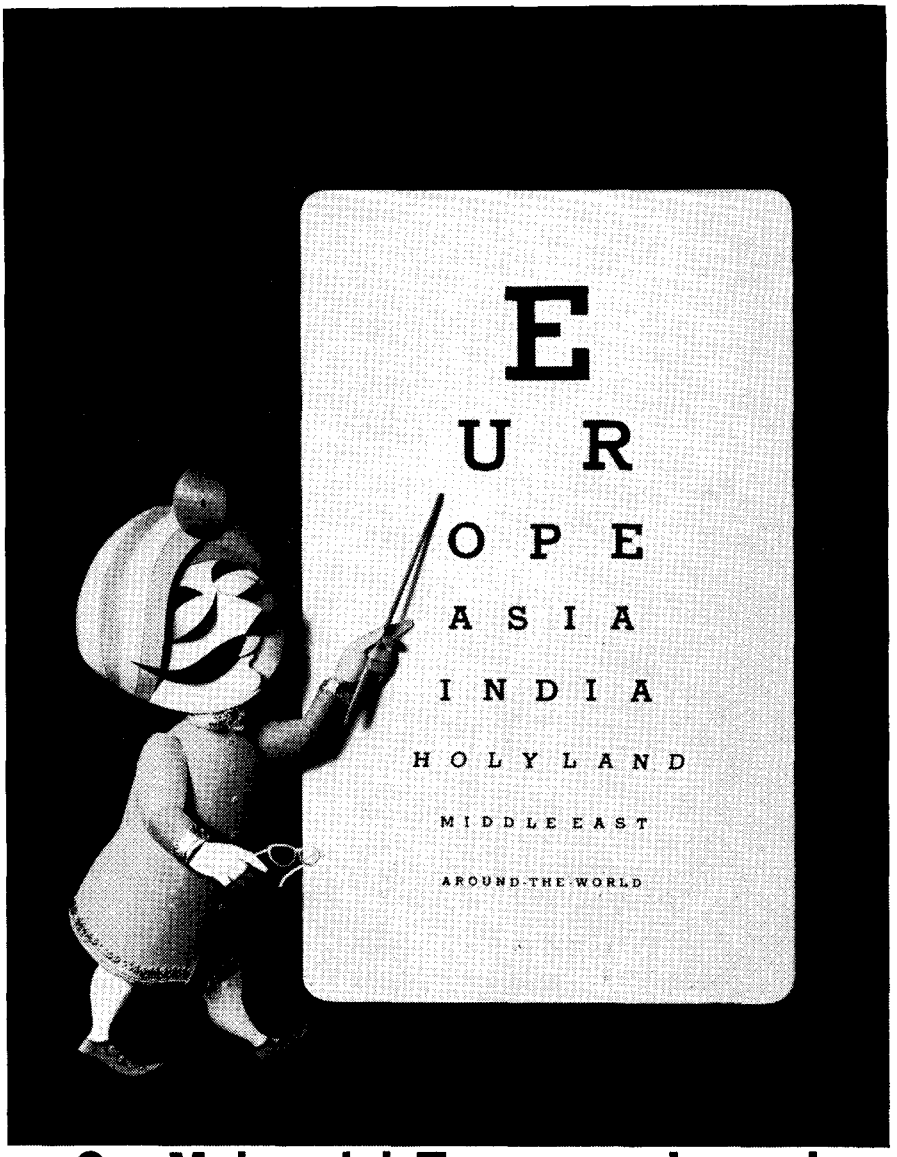
arriving, quite naturally, with their wives. A lively couture has sprung up in Papeete, and there are occasional fashion shows at the hotels. Even Tarita, who had the lead opposite Brando in *Mutiny*, consents to do some modeling. Marie Ah You and Augustin are the better known dressmakers. A tiny Chinese, Marie Ah You was educated in the salons of Maggy Rouff in Paris—an unusual apprenticeship and a rare opportunity. The biggest hit of the current season is Marie Ah You's two-piece linen dress with tiny pikake shells gathered in the Tuamotu Islands sewn around the collar and dotted over the blouse. She also makes shifts in brilliant tropical patterns imported from France and her *Pomare muu*, a formal muumuu adapted from the monarchial days of King Pomare IV has already been imported by Liberty House of Honolulu, a city that considers itself the muumuu motherland.

The Tahitians are not at all pleased by the presence of the troops in town, and there have been minor brushes, some of them with racist overtones, between fair Tahitian girls and African soldiers who consider a refusal to dance a racial slur. For the tourists of other lands the white *képis* of the Legionnaires contribute a sort of dash to the proceedings, and no one stops to think that none of them is a line trooper. The tests, which de Gaulle has ordered, will take place at Mururoa, which is not even part of the Society Islands, a circumstance of geography that does not prevent the Paris papers from referring to the tests in the "Tahiti islands." The French Government Tourist Office, which apparently has about as much influence on French policy as the U.S. Travel Service has on the U.S. State Department, has been at great pains lately to explain that Mururoa is as far from Tahiti as Johnson Island, where we exploded some tests of our own, is from Hawaii. The French Tourist Office understands that A-bombs and the raptures of Tahiti don't mix even if de Gaulle is too occupied with his France *über alles* credo to see it.

—HORACE SUTTON.

*(First of a series on the South Pacific.)*

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### The Creative Artist and the Cops

THERE is a certain grim irony in the fact that Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising*, a new half-hour *avant-garde* film, was yanked from the screen of a Los Angeles art theater a few weeks ago, while only a few days later the Ford Foundation named the same Mr. Anger as one of twelve recipients of a coveted fellowship for creative film making—the first of its kind in the United States. The Los Angeles police called the film obscene, but the Ford Foundation's judges mentioned it specifically as one of the titles contributing to his award. The irony is underscored by the fact that while Anger's work, which combines artistry and integrity, was suppressed and the theater's manager arrested, other theaters all over Los Angeles continue to grind through shoddy reels of bare-busted "nudie" films whose only integrity is their unflinching devotion to the dollar.

Perhaps in a sense *Scorpio Rising* is also a "nudie" film. It contains glimpses of male genitalia. But it is also a film about homosexuals—the wild, frightening kind who go roaring through the night in motorcycle gangs. There is no implication that Anger approves of all this, however. Indeed, by comparing them frequently with the film of the *Hitlerjunge* in Germany three decades ago, he seems to be saying just the opposite. But what is more apparent is his fascination with their rituals of dress—the thonged leather boots, the chain belts, the waist-protectors with their many straps, the inevitable black leather jackets—and with their ceremonies as they initiate a newcomer into their midst with a kind of black mass. All of this Anger sets forth with incredible and intoxicating intensity, and with a camera delicately attuned to each nuance of their shocking rites.

AND they *are* shocking. Not because they reveal that homosexuality exists. Hollywood had already prepared us for that with *Suddenly, Last Summer* and other major releases. What shocks is the awareness provided in each frame of the depth of the abyss that separates the homosexual from the rest of society. What shocks is the detailed documentation of a way of life (and an urge for death) that, to most of us, borders on the fantastic. It will probably be simple enough for the prosecution to prove, as it must be California law, that *Scorpio Rising* "goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in the description of matters pertaining to sex or nudity."

But is it not the function of art to press beyond such "customary limits"? Must the artist confine himself to what another phrase in the California statute describes as "contemporary standards"—which, in films at least, is apt to mean whatever is commercially safe? How are we to extend the "limits of candor," how are we to alter "contemporary standards" if serious works, made with insight and sincerity, are to be banished from the screen? Obscenity, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder.

Fortunately, *Scorpio* may well be returned to public view—the limited, "adults only" public that is, ultimately, its proper audience—by still another clause in the California statute on obscenity. To condemn the film, the prosecution must prove that it is "utterly without redeeming social importance." By constructing a parallel—perhaps too insistently—between his black-jacketed young men on their high-powered steeds and the young Nazis of Hitler's Germany, Anger's film probes an increasingly malignant sector of our society. The rituals are similar, the tests of manhood identical. For them both, death alone is ennobling—not life, not art, not culture. *Scorpio Rising* makes it amply clear that its young author understands this and fears it. Apparently the Los Angeles police do not.

Meanwhile, a word of praise is due the Ford Foundation not merely for its courage in making an award to Anger and eleven other youthful talents, all of whose interests lie well outside the range of commercial film making as practiced in this country, but for instituting the award in the first place. Almost fifteen years ago the late Maya Deren organized the penniless Creative Film Foundation to provide, if not grants, at least recognition for a new generation of artists that had turned to the motion picture camera as a means of expression just as naturally as previous generations had turned to the brush, the chisel, or the typewriter. The Ford Foundation, with grants this year totaling $118,500, has begun to realize her dream. "Like grants-in-aid previously made to creative and performing artists, these fellowships are designed to provide new opportunities to film makers," said W. McNeil Lowry in announcing the awards. They may well prove a Pandora's Box for the foundation, but they are a long-overdue shot in the arm for the creative film maker in America. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

### A STUDY IN GREEN

There is a tint of green in each of the following definitions submitted by Howard J. Green of Los Angeles, California. The chromatic adjective is used either as part of a word or part of a phrase. Answers on page 86.

1. A fictional candidate for President of the United States in the first musical show to win the Pulitzer Prize (1932).
2. The novel upon which *Oklahoma!* was based.
3. A poisonous powder used as an insecticide and pigment.
4. A professional football team.
5. An inexperienced person, easily deceived.
6. An indication to go ahead.
7. A Danish possession; its capital is Gotthaab.
8. A United States political party which nominated James B. Weaver for President in 1880.
9. A place where actors may congregate backstage.
10. Ethan Allen's command in the American Revolution.
11. An old Irish patriotic song.
12. Pulitzer Prize play, 1930.
13. A famous Bohemian neighborhood in an Eastern American metropolis.
14. A talent for growing plants.
15. A classic romance of the Southern American tropics with a bird-girl as heroine.



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# Letters to the Editor

*Continued from page 33*

can privilege of independently making a choice among candidates is being insidiously weakened by Broadcasting's frantic fetish of "firstism" . . . .

MRS. ARTHUR VAN ZEE.

Toledo, O.

### The Process of Happiness

I WOULD GLADLY CONTINUE my subscription to *SR* merely to receive John Ciardi's column each month.

I was especially interested in, though not surprised by, his "Is Everybody Happy?" in the March 14 issue. What impressed me was the main thesis of the article—"Whatever else happiness may be, it is neither in having nor in being, but in becoming." . . . Is Mr. Ciardi by chance a fan of Heraclitus and/or Kierkegaard (or perhaps even Heidegger, Sartre, etc.)?

HOUSTON CRAIGHEAD, JR.

Waco, Tex.

### Plain Talk

I AM NOT IN THE HABIT of writing letters to the editor, but Katharine Kuh's article "New York's Modern Merry-Go-Round" [*SR*, Mar. 21] was too fine to go unmentioned. How pleasant it is to find someone who will question the awesome policy decisions handed down by New York's fine museums in clear, straightforward language.

CAROLINE C. PIVEN.

New York, N.Y.

### Ratings Rancor

AS GOODMAN ACE CHERISHES the ratingless "good old days" of Anna Q. Nilsson [*SR*, Mar. 7], so do I the rancorless, prewar Mister Ace of *Easy Aces*. With the help of his delightful wife, his easy-going wit kept radio audiences happy. His sponsor was happy, too, and enjoyed good ratings for years.

Therein lie both the irony and the fallacy in Ace's lament over those awful Nielsen ratings and those more awful TV networks. Bemoaning the baseless beheading of talent, he confuses the star with the vehicle. Were Tallulah's and Tennessee's talents a sure thing on Broadway? Is Judy, a great artist, *ipso facto* a great hour-long weekly variety show?

Then he ignores the first-rate shows that aren't getting any axe—Danny Kaye and *That Was the Week That Was* and Brinkley and *CBS Reports*, to name some—all with a good quota of talent, entertainment, intelligence, and sponsors, too.

Finally, Mr. Ace sadly channels his own talents into the customary oversimplified and always fashionable blast at the complex field of audience analysis. Neither networks' nor advertisers' meticulous market researchers are one-tenth as unhappy as Ace, the comedy writer. As for blaming a show's demise on a rating—come, now, Mr. Ace, do you blame a fever on your thermometer?

MURRY HARRIS.

New York, N.Y.

### The Gallic Heresy

IF THE THOUGHTFUL and thought-provoking article "Watching de Gaulle" [*SR*, Feb. 22] is any indication, the addition of Henry Brandon to your magazine is most welcome.

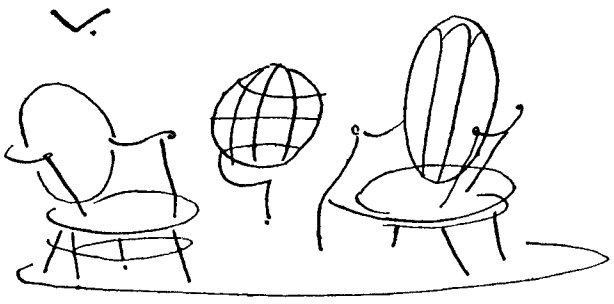
There is a recent fashion in governmental comments on de Gaulle and his policies to treat both as just short of heresy. This attitude is puzzling since, as Brandon points out, "only time will tell whether the American or General de Gaulle's view of history is correct." This point is seldom made. It is regrettable that Brandon does not amplify it.

Why, for instance, when we accept the concept of a "special relationship" between the U.S. and Britain (based primarily on a common Anglo-Saxon heritage), do we become alarmed when the General proposes a similar relationship between his country and Latin American countries based on the same sort of common denominator—in this case, a common Latin heritage? Isn't it logical to think that it might work? Especially since Latin Americans have for years complained of our policies on the grounds that we simply don't understand the Latin mind?

De Gaulle certainly has a right to his opinion, and he also has the right to translate it into a plan of action. It is, after all, possible that we have overaccustomed ourselves to the present-day world as a contest between two monolithic powers in which there can be only two legitimate viewpoints: ours and that of the USSR. The USSR demands rigid foreign policy compliance from its satellites and allies, but do we have the right to demand the same from our allies?

JOSEPH M. CONLON.

Teaneck, N.J.



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# Library of Congress

*Continued from page 24*

gress is not bothered by the 324,000 printed but unfiled catalogue cards from World War II days that are still not placed in the file drawers in the annex so that readers can use them. It is unconcerned that the library has never fully restored hours of service in some divisions to the prewar standard.

Congressmen get prompt help on speeches and committee studies through the Legislative Reference Service of the library, but they do not know that all private scholars have been ousted from the study rooms built expressly for them in the Library Annex, and that the space has been taken over by government agencies, Congressional users, and the library's own staff.

Overcrowding within the library's main building (opened in 1897) and its annex (1939) has been critical for years, yet Congress has dawdled outrageously over making a serious start on constructing a third building. At best, it will take five years to get a new building into operation from the moment a decision is made to have one, and no such decision is yet in sight.

Long after the need for action had been obvious, Congress in July 1960 appropriated $75,000 to pay for a survey of the requirements for a third building. A report was delivered in August 1961, calling for a $71,000,000 structure with 1,520,000 square feet of net usable floor space in two blocks just east of the library annex. The library staff had been hoping to acquire a four-block area, to provide 2,000,000 square feet of net usable space. But they say now they will settle for the two blocks providing about 75 per cent of the needed floor space—if the library also gets, as the 1961 report recommended, a three-floor underground vault in a second site.

This other spot was added to the delay in 1960 when the late Speaker Sam Rayburn insisted that Congress take title to a built-up area south of the present library's main building. There was some talk of a James Madison memorial, but it was never openly explained just what the space was destined for. Congress took it over, merchants and residents were ousted, the buildings were razed—and then Rayburn died, taking his intentions with him. Today the House Public Works Committee is still considering, in no haste, whether to erect a James Madison memorial in Mr. Sam's square and whether to give the Library of Congress vault space beneath it. Another proposal has been to build the library's third building on this spot, to name it after James Madison, and thus to save money. In any event, the long overdue plan for relieving the overcrowded library now stands in line behind a decision on how to memorialize James Madison, who has been dead these 128 years.

Where does the fault for all this lie? Not in the Library of Congress staff, certainly, for they are highly skilled, dedicated professionals. Nor should the members of Congress serving on the committees responsible for the library be criticized too harshly; each in his own fashion pledges it support. The blame should be laid on the outmoded, faulty organization (or, one might say, lack of organization) in Congress on which the national library of the richest country on earth is uneasily based.

The present system is a nightmare of divided responsibility. The Library of Congress is supposed to receive its policy guidance from one Congressional committee whose members are mostly on it by accident and consider directing the library the least of their duties. It receives its operating funds from a second committee through a minor item in a Congressional housekeeping bill. And for a third building it has been awaiting the pleasure of a third committee, on public works, that is oriented toward federal highways, dams, harbors, and other projects in Congressmen's home districts.

The Librarian of Congress, while appointed by the President, is supposed to run the library under the policy direction of the Joint Committee on the Library, which Mumford has termed his "board of trustees." This group is made up of five Senators detailed from the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration and five Representatives from the Committee on House Administration. In their respective houses, both are minor committees.

These ten men and their staff assistants find running a library a bit of a nuisance and give it little time or thought. In most years it holds but one meeting, at which the chairmanship is passed alternately from a Senator to a House member and back again. It goes through a few perfunctory motions, then adjourns for a twelve-month. If its members even read Mumford's annual reports, there is no sign that they are inspired by them to give the library more attention.

This is not to condemn all of its members. Senator B. Everett Jordan of North Carolina, the 1964 chairman, is said to have taken a special interest in the library; his colleague, Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, took the initiative in 1962 to secure an outside evaluation of the library by Douglas W. Bryant of the Harvard University Library. But during the twelve years that Representative Omar Burleson of Texas has served on the committee and the ten years during which he has been alternately chairman and vice-chairman, his principal contribution seems to have been to praise the status quo and to counsel Mumford to "make haste slowly."

Whatever good intentions some of its members may have, the Joint Committee as currently set up just has not worked. Perhaps it is unfair to expect members of Congress assigned to the task in a backhand way to do a good job of it. If Congress were to select a library committee made up of members who actively seek service on it, there might be a genuine improvement. But at present there is a vacuum where there should be leadership and initiative.

If Library of Congress policy is set at all, it is determined by those activities for which Mumford can get the money. His budget request is presented yearly to five members of the House Appropriations Committee who draw up the Legislative Appropriations bill. This measure also includes money for the operation of Congress itself, for the Architect of the Capitol, who supervises buildings and grounds on the Hill, and for the Government Printing Office. The

"Let's leave intelligence out of this!"



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legislative subcommittee is one to which Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon usually assigns low-seniority men who are waiting their turn for better things. The hearing records prove that the librarian and the architect must ring the alarm to get money for anything outside the routine.

To dramatize their urgent request for a complete overhaul of the library piping system in 1964 and 1965, the librarian and the architect told the House masters of the purse how sewage water had backed up from the basement toilets in the library, and how the sudden flooding of the Music Division during an August rainstorm damaged precious materials in the collections. Architect Stewart clinched his case by passing around cross-sections cut from the 1897 water pipes. They showed in almost nauseating detail the buildup of deposit that reduced their rate of flow to 25 per cent of original capacity.

Fortunately, there are signs in Washington that something will happen soon to bring about an improvement. A few members of Congress have been hearing lately from articulate constituents in the academic world about the crisis in our national library and are beginning to look into the situation. A network of librarians, writers, and scholars is being formed to show Congress that there can be votes in helping library-users. Before the death of President Kennedy there were plans in the White House for a high-level Presidential commission to study library problems on a national scale; this idea is being brought up now with the new Administration. And the Council on Library Resources, a creature of the Ford Foundation, has published a critical study of the role of federal government libraries in the national cultural complex.

There are, then, indications that something is going to change. The individual who feels concerned can help the process along by writing a few letters such as these:

1. To Senator B. Everett Jordan of North Carolina, chairman of the Joint Committee on the Library, urging support for the Presidential commission on national library problems.

2. To Representative Tom Steed of Oklahoma, chairman of the House Subcommittee on the Legislative Appropriation, supporting the full budget request of the library for the coming year.

3. To Representative Charles A. Buckley of New York, chairman of the House Public Works Committee, urging prompt approval of a fully adequate addition to the library, not entangled with a Madison Memorial.

4. To one's own Representative and Senators urging their support of these objectives.

Louisiana State Library at Baton Rouge—Even the librarians are astounded.

# The Case of the Unknown Library

By JAMES F. FIXX

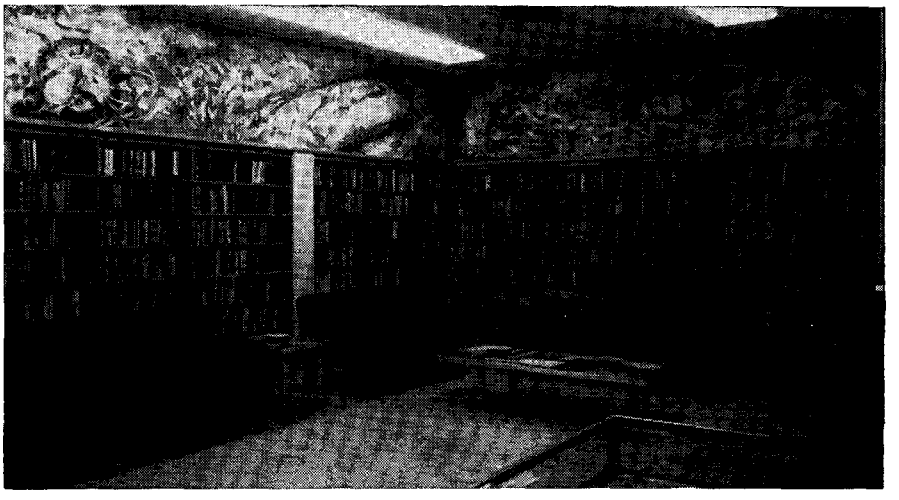
NOT LONG AGO a group of Miami Indians in Indiana filed a claim in a U.S. court. Arguing that in 1840 their ancestors had been underpaid for the sale of reservation lands, they asked the court to award them compensatory damages.

Although the sale had taken place over a century ago, investigators were able to turn to the archives of the Indiana State Library to find the reservation's original manuscript records, information on early nineteenth-century land values, and relevant data on agricultural productivity. All this, painstakingly gathered from aged volumes, was presented as evidence in court.

The Indians won their case.

This is only one example of the vast, if often unrecognized, value of a species of library that relatively few people are even aware of. This neglected species is the state library, which serves as a hub of reference for legislators, a storehouse of state records and history, a crossroads of elusive information, and, in many cases, the last resort when a fact can be unearthed nowhere else. Founded in the country's early years to guide state lawmakers, these libraries have long since outgrown their origins to provide services so diverse that even the librarians themselves are frequently astounded. "The best, most human, and funniest stories will never reach your ears," one librarian said recently. "Prudence and state law forbid it."

Nonetheless, the key role of state library systems was clearly underscored a few weeks ago when President Johnson



Washington State Library at Olympia—"a new and more significant role."

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signed into law the Library Services and Construction Act, authorizing $25,000,000 in federal funds to promote development of library service and construction of new public libraries. It is the fifty state libraries that are charged with determining how the funds will be used.

Until recently, there were few indications that state library systems were trying to be much more than splendidly chaotic warehouses. Their quality and purpose varied widely from one state to the next, and some states offered such lackluster library service that the gaps would be sadly apparent even to a grammar school pupil doing research on George Washington and the cherry tree. As the American Library Association, the influential national organization of librarians, said last summer, "No state has yet provided a sound total library program, and some states have not yet clearly recognized the importance of library services as an essential asset at this stage of the development of American life."

There are now signs, however, that state libraries may be on the verge of a new and more significant role. Among these signs is the ALA's recently released checklist of standards, an exhaustive yardstick designed to prod, encourage, and perhaps in a few cases shame state libraries into a flurry of self-examination and improvement. The checklist, an impressively lawyerlike array of sixty-two specific goals, ranges from the broadly philosophical ("People must have access to the full range of political, social, and religious viewpoints") to the minutely technical ("Archival and similar records require extra load-bearing capacities in floors"). But each of its recommendations is intended to make a broad spectrum of books and services available to legislators, scholars, writers, researchers, and such specialized users as schools, various organizations, and the blind. If the local library is the place to pick up that best-selling novel, the state library—provided it is a good one—is the place to hunt for obscure historical records, facts affecting public policy and legislation, and books on economic and political aspects of the region. Indeed, no library is more intimately concerned with the collective—and sometimes individual—life of a state's citizens. In Edenton, North Carolina, for example, when a toy broke and sent fragments into a child's eye, the doctor called the public library for the information he needed to remove the pieces safely. The local library didn't have the information but called the state library, which quickly checked its files and told the doctor what he needed to know over the phone. The child's eye was saved.

Any state librarian, in fact, can easily spin a beguiling afternoon of yarns about his adventures among man's recorded yesterdays. And it takes very few such stories to obliterate any lingering notions of the librarian as a person so submerged in books and insulated from living that he is a kind of intellectual Piltdown Man. Among some yarns recently related are these:

► Late one afternoon an assistant librarian discovered that, through a census error, the state legislature had inadvertently abolished a county judgeship that day. She quickly notified the state librarian, who telephoned the judge and the Speaker of the House. While the state librarian set to work drafting an amendment to restore the judge to his post, the Speaker held the legislature in session long enough to ratify it. The judge is now one of the state's Supreme Court justices.

► In an effort to establish his birth date for Social Security, a man appeared at the Police Department in Indianapolis to examine the arrest records for 1900; he had been told that he had been left on a doorstep as a foundling in that year. The Police Department had no record of the event, but two reporters heard the man's story and checked the state library's archives. The account was found in a 1901 newspaper.

► Surveyors, unable to locate landmarks mentioned in old deeds to property in North Carolina's Big Swamp, consulted the state library. The reason for their difficulties, they discovered, was that the swamp had been drained many years earlier. Aided by the library's old documents and maps, they were able to get on with the survey.

But the heart of the state library, despite such bibliographic derring-do, remains its service to legislators and those concerned with public problems and policies. As Herbert Wiltsee, executive director of the Council of State Governments, says, "As government operations expand, research becomes ever more important. There's no one these days who would dream of trying to operate a modern legislature without an adequate library. Research today is a fundamental part of government."

"Now the Duke and Duchess of Belchyvania are coming for dinner. Mind your humor—nothing controversial, just something that any average Belchyvanian family might enjoy."


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# How much further can anyone go to test and prove new products?

**(Last fall, Olin sent the new Winchester® line to Africa—on safari with famous professional hunter, David Ommanney.)**

"Why Africa?" people have asked us. "Isn't that going a bit far?"

We don't think so. At Olin, every new product gets exhaustive lab and bench tests. But the final proof of rifles and shotguns *must* be in the field. Same thing with shot shells and centerfire ammunition.

More than 60% of our Winchester line for '64 is new; with some sweeping product changes. The new "free-floating" barrel on our Model 70s, for instance, is the first such barrel ever fitted to a production rifle.

To prove the new Winchesters thoroughly, we felt we needed special test conditions. And in Tanganyika we found the very ones we wanted. Plentiful—and varied—game. Rough going—to give our rifles a good jolting. Lots of dust and grit to get into their actions.

By going there, we could also get David Ommanney's opinion. Very few men know more about guns than this famous professional hunter, who led us on safari. And his judgments come straight from the shoulder.

No line of arms and ammo ever got a tougher workout. Or such sure-fire *proof*. After the safari, Ommanney summed up: "It warmed my heart to watch these Winchesters at work. I never saw more accurate shooting."

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PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO:

**1946** This photograph, taken in 1946, shows a slum in the heart of San Juan. Old tires served as stepping-stones.

**1964** Public Housing projects, like the one at right, have replaced many of Puerto Rico's slums. They're found all over the Commonwealth—are now housing 125,000 people.

# Look what's happened to the Caribbean's "stricken land" since it became a Commonwealth

TODAY, Puerto Rico is a flourishing Commonwealth.

Yet, 20 years ago, Puerto Rico was called a stricken land with problems beyond solution. One out of three Puerto Ricans lived under conditions similar to those in the small photograph above.

His home was a shack without electricity or running water. He existed on roughly 31 cents a day. And, with luck, he could expect to live 46 years.

Most economic planners who visited Puerto Rico said that poverty and disease were inevitable. Their reasons: too many people, too few natural resources.

*One resource that most of these men failed to recognize was the determination of the Puerto Rican people.*

For it was the *people* of Puerto Rico who launched "Operation Bootstrap"—an all-out crusade against the disease and poverty that plagued them.

Slums were torn down. Dumps were cleared away. And community improvement projects sprouted all over the island.

### Government's role

To create jobs and generate income, the Commonwealth Government offered manufacturers special tax incentives. It opened 12 vocational schools to train skilled workers. It developed power and water resources.

Today, you see the results of this massive self-help program everywhere. Nearly 1,000 new factories are humming away—providing jobs and high new hopes for 120,000 people. New plants continue to open at the remarkable rate of three a week.

How are the people of Puerto Rico using their new prosperity? Drive along some of the Commonwealth's 3,000 miles of paved road and you'll see neat, clean public housing projects like the one in the large photograph at right. You'll see row after row of handsomely landscaped private homes. You'll see busy shopping centers. Inviting new parks, plazas and playgrounds.

Of course, you can still see slums in Puerto Rico. *But, the all-out crusade continues.* In fact, Puerto Rico has become one of the world's healthiest places to live.

Chances are your plant could thrive in this atmosphere, too.

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*This is one in a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for illustrated progress report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 105 J. 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.*

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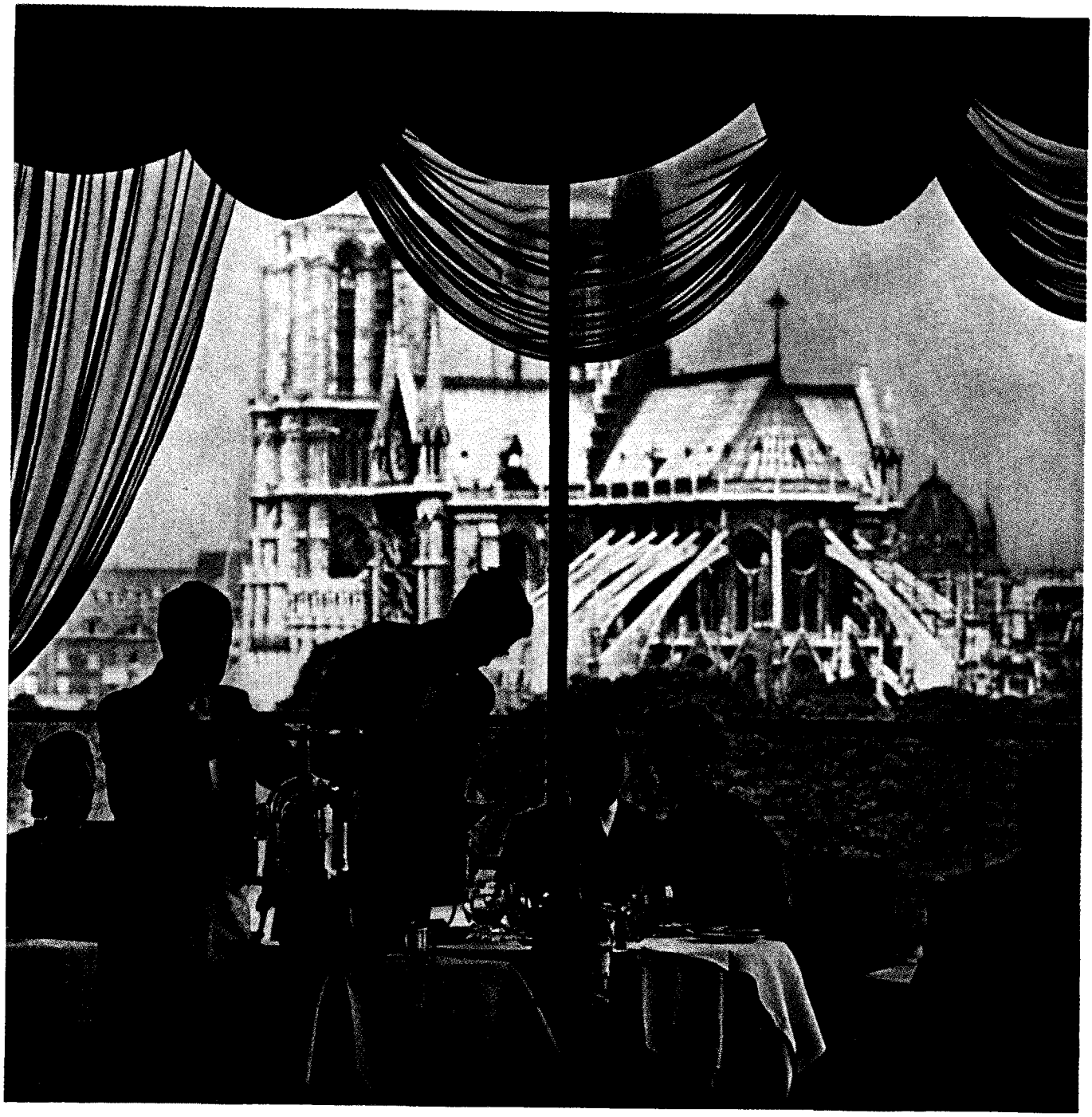

# Is Europe really expensive? That depends.

On you.

For instance, you can have dinner in Paris for $25, or pay as little as $5—and order the same entrée.

You can buy a theatre ticket in London for $3.50, or pay as little as 35¢—and see the same show.

You can rent a room in Rome for $17 a day, or pay as little as $3.75—and enjoy the same view.

Jet fares to Europe have their highs and lows, too. Here again, the choice is yours, depending on what degree of comfort strikes your fancy and which price fits your budget. But you'll be glad to know *all* Pan Am fares are now lower than they've ever been.

First-class fares are down as much as 21 per cent. And Pan Am's low-cost 14 to 21 day ticket is now available practically year 'round.

With the exception of a few peak travel periods, you can plan a 14 to 21 day trip any time this summer. (See a Pan Am Travel Agent or call Pan Am for details.) Sample fare: New York to Paris, $342 round trip.

One thing no other airline can give you at *any* price: the sure feeling that comes from flying the World's Most Experienced Airline. It's worth all the money in the world.

First on the Atlantic
First on the Pacific
First in Latin America
First 'Round the World

PAN AM

**YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH PAN AM—WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE**

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# Civil Service

*Continued from page 23*

sonnel arm of the government. Actually, it does no hiring except for its own agency. For any given opening, the agency involved picks its own man from among the top three eligibles referred by CSC. The commission also sets employment ground rules, recruits, conducts examinations, establishes employee standards, hears disciplinary and firing appeals, conducts training courses, and so on.

By ridding ourselves of all but small vestiges of the spoils system, we have created a bureaucracy that is often cumbersome and inefficient. But the cybernetic revolution and the increasing professionalism of government service are improving its performance. One who is exposed to the constant stream of pronouncements, press releases, and reports of the federal establishment, for example, is impressed with the marked decrease in the tortured prose and gobbledygook that once characterized most government communication.

The trend toward a government elite raises two common fears, however. One is that Uncle Sam will drain off too many of the better minds from private enterprise. There have been widespread complaints, particularly from the aerospace industry, that NASA has conducted wholesale raiding parties to build up its engineering competence at the expense of private companies—a charge vigorously denied by NASA. And apprehension has been expressed that, with the rapid expansion of the National Institutes of Health, all important medical research may soon be done under government aegis.

The other fear is that a government elite could easily become a Praetorian Guard. This was one of the main arguments raised against the Civil Service bill in 1882. In the eyes of some libertarians, even a bumbling bureaucracy is preferable to one whose diabolical competence could some day spawn a Big Brother or a Resident Controller of North America.

Both fears seem to be unduly pessimistic. On the first score, it is true that governmental salaries are now reasonably competitive with those of industry in all except the very highest classified grades. So long as the big financial rewards remain in the private sector, however, it is not likely that business will lack for skills and talent.

The specter of a Praetorian Guard has been with us since the founding of the republic, and there is probably less chance of it materializing today than then. The Civil Service is subordinate to the political will of the nation; an administrative elite bent upon extending its power would doubtless be thwarted by the influx of new leadership with each change in the Chief Executive, as well as by checks and balances from the other two branches of government.

Both fears could probably be resolved, however, by extension of the "militia" approach to civil employment in government—at least to professional and middle-management levels. In the case of academicians, Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy in particular fostered an interchange between private life and the federal establishment that benefited both. When the republic is threatened, as in wartime, millions of Americans rally to its defense by entering direct governmental service. Application of the same principle in peacetime, on a smaller and voluntary basis, would soften the harsh image of government as a separate power entity to be feared or mistrusted. It would assure government of an adequate supply of trained personnel—businessmen for managerial functions, better lawyers for justice, doctors for NIH, economists for commerce, sociologists and educators for HEW—without pre-empting them permanently from the private sector. And four or five years of government service might well come to be considered a useful and desirable part of a professional career.

*Coming April 18*

**Can State Colleges Educate for Excellence?**

**Articles by Paul Woodring and Bernard Baum**

# Chess Corner No. 90

"THE thrill that comes once in a lifetime" occurs in chess again and again. A miracle from the 1963 Uruguayan Championship came in the game A. Dutra *vs.* E. Etcheverry. White, threatened with immediate checkmate or overwhelming loss of material, conjures up a desperado escape involving a sacrifice of a knight and rook to draw by perpetual check.

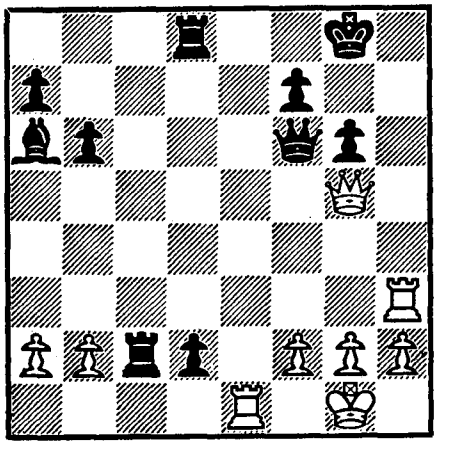
The opening is relatively commonplace and the players are oblivious to a delicate nuance here and there. But with 13 . . . N/2xN the plot thickens. Black lures White into capturing the Rook Pawn. And White is willing to be lured.

Black retrieves the Pawn with 16 QxKP, and by 23 . . . P-Q5 the position is on tenterhooks. Will the attack or counterattack succeed? With move 27 . . . R-B7, Black seems to have the positive answer.

In the diagrammed position, Black believes all is over. But then comes the unique 31 R-R8ch! It is all over—not, however, as Black had anticipated.

**QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED**

| | Dutra White | Echeverry Black | | Dutra White | Echeverry Black |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | P-Q4 | N-KB3 | 16 | B-K4 | QxKP |
| 2 | P-QB4 | P-Q4 | 17 | O-O | QR-B1 |
| 3 | N-QB3 | P-K3 | 18 | R-Q3 | P-N3 |
| 4 | B-N5 | B-K2 | 19 | BxN | PxB |
| 5 | P-K3 | QN-Q2 | 20 | Q-Q2 | KR-Q1 |
| 6 | N-B3 | O-O | 21 | R-K1 | Q-B3 |
| 7 | Q-B2 | P-B4 | 22 | R-B3 | Q-N2 |
| 8 | R-Q1 | BPxP | 23 | R-K7 | P-Q5 |
| 9 | KPxP | P-QN3 | 24 | R-R3ch | K-N1 |
| 10 | N-K5 | B-N2 | 25 | N-K2 | B-R3 |
| 11 | PxP | NxP | 26 | N-N3 | P-Q6 |
| 12 | BxB | QxB | 27 | R-K1 | R-B7 |
| 13 | B-Q3 | N/2xN | 28 | Q-N5 | Q-Q5 |
| 14 | BxPch | K-R1 | 29 | N-K4 | P-Q7 |
| 15 | PxN | Q-N4 | 30 | N-B6ch | QxN |



| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 31 | R-R8ch | QxR | 33 | Q-R4ch | K-N2 |
| 32 | QxRch | K-R2 | 34 | Q-Q4ch | Drawn |

—AL HOROWITZ.



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# Jazz Roots in Nigeria

By ROBERT FARRIS THOMPSON

AS I listened to popular music in Lagos, the teeming island capital of the Federation of Nigeria on the west coast of Africa, I found it useful to take my cue from one of the many extremely interesting things the Prime Minister of Nigeria had to say at last May's "African Summit Conference" at Addis Ababa. The Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, said in part, "We don't believe in this thing some people call 'African personality.' There is no such thing as 'African personality.' Africans belong to the human race, and I say talks of 'African personality' betray inferiority complex."

Hear, hear! One does not have to be a trained anthropologist to recognize that a sound method of analyzing, say, African popular music is to note in this foreign situation problems and insights akin to our own. Thus the music of Lagos deserves to be savored for what it is, a treasure-trove of trends and histories, some of which are Nigerian, others of which are international in scope and implication. To be sure, there are decidedly African elements to Lagosian singing, and I have not hesitated to single them out, but within a context of "the human personality" rather than as something inherently exotic, black, and strange.

Begin with the highlife. The highlife is the basic café music of Lagos, an interaction of spirited singing in vernacular tongues, sloppy harmony and thematic construction, and excellent percussion. I have heard—been importuned by—scores of highlife tunes in Lagos. One cannot escape, for example, the sassy introductory bars of *Omo pùpá* (Red Child) whether one is shopping at Jankara Market, or driving down Azikiwe Street (where several record shops blare forth their wares over loudspeakers), or even in the compounds of traditional tribal kings, hundreds of miles inland from Lagos. As regards high incidence and generally low musical quality, highlife is the rock-'n'-roll of the Guinea Coast. But just as Ray Charles forces rock-'n'-roll to a higher level, so some of the better exponents of highlife, notably Roy Chicago (whose traditional African name was swept away by an invocation of inland America whence came, he says, some of his musical ideas), compose lyrics of substance and melodies of distinction.

I am extremely partial to a highlife entitled *Ero Oja Olowo* (Yoruba: "Passengers going to the market to make money"), which can be cited as an especially fine specimen by virtue of its intelligent lyrics. *Ero* tells the story of three sons who were kidnaped from their mother during the period of intra-tribal warfare that ravaged the great Yoruba country north of Lagos in the nineteenth century. Every four days the mother goes to the local market to inquire if anyone has seen her missing sons. Sellers ask the names of the children but, uncontrollably, the mother can only blurt out a one-line lament: "The case of [losing] my last-born son pains me the most." As she sings this lament one day, the first- and second-born sons return, only to listen and depart in anger. The second son says bitterly, "You preferred one of us over the other." The mother is left alone forever. Moral: don't play favorites with your children.

Here we are amidst one of the most exquisite ironies of West African and Afro-American singing, the separation of the spirit of song, as bittersweet comment, from the spirit of the dance music that accompanies it with propulsion, self-expression, and hauteur. Afro lyrics criticize, Afro rhythms swing. Percussion and flexible melodic phrasing carry one's grief, grudge, or moral toward a resolution where facts are squarely faced. Thus James Baldwin, it seems to me, put his finger upon an element of profound musicological significance when, in *The Fire Next Time*, he pointed out bitterly how white folks have extrapolated from Negro swing and musical drive a notion of sensual joy and animal pleasure, missing altogether the point of its connection with their songs of grief and ridicule.

If the highlife is ubiquitous in Lagos, and for the most part cheaply conceived, there exists by contrast in the same city a sphere of popular music that is physically vanishing, but that will live forever in terms of historical importance. I refer to the songs of the Brazilian quarter. The coming of Brazilian baroque architecture to Lagos with repatriated Yoruba slaves in the 1860s and 1870s is a well-known fact. The Olojo Bar, at the east end of Tinubu Square in the commercial heart of the city, is one of the finest examples of the genre and recently was declared a national monument by the Nigerian Department of Antiquities. But next to nothing has been written about the survival of Afro-Brazilian singing of the last century in Lagos. Searching for these songs, I solicited the aid of the cultural attaché of the Brazilian Embassy, Senhor Antonio Olinto, who very kindly put me in immediate touch with Maria Ojelabí, one of the last surviving members of the original large and prosperous community of repatriated Yoruba from Brazil.

—*Mrs. Geoffrey Dodge Kimball.*

"The dancer peers eerily through a 'mask' of netting."

I first met Maria Ojelabí in the summer of 1963 at her compound on Oke Sunna Street. A stately Negro woman with a superb smile, Maria Ojelabí was feeding an infant (dropped at her door as a foundling) from a bottle. She said she was more than ninety years old and added that, in contradistinction to some of the old "Brazilians" of Lagos, had not been born a slave in Brazil but was the daughter of a slave who brought her from her natal city of Nazaré, Brazil, on the northeast coast, back to Lagos near the end of the nineteenth century. Did Maria remember songs she had heard as a young girl at Nazaré? *Sim, senhor!* And what did people call these songs? *Samba.*

Maria remembered and sang fluently for me in Portuguese stanzas of late nineteenth century "early sambas" that she had kept alive in her mind to amuse herself and her Brazilian friends through the years at *festas* at Lagos, where was not only samba sung but danced as well. With considerable pride she told me that she held at these fêtes the honored role of "caller," which meant that the Afro-Brazilian women folk chanted standard

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refrains over which Maria embroidered full stanzas of the samba proper. What were these early sambas like? She sang seven specimens.

The first example, *Minha Terra* (My Homeland), could not have been spun around a simpler "plot": an anonymous Yoruba in Brazil remembers her fatherland, regrets she cannot carry its atmosphere back to the new world, yearns with Proustian intensity for things past, and then begins anew the process of forgetting. Pitch, dynamics, and verbal content were made exactly congruent by Maria's clever singing. I marveled at her ease of transition from nostalgia to a hint of exhaltation, then to oblivion. For example, Maria couched the initial moments of her song in a mood of uncertainty, as if reluctant to activate anew her memories. She then stated with growing certainty, "I cannot bring my homeland here", and quickly built to a celestial level of pitch, which, because it took one's perception by surprise precisely at the moment she was singing the phrase *divina terra*, marked that phrase for especial consciousness. Thus Maria seemed to imply, in a fleeting blend of the nostalgic and the divine, that when the singer dies her soul will reach heaven via the Guinea Coast.

After *Minha Terra* Maria sang sambas of allusion. Many alluded to the habits of turn-of-the-century hussies in Bahia, Brazil, but with considerably more tact than the harsh venting of moral anger in the "Oh God Damn You Now" sort of United States blues, yet definitely cognate in the attempt to criticize in dance music the waste motion of coquetry. The most amiable of this category was *Enganhadeira* (The Woman Is a Cheat). Actually, the context of these songs, as I heard them, was incomplete: missing were multiple metric lines that would normally have been furnished by handclapping, syncopated cries of *Viva! Viva!*, drum patterns, and, most especially, the comments of a guitar, strummed with the bare fingers. Maria seemed to feel this loss and determined to impart at least the taste, if not the fullness, of samba percussion. She did so by polishing off two of her songs with just about the most charming bits of vocal drumming I have ever heard. The effect was not unlike jazz scatting, but her accents were choppier.

The potential historical importance of the sambas of Maria Ojelabí cannot be exaggerated. It is almost as if Buddy Bolden and confrères had been taken by ship from New Orleans to Liberia, where scraps of their music survived intact to serve as a touchstone against which theories the formation of jazz (at about the time of the dances at Congo Square in New Orleans) could be tested. This is essentially what the songs of Maria Ojelabí offer to the musicologist interested in rewriting the history of popular music in Brazil. Moreover, she is currently relevant to the history of jazz, at least as regards the origins of the Brazilian side of an equation that bossa novists like Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd factor out into meaningful solutions night after night in 1964.

Very much part of the truly seething musical life of the city of Lagos are the songs and drum cycles of the *Gèlèdé* Dance Society. *Gèlèdé* is a traditional dance cult that flourishes in the southwest quadrant of Yorubaland, from Porto Novo, Ketu, and Shabe in Dahomey to Lagos in Nigeria. *Gèlèdé* dancers, all male, are frequently dressed (at Lagos) in a carved wooden headdress, a velvet shawl that goes around the shoulders, a matching velvet apron, and a skirt with bustle in back. (Costume varies from town to town; thus at Ago ShaSha, fifty-five-odd miles west of Lagos, the dancer peers eerily through a "mask" of netting and grips the carved headdress atop his head with his hands.) Almost everywhere members of the cult say that their masked dances are executed to amuse and to appease witches. These witches are not abstract counters of primitive terror but a sensible conceptualization of potentially psychopathic elements that lurk in every large society. The *Gèlèdé* ceremony thus attempts to buy off these dangerous elements with a sumptuous display of complicated drumming and dancing.

The most memorable *Gèlèdé* dancing and music that I witnessed at Lagos occurred on the evening of January 5, 1964, between midnight and 4 A.M. Actually, the ceremony was called *Efè* (The Joker), the special harbinger of *Gèlèdé* dances (which take place in the afternoon). *Efè* comes out at night "because the witches are out at this time" and by means of the *Efè* ceremony *Gèlèdé* members make contact with and sacrifice to the witches in a ritual that was not divulged to me.

Four drums, two played with bare hands and two with sticks, made up the *Efè-Gèlèdé* orchestra. The drummers imposed upon the ear multi-metric passages that established a structured continuum of sound, underscoring the evening—italicizing, as it were, the steps of the dancers and punctuating and indenting the songs of the *Efè* masks. The purpose of the *Efè* songs, besides their secret mission with the witches, is to serve as social control, as a means of healthily venting grievances both real and imagined. Thus one of the most stirring songs I heard, sung by an *Efè* dancer named Aiyekofegan (The World Does Not Like a Gossip), sharply abused someone in Isale Ekó quarter who had attempted in 1963 to commit suicide by mixing a poisonous powder with soda water. "If you are not ashamed," *Efè* Aiyekofegan commented, "your son is certainly ashamed." There were many cries of "Amen!" and "So Be It!" from the spectators. Like the chorus in a Greek tragedy the song of *Efè* clearly represented public opinion, damning in song and stylized gesture, in bowing and waving flywhisks at the end of each verse, malfeasors and moral cowards in the multitude. I came away with the feeling that *Efè* and *Gèlèdé*, with their carvings, songs, dance, and drums are one of the more significant art forms of the world.

"Attempt to buy off . . . dangerous elements with a sumptuous display of complicated drumming and dancing . . ."



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# RECORDINGS REPORTS: Jazz LPs

| TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Essen Jazz Festival All-Stars: Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Bud Powell, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums. Fantasy 6015, $4.98; stereo 86015, $4.98. | Hawkins is heard on the first side only of this collection of excerpts from a 1960 Essen concert. He plays "All the Things You Are," "Yesterdays," and "Stuffy," favorites that he first recorded successfully in 1944-45, and he plays them well, despite somewhat uninspiring accompaniment. On the reverse, it is Pettiford who impresses, in "Willow, Weep for Me" and his own "Blues in a Closet." Fantasy has also reissued Pettiford's intriguing sextet session, on which he played cello and Charles Mingus bass, together with two trio tracks made in Copenhagen the year before he died (Fantasy 6010). |
| Jimmy Grissom: *World of Trouble*. Grissom, vocal; Jay Peters, tenor saxophone; John Young, piano; George Eskidge and Matthew Murphy, guitars; Sam Kidd, bass; Phil Thomas, drums. Argo 729. Gene Shaw: *Debut in Blues*. Shaw, trumpet; Herb Wise, trombone; Jay Peters, tenor saxophone; Jim Taylor, piano; Sid Robinson, bass; Jerold Donavon, drums. Argo 726, $4.98; stereo S-726, $4.98. | Grissom, nephew of Lunceford's Dan Grissom, has a light, smooth voice of a kind not normally approved in a blues singer, but he sings the blues with feeling, good timing, and a very individual appreciation and emphasis of the ironies. His "Mean and Evil Woman," with excellent accompaniment by Matthew Murphy, is particularly enjoyable. He does equally well, too, with a couple of "lonely ballads" by Ellington and the sharp lyrics of Oscar Brown's "World of Trouble." Apart from the drumming, the support is sympathetic, and Jay Peters plays a warm, moving tenor saxophone in the best tradition. He can be heard to even more advantage on the set by Gene Shaw (trumpet on the Mingus *Tijuana Moods*), which contains seven originals, is well played, and achieves a satisfying balance in the written and the improvised. |
| Jim Hall: *Jim Hall Quartet*. Hall, guitar; Carl Perkins, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Larry Bunker, drums. Pacific Jazz 70, $4.98; stereo S-70, $4.98. | The original performances were made in 1957 by a trio, but now, by the grace of science and Larry Bunker, they are by a quartet, doubtless to the great joy of stereophiles everywhere. Musically the drums add nothing of much value, but the set remains extremely pleasurable. The material was well chosen: good ballads for thoughtful, sensitive playing and proven, familiar vehicles for spontaneous swinging. Hall was already a fine guitarist seven years ago, and his relationship with the late Carl Perkins is here consistently rewarding. |
| Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Don Byas, and Chu Berry: *The Influence of Five*. Hawkins, Young, Webster, Byas, and Berry, with various small units. Mainstream 56002, mono only, $3.98. | The absurd canard about the stagnation of jazz prior to be-bop is once again refuted by the diversity of approach shown in this collection of Commodore recordings made between 1938 and 1939, but the annotator does great talents a disservice by introducing them on the coattails of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. Each of the famous saxophonists is heard in two numbers. Coleman Hawkins and Art Tatum are together in the classic version of "My Ideal," and Lester Young with the Kansas City Six in a version of "I Got Rhythm" includes one of Dicky Wells's most fantastic solos. Ben Webster, in a quartet context, shows the melodic influence of Johnny Hodges and gives pianist Marlowe Morris deserved opportunity to shine. Chu Berry, notably in "Sittin' In," reveals a degree of independence of both the Hawkins and Young styles in his tone and phrasing, and Don Byas turns in a delightful piece of virtuosity in a duet with Slam Stewart. Other stimulating soloists are Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, Clyde Hart, and, on alto saxophone (not piano, as indicated in the liner), Benny Carter. |
| Woody Herman: *Woody Herman 1964*. Herman, clarinet and alto saxophone, with fifteen-piece band. Philips PHM 200-118, $3.98; stereo PHS 600-118, $4.98. | The Herman band greets 1964 with the same contagious enthusiasm and healthy power that brought it success last year. Given the present economic condition of jazz, there is a special risk of the successful formula being excessively repeated. The pseudo-gospelry that decorates "Hallelujah Time" and "Jazz Heat" is already dated, but the arrangements of numbers like "Deep Purple," "Satin Doll," "My Wish," and "A Taste of Honey," while not ambitious, show that the band can do more than shout at up tempo. At the latter, moreover, it plays an arrangement of "After You've Gone" by Bill Holman that manages to be colorful, amusing, and exciting all at once. |
| Julia Lee: *Julia Lee and Her Boy Friends*. Julia Lee, piano and vocal, with trio, quartet, quintet, sextet, and septet. Capitol T-2038, mono only, $3.98. | These performances, originally recorded between 1946 and 1952, were well worth re-issuing. Julia Lee was a veteran Kansas City nightclub entertainer who sang jazz at the piano without affectation—like a human being and not like a horn. The attractive accompaniments introduce many interesting musicians, such as Henry Bridges (tenor saxophone), Jim Daddy Walker (guitar), and Geechie Smith (trumpet), besides the better-known Ernie Royal, Red Norvo, Vic Dickenson, and Benny Carter. The last two can be heard on "Crazy World" in a novel trombone duet. Though *double*—or *single*—*entendre* songs formed a considerable part of her repertoire, Julia Lee interpreted ballads like "There Goes My Heart" with rare warmth and feeling. |
| Michel Legrand: *Michel Legrand Plays Richard Rodgers*. Legrand, conductor and arranger, with big bands of varying personnel. Philips PHM 200-074, $3.98; stereo PHS 600-074, $4.98. | Annotator Gene Lees aptly describes Legrand as a "virtuoso orchestrator." With bands of twenty pieces and more, including woodwinds, French horns, tuba, and percussionists beyond the normal instrumentation, he piles effect upon effect, sometimes humorously and sometimes to obtain striking tonal contrasts that could profitably be studied by most jazz arrangers. Though the cream of New York's studio musicians play them marvelously, the arrangements are not designed for swinging. The most significant statements are made by the soloists, notably Paul Gonsalves (tenor saxophone) in the seductive opening to "The Lady Is a Tramp," and by Clark Terry (muted trumpet) on the same title and on "Have You Met Miss Jones?" "Bali Ha'i," and "This Can't Be Love." Phil Woods, Bob Brookmeyer, and pianists Hank Jones and Tommy Flanagan are also featured. |
| Sonny Stitt: *Stitt Goes Latin*. Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; Thad Jones, cornet and flugelhorn; Chick Corea, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Willie Bobo, timbales patato, conga; Chihuahua, bongos. Roost 2253, $4.98; stereo S-2253, $5.98. | An unusual feeling of relaxation pervades these unpretentious performances. As old friends, Stitt and Jones celebrate a temporary reunion with appropriate gaiety, while the rhythm section goes about its rightful business unobtrusively. Unlike the frequently objectionable addition of conga drums to jazz rhythm sections for commercial reasons, the fuller Latin complement employed here is curiously satisfying. Cornet and flugelhorn give to Jones's always-arresting ideas a new and pleasing quality of mellowness, which also enhances the unison passages. There is a remarkable duet between the two horns on "I Told You So" that is as joyous as it undoubtedly was spontaneous. A young pianist, Chick Corea, adds to the sets very considerable appeal with several inventive contributions. |
| Gerald Wilson: *Portraits*. Wilson, arranger and conductor, with 18-piece band. Pacific Jazz 80, $4.98; stereo S-80, $4.98. | This is hardly an album to play at one sitting, for Wilson is prone to use the weight of his nine brass to overwhelming effect. Then, too, the outstanding musicianship of the ensemble is seldom matched in terms of impact and personality by the soloists. For example, though Jack Wilson (piano) and Joe Pass (guitar) play skilfully and agreeably, they often sound too limpid in the stormy orchestral context. The last track on either side makes a good introduction to a set of brilliant performances that together suggest a lack of variety, despite the attention to exotic detail required in portraits of Paco (a Spanish matador), Ravi Shankar, Aram Khachaturian, and Eric Dolphy. —Stanley Dance. |



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# The Other Side

LONDON.

TRY as I may, it has been impossible lately to steer clear of politics when discussing the British musical scene and record industry. For the sense of crisis currently to be felt in London's concert world as well as in phonographic circles clearly emanates from Westminster, where a moribund Conservative Government is still anxiously studying the nation's fever chart (otherwise known as public opinion polls) in order to divine the most favorable moment for an election between now and next autumn. The precipitate decision to legislate against Resale Price Maintenance—which I discussed on February 29—is but one more desperate attempt to win back popular favor, a measure that has already brought about a bitter clash between the government and many of its supporters in the House of Commons; the latter, anxious to safeguard the interests of the "small shopkeeper" faced with cutthroat competition from supermarkets, will try to water down the anti-RPM Bill when it is debated, clause by clause, in the very near future. But the government is now too far committed to retreat on any but minor points without courting electoral disaster.

London's musical crisis has been brewing for the past year or so, due largely to an increasing surplus of supply over demand. Two main contributory factors are dwindling audiences and too many orchestras. Not counting those at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, nor a host of smaller and *ad hoc* groups, London boasts five fully established symphony orchestras at present: London Symphony, BBC Symphony, London Philharmonic, Philharmonia, and Royal Philharmonic, in order of seniority. A third factor is the reduced recording schedule in the classical field. Last year, the RPO, founded after the war by Sir Thomas Beecham, was in dire peril and has so far only survived by the skin of its teeth (having meanwhile lost its Glyndebourne contract to the LPO, owing to the uncertainty concerning its future—not to mention the fact that some of its most distinguished first-desk men have left in search of a more secure future).

But the news that hit our concert world like a bombshell early in March was Walter Legge's announcement that he would disband the Philharmonia when its present commitments had been fulfilled. Founded by Legge in 1945 as a "house orchestra" for EMI, the Philharmonia developed into the finest symphonic ensemble Britain has ever produced, though lately its supremacy has been strongly challenged by the rejuvenated LSO. During the Fifties it played under many of the greatest conductors of the day and earned their unstinted plaudits. Some crisis in the Philharmonia's fortunes was not wholly unexpected in certain circles, ever since rumors began to spread last autumn that Legge was thinking of leaving EMI after an association of more than thirty years (during which time he has been responsible for some of the greatest recording projects in the history of the gramophone).

Oddly enough, Legge made no mention of this when announcing to the press his plans for "suspending" the Philharmonia, but confined himself to complaints about reduced recording contracts and the general state of British musical life. However, it now looks as if the players themselves will refuse to accept "sentence of death" for the Philharmonia; within the past few days they have met, elected a committee under the chairmanship of principal clarinetist Bernard Walton, and announced their intention of turning the orchestra into a self-governing body, which would leave the BBC Symphony as London's only front-line orchestra not organized on "democratic" lines. When the necessary formalities have been completed and a name has been chosen (Philharmonia Symphony has been suggested), the orchestra will apply for grants from the Arts Council and the LCC and make itself available to any concert organization or recording company wishing to employ it. Already Dr. Klemperer —whom Legge, in a characteristically grandiose gesture, appointed the Philharmonia's conductor-in-chief "for life" a few years ago—has indicated to the players his desire to help them as best he can, and I shall be very surprised if Giulini, too, does not offer his support.

But there is yet a further aspect to London's orchestral crisis that must be a constant source of worry to concert-giving organizations: from June onwards, for a period of nine months, the Royal Festival Hall will be closed while the long-delayed second stage of the 1951 project is completed. When the hall reopens, early next year, it will not just boast improved restaurant and cloakroom facilities, but also an additional smaller concert hall and a recital room. Work on these extensions has been in progress for many months, and the resulting disorder on the site has been blamed by some quarters as a contributory factor in the recent decline of concert audiences.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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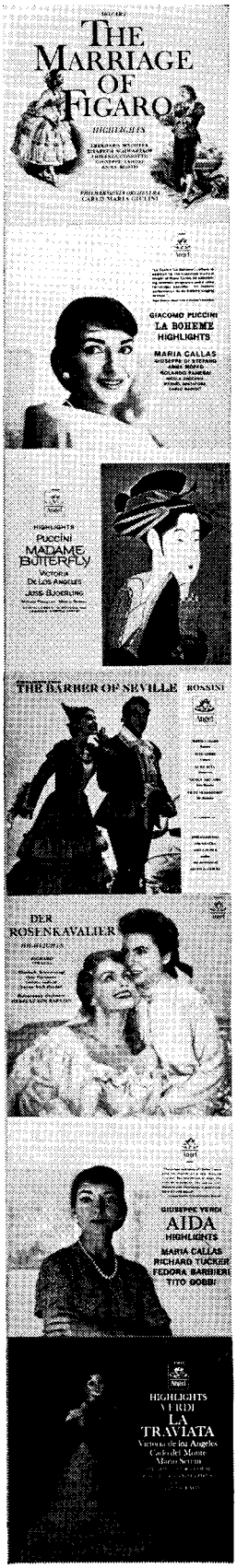




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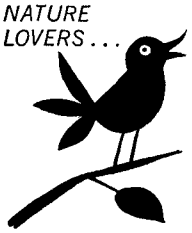

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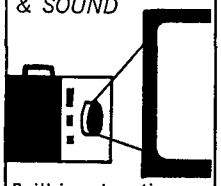

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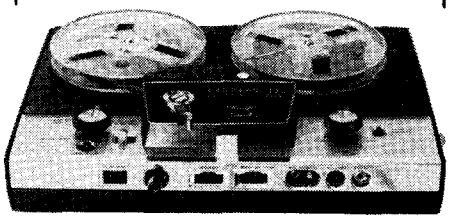

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# Vanguard Replies

IN HIS PIECE "En Garde, Vanguard!" [*SR*, March 14] Howard Shanet states, "It gives me special displeasure to comment on the Vanguard recording of Louis Moreau Gottschalk's *A Night in the Tropics*." Well might it give him displeasure, in view of the circumstances surrounding the genesis of this recording, which I will outline in a moment.

First, let me answer Mr. Shanet's allegations as to our annotator's inaccuracy, and his opinion that the "Vanguard issue represents a corruption of the composer's intentions":

1. Mr. Shanet argues with the statement of our annotator, Mr. Bennett, that "the orchestral forces for which Gottschalk planned the symphony were left somewhat fluid." This is astonishing to me in view of Mr. Shanet's preface to his own edition of the said symphony, in which it is clearly written, "The percussion parts were freely reconstituted in this movement." It was our own experience in reconstructing the score, and Mr. Shanet's as well, that the percussion parts in the *Bamboula* were ambiguously defined.

2. Mr. Shanet takes issue with our annotator's comment that "while part of this symphony was long thought to have been lost, a recently discovered piano score has enabled the entire work to be reconstructed." He says that this statement makes "little sense," yet further along in his article he states flatly that "in 1948, however, the New York Public Library acquired not only Gottschalk's holograph orchestral score of both movements of the symphony—lacking the last thirty-six measures—but also a not quite finished arrangement for two (and sometimes three) pianos by N. R. Espadero." It is precisely the Espadero version which we have referred to as "recently discovered." By the word "recent" we meant eighty years after Gottschalk's untimely death.

3. Mr. Shanet claims that "it borders on impudence for the record annotator to call attention to 'the instrumentation, like the use of a solo trumpet near the beginning . . .' particularly since Gottschalk at those points scored not for a trumpet but for a cornet." Our annotator was absolutely right, inasmuch as for our recording we preferred to use a first-class trumpet, playing in cornet style, rather than a cornet. Since Mr. Shanet does not himself comment on whether a trumpet rather than a cornet was used in the recording itself, it is clear that he did not hear the subtle difference which, in fact, is not intended to be heard.

4. Concerning Mr. Shanet's allegation that an injustice has been done to Gottschalk by condensation of the band parts, it should be pointed out that in no case were instrumental voices omitted, but only instrumental doublings. This was done for two purposes. First and most important, because in Maestro Abravenel's judgment, these doublings caused the wind orchestration to be out of balance in relation to the string parts and would have presented problems in both a concert performance of the work and in recording. Despite our admiration for Gottschalk, he was not the most experienced orchestrator. Secondly, using all of the instrumental doublings would have expanded the proportions of the score beyond that of a normal symphony orchestra, which was a practical consideration not only for the Vanguard recording, but for subsequent performances as well. Our interest is that this work of Gottschalk's be made available in a practical edition so that it can be heard time and time again. For Mr. Shanet to state that the result sounds like a "salon orchestra" is an absurdity, in view of the fact that *A Night in the Tropics* was recorded with a full orchestral complement of over eighty men.

However, the basic issue really is what motivation prompted Mr. Shanet to make public this manifesto in the first place.

In the spring of 1961, Vanguard solicited suggestions from music critics, conductors, and composers throughout the country concerning worthwhile American music to record. The eminent music critic Alfred Frankenstein was the *first* to suggest Gottschalk's *A Night in the Tropics*, and subsequently Mr. Shanet made the same suggestion. When at a later period we decided to go ahead with this project, we contacted the Edwin A. Fleisher Music Collection of the Free Library of Philadelphia to obtain the orchestral score and parts for the work. The Fleisher Collection replied that these were indeed available to us. Following this, Mr. Shanet was notified by them of this development, and he contacted our office to advise us that the work was copyright by him. This was astonishing to us in view of the fact that the original work is in the public domain. However, we thereupon offered to pay Mr. Shanet the usual author's copyright royalties for our recording, plus appropriate credits and the opportunity to write the annotations for the album. Mr. Shanet turned this offer down but indicated that he would release the orchestral material if he were permitted to conduct the recording.

In connection with the foregoing, two points of good taste may be raised. The first is that Mr. Shanet would see fit to copyright a work in which, to quote the original preface, "the reconstructed section therefore consists of Mr. Shanet's setting of the flutes, oboes, bassoons, and strings in the last 36 measures, and the new percussion parts of the entire movement." This was the entire extent of Mr. Shanet's edition, according to the original published preface. Subsequently, this version of the preface from which we quote was withdrawn, as unauthorized, by both Mr. Shanet and the publishers.

Secondly, we are unable to employ for our recordings a conductor who is, under all circumstances, satisfactory to each reviewer. This is particularly relevant in this instance, since when a reviewer may also be a rival conductor, subjective feelings may very possibly color his judgment. As an apostle of Gottschalk, Mr. Shanet should, in our view, be pleased that a company of repute has recorded a major work by this composer with a major conductor.

SEYMOUR SOLOMON, President,
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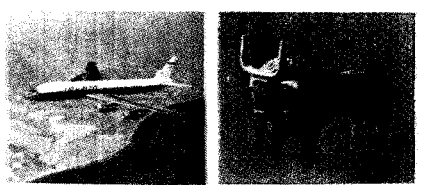

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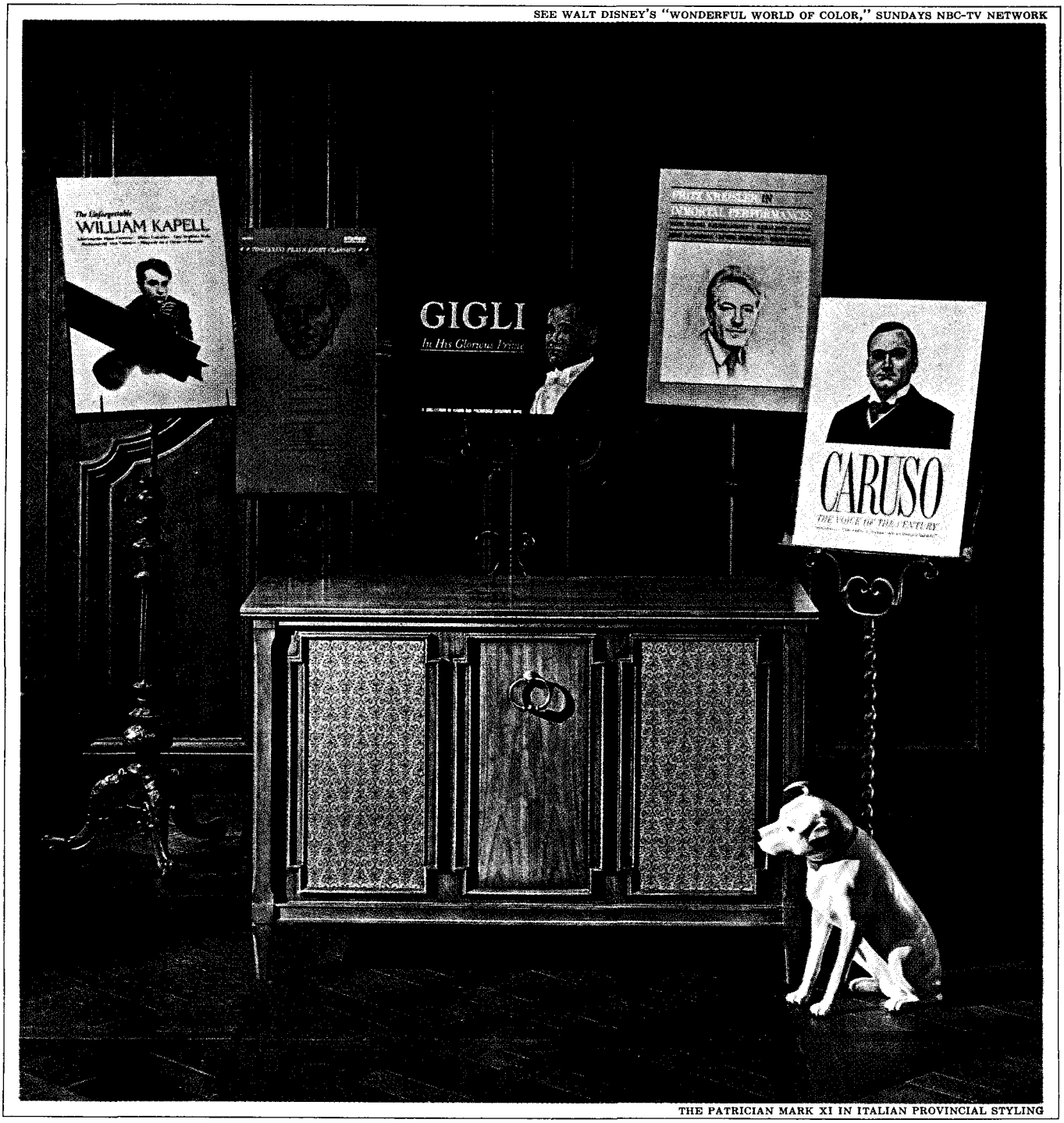


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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Thomas's Parsifal, Evans's Falstaff

FOR those to whom the Easter season is incomplete without *Parsifal,* this Easter, musically, was only slightly less incomplete than one without any *Parsifal* at all. For its observance of the Holy Week, the Metropolitan combined a tribute to the memory of the late John F. Kennedy with a token of its long tradition by presenting the lengthy first scene of Act III of *Parsifal* in a concert version as preface to the Verdi Requiem, both directed by Georg Solti.

The reason for the Metropolitan presently being *Parsifal*-less is well known (desire to defer the needed new production until the new theater at Lincoln Center is available). Thus there was promise for the future as well as pleasure for the present in the appearance of Jess Thomas as the wanderer returned to the domain guarded by Gurnemanz (Jerome Hines). His vocal assurance and intellectual command of mood and style were expressive not only of aptitude but also of experience in German theaters. Combined with them were a physical presence that would contribute to a more youthful Parsifal than has been seen here in some time. Let it be hoped that the few years that must elapse before Thomas can be seen as well as heard here in *Parsifal* will add weight to the voice but not to the body.

The Gurnemanz of Hines is no less authoritative in white tie and tails than it is in white mantle and beard. He probes, year by year, closer to the heart of a role whose emotional range is infinite, especially in those moments of exaltation in which Wagner permits him to be a figure of the drama rather than merely its narrator. Looking back to the year (1950) when Hines ventured this massive task for the first time, one can only congratulate him for an effort that has enabled him to add so much in meaning without loss in beauty of sound. This concert version included the luxury of a Kundry (Marcia Baldwin) to pronounce the only two words of a part that is otherwise wholly mime: "Dienen, dienen." They were well pronounced.

So far as could be determined from this much of it, Solti's feeling for the idiom of *Parsifal* is strong, his sense of its sonorous texture acute. But, as in the Requiem that followed, one had to project something from the will that was lacking in the deed: an orchestra on the stage of the Metropolitan has always been at a disadvantage, especially when there are problems of vocal balance to be considered. Brilliance was minimal, the overtones that give vibrance to musical sound smothered before they reached the ear.

This was a Requiem distinguished primarily for the beauty of its solo singing, especially by Leontyne Price, who led the quartet both in artistry and in range, and Carlo Bergonzi, whose beautifully even tenor sound enables him to sing an "Ingemisco" beyond contemporary compare. Cesare Siepi's bass is not so securely supported as it once was, but he has learned the patrician way of singing this music, which, for all her vibrant flow, is still to be found by Rosalind Elias. Whether through acoustical circumstances or otherwise, this was a Requiem more memorable for its lyric temper, in the "Lacrymosa" and "Benedictus," than for dramatic impact, in the "Dies Irae." Certainly, however, it has a base on which Solti can build.

Whatever Sir John Falstaff's order of honor may be, he was a true Knight of the Garter when Geraint Evans made his first New York appearance in the Inn earlier in the week. The snowy white hair fringing the ruddy bald pate, the carefully bristling mustachios framing the florid face, are details of an image that embody a host of English characteristics from the imaginary Colonel Blimp to the very real Sir Thomas Beecham. For all his empty purse, Evans's Falstaff was as well dressed as he was well fed, which is well within the tradition that there will always be an England.

Evans's dramatic portrait, with its leers and sighs, its nuances and graces, would be a masterpiece were he merely delivering Shakespeare's lines in *The Merry Wives.* The paunch that hangs before him is solidly weighty, and his gait proclaims the fact. Nevertheless, when he had to make a dash for cover at the warning of Ford's approach, he managed a gallop that was as laughable as it was believable. All this was bonus to a vocal impersonation that was brilliantly varied, and never at a loss for the suitable sound.

The art of this masterful effort is in the illusion of reserve it conveys, for the simple reason that Evans uses his full voice, which is just about big enough for the auditorium, sparingly. Much of the time he is working with half voice, enunciating, articulating, literally etching a fine line, which is more characterizing than floods of tone that wash away contour with their abundance. Probably his Italian would be marked down by natives as being too explicit; but to the alien ear it brings a gratifying amount of the text to clear perception.

As well as commanding the falsetto and rasp for the varied requirements of the score, Evans contrived to make himself into a kind of countertenor for one amorous exchange with Mistress Ford, and, in the next moment, produces the full, bullish baritone with which she is supposed to associate irresistible virility. Needless to say, the famous solo interludes were all thoroughly under control, but it was in his playing to and with the surrounding persons in the ensembles that the distinctions of Evans's Falstaff reposed. He had a great success with the audience (though he missed the curtain calls at the end of Act II due to momentary exhaustion after the exertions in the hamper) and, one might also say, with his colleagues, who clearly responded to his stimulating presence.

Some of the tonal quality lacking in the broadcast of the "Good Friday Music" from the Metropolitan could be heard in the following day's Philharmonic program under the direction of George Szell, which also offered the prelude to *Parsifal* and the Seventh Symphony of Bruckner. For those who might not have observed the Philharmonic under Szell's direction during his current engagement, it may be noted that he has done away with the risers and platforms previously in use, and has the orchestra playing from one level: the stage floor itself. This might not work for anyone else, but for Szell it clearly provides a tighter interplay of elements, something like the blend and balance that should prevail with such an orchestra, whatever the acoustical surroundings. The Wagner was first class both in conception and execution; the Bruckner was equally well performed, though Szell's view of this work is clearer more of an exterior one—which is by no means to say superficial—than those who are considered its prime exponents.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

### City Center Savoyards

BY mounting *The Yeomen of the Guard* and *Patience,* the City Center has done three things of importance. It has reminded audiences that there is more to Gilbert and Sullivan than the witty formulae of *Pinafore* and *Mikado;* it has caused some re-evaluation of the "authentic" G&S style; it has restored a sensible balance between words and music in this very specialized repertory.

In the past, self-appointed guardians of G&S purity have belittled American productions, invoking the sacred name: D'Oyly Carte. Unfortunately, the hypersymmetrical staging rituals handed down from one set of D'Oyly Carte principals



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to another over the decades are gradually being abandoned. And it should be remembered that there often has been disagreement even among D'Oyly Carte ranks as to what kind of comic tradition was desirable.

It is unlikely that those who prefer their G&S understated will appreciate Claramae Turner as Lady Jane in the City Center's *Patience*. Miss Turner considers the role an out-and-out caricature; the wistful pathos of what one might label "the Buttercup syndrome" escapes her. On her own terms, however, she is magnificent; and since fat-voiced, gallon-jug contraltos are almost as rare today as heldentenors, Miss Turner may well do as she pleases.

The City Center seems to be trying out two different approaches in casting the "Grossmith" roles. In Emile Renan (Bunthorne in *Patience*) the company has a fine comedian in the crisp buffo tradition of Green, Peter Pratt, *et al.* But in Norman Kelley (Jack Point in *Yeomen*), it has an equally talented performer who refuses to imitate anyone, a tenor who sings, never croaks or declaims, and injects an element of whimsy where it is least expected. He is excellent now, and will be even better when his very personal ideas have had a chance to jell.

In general, *Patience* is the more successful of the two ventures, partly because the work itself is less contradictory than the half-comic, half-serious *Yeomen*. Dorothy Raedler has staged it with consistently humorous exaggeration, and she is seconded by the inventive, economic sets and costumes of Motley. There is less invention (and a bit less economy) in *Yeomen* as staged by Allen Fletcher, designed by Stephen O. Saxe, and dressed by Alvin Colt. The problem here involves indecision as to whether the operatic or the operettic elements should dominate.

Luckily, no such indecision marks the musical direction of Julius Rudel, which proved uncommonly sensitive yet spirited in both works. No productions within memory have given comparable attention to the sound (as opposed to the sight) of G&S. Nor have recent casts been so generously populated with acting singers (as opposed to singing actors). Outstanding among them are soprano Lee Venora (Patience) and mezzo Mary Burgess (Phoebe Merryll), who come close to the ideal in their respective soubrette classifications. Also William Chapman (Colonel Calverley) and Herbert Beattie (Wilfred Shadbolt), a pair of low-voiced comedians *par excellence*, and David Smith, who wears the vanity of Archibald Grosvenor with both flourish and relish. The only recurring weakness involves the male chorus, but its troubles are the kind easily cured by extra rehearsals.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

## Last Analysis

*Continued from page 31*

novel. Today he invites comparisons; tomorrow he will be fully himself, an original, uncompromising observer. Here he explores the psychology of the deathbed, offering as his final conviction the pitiful one that "technology is destroying us, the most marvelous products of our minds are turning against us, we will become dust scattered in atmosphere."

The stricken man of Simenon's *The Bells of Bicêtre* lies paralyzed and speechless, a victim of hemiplegia, when the book opens. He wants to die because he likes nothing that he has been or done.

This French *arriviste* has crept sedulously out of poverty and provincialism into the great world of Paris, where he edits a chain of popular magazines. He has improvised with skill, and success has come through his half-contemptuous understanding of how little is needed to gratify the sensations of the mass audience. Two marriages and numerous affairs with casual women have all been meaningless. Death would be welcome because, though he lacks a capacity for desperation, the sick man is hopelessly bored by the burden of his trivial accomplishments.

Isolated in his hospital bed, this man, Maupras, reviews the steps by which he has "got on." The book's basic structure is that of the conventional chronicle novel. Glimpses of the past are stretched across, but cannot be said to cover, the crises of the century. In a mood that seems more callow than callous, the whole matter of World War II and the occupation of France is dismissed in a few lines, like a minor inconvenience—as though it had rained on the day for the picnic.

Simenon is a widely experienced, highly accomplished teller of tales. He shares with Somerset Maugham a kind of narrative skill that both might have learned from the Ancient Mariner. When either catches one with his skinny hand it is impossible not to stand and listen, even if the purport of the tale seems to be slight. All Simenon is willing to say of the human plight is that the situation (I paraphrase the epigram of a cheerful French cynic) is hopeless but not serious. The sick man of this novel recovers and returns to his sterile routine, telling himself that life is compromise and that doubts must be "drowned in restless activity." One wonders how widespread this temper is in the author's country and how well it will serve General de Gaulle's determination to revive *"la gloire de France."* But perhaps the General's own philosophy can be boiled down to that of "getting on."

These novels are small, compact, and potent, as bitter pills must be. If the medicine is unpalatable it may be taken at a gulp. Perhaps it will do us a great deal of good.

# A Different Kind of Truth

***The Fugitive,*** *by Pierre Gascar, translated from the French by Merloyd Lawrence (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 319 pp. $5), concerns the search by an escaped prisoner of war for "a different kind of freedom." H. F. Peters, a professor of German and Comparative Literature at Portland State College, wrote "My Sister, My Spouse," a biography of Lou Andreas-Salomé.*

By H. F. PETERS

THE JACKET of this new novel by one of France's most exciting younger writers quotes a French critic as saying: "If Gascar had not already won the Prix Goncourt, he would have won it on the strength of this book." An American reader, even one unimpressed by French literary accolades, would probably agree, provided he does not look for light entertainment and enjoys reading poetry. For the distinguishing quality of this prose tale is its powerfully evocative style, which comes through even in the translation. It illuminates every page, transforms the most commonplace events, and produces an almost Rembrandtesque effect of chiaroscuro—haunting half-tones, somber and sonorous, the twilight of a soul in travail.

The story itself is simple enough, almost trivial. Paul, a French prisoner of war in Germany, escapes; while trying to make his way back to France, he encounters a German girl who hides him; he makes love to her and, at the war's end, marries her. But the importance lies not in the story, nor in the vicissitudes of Paul's flight, which takes him, after his short interval of love, deeper and deeper into the moral morass of Germany in defeat. The importance is in the flight itself. On the face of it, it was absurd for Paul to flee, for the war



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was practically over. If he had waited a few more days he would have been liberated. To be sure, in a sudden upsurge of rage he had hit a Nazi civilian and thought he had killed him; but this irrational act is only the outer manifestation of a deeply troubled spirit. "Perhaps there had been within him, at the very moment when he was sharing the calm certainty of his fellow prisoners, the unconscious need to plunge back into loneliness, to set himself apart in a different kind of freedom."

This is the novel's theme: Paul's search for a different kind of freedom, a different kind of truth. He is afraid to be liberated because he wants no part of a world that is rapidly settling back into its old untruths, its prewar hypocrisies of peace and order. Paul becomes a fugitive, not *from* justice—for even his act of defiance was an act of justifiable self-defense—but *for* justice. He does not flee danger, he embraces it. His flight is what the Germans call a *Flucht nach vorn*, a desperate thrust into the heart of darkness.

THIS theme is developed in a number of highly suggestive and frequently grotesque incidents: the escape scenes in the beginning, conveying an all-pervading sense of menace and guilt; the love scenes in the hayloft, accompanied by the roar of battle and the frightened whinnying of the horses next door; Paul's jeep accident and faked death; his frantic search for a young German whore he hopes to redeem, during which he becomes an accomplice of black marketeers, international spies, pimps, and prostitutes; his return to the camp from which he escaped, and his sudden death.

With the desperation of a Dostoevskian hero Paul plunges into the grimy underworld of postwar Germany, a pursued pursuer in search of truth and a meaningful peace. Toward the end he recognizes in a sudden flash of insight that "the truth he had been seeking for so long, the only truth, consisted perhaps in not being there, in not being anywhere, in letting life run its course. There is something in the world which is ready to unfold as soon as we blot out our own existence." And this truth he found.

French critics place Gascar in the company of such contemporary writers as René Daumal, Luc Dietrich, Raymond Abellio, and Pieyre de Mandiargues, but point out that his distinguishing qualities are the intense lyricism of his prose and his "*vision sans recul*," his relentless pursuit of an inner truth. In *The Fugitive* these qualities appear at their best. The book deserves more than literary prizes. It deserves to be read.

**Stallion Among Rats:** In *The Loser* (Doubleday, $5.95), a massive and sprawling novel of contemporary politics in the Deep South, Mississippian Borden Deal has written his version of the archetypal theme of the rise and fall of a super-hero. John Bookman, his larger-than-life protagonist, is a big man in more ways than one. A small-town lawyer with no clients, six feet six, thirty-five years of age, and with a ruggedly handsome head crowned by a mane of glistening white hair, country-poor John Bookman is a stallion among mares and geldings: "women unconsciously flirted their bodies upon first sight [of him]; men felt more manhood in his presence."

But John has a defeatist complex until he is plucked from his obscurity by a group of the most powerful men in his state. He agrees to be a loser—to run for governor, not to win but to draw votes from an older giant, three-times governor Daddy Williams, thereby insuring the election of the lieutenant-Governor, a fat toad of a corrupt political nonentity. Somewhere during the early stages of his campaign John rebels. He casts aside the canned speeches and all the other claptrap of his phony campaign and speaks from his heart. Moved by the genuine response of his audience, John starts to become a real human being for the first time in his life. He bucks the machine that brought him into being, and plunges into a cliff-hanging, oldtime pier-eight give 'em hell, McGillicuddy political campaign which combines O. Henry-ish tricks and contrivance with Conradian undertones of character growth and revelation.

Mr. Deal is a seasoned professional, but *The Loser* suffers from an excess of almost everything: too many words in the first place; too much repetition; too many flashbacks into the lives of the characters who surround John Bookman; too much commentary on the action, commentary supplied by both the author and several of his creations; too much caricature; too many lovingly observed bedroom battles; too many clichés. Despite such shortcomings, *The Loser* contains many good moments and several vivid characterizations: tired, cynical Governor Williams; hard-boiled Susie Prentiss, John's girl Friday; a neurotic Congressman whose interest in the Negro brings about his death; a genial nymphomaniac and her all-American husband; the president of the state university and his emotionally scarred daughter, who becomes John's fiancée. And there are many memorable scenes, too: John's tossing a reporter into a swimming pool, his visit with his up-country parents (probably the most sensitively recorded sequence of the novel), and all the subterfuges, connivings, and blood-lettings of a no-holds-barred political campaign.

I expect that this will be a very popular book. —WILLIAM PEDEN.

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# Chief of Postwar Germany

***Adenauer: A Critical Biography,*** *by Charles Wighton (Coward-McCann. 389 pp. $5.95), takes a cool view of the former Chancellor of the German Federal Republic. William Henry Chamberlin's latest book is "The German Phoenix." A journalist, he is also the author of numerous other books on international affairs.*

By WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN

KONRAD ADENAUER, who resigned as German Chancellor last autumn after dominating the political life of the Federal Republic for fourteen years, is and probably will remain a controversial political figure. His record of achievement is impressive, even to his most severe critics. He took over a country disgraced by the crimes of the Nazis, desolated by air bombardment, politically, economically, and morally bankrupt. When he retired from office the German Federal Republic was a valued ally in the Western front against communism; its shattered cities had been almost miraculously rebuilt; millions of destitute refugees had been absorbed into a booming economy; free institutions, political tranquillity, and the rule of law had been restored.

Small wonder that many commentators consider Adenauer the greatest German statesman since Bismarck. But voices of critical dissent are not lacking, especially in Germany, where Adenauer's willingness to take short cuts in circumventing the opposition and his tendency to run his administration as a one-man show are resented, especially in intellectual circles. Although the austere, crag-faced Chancellor, erect and vigorous in his seventies and eighties, is a very different type of personality from Dwight D. Eisenhower, he shares with the former President one characteristic: his prestige and popularity have been higher with the man in the street than with the liberal or radical intellectual.

Charles Wighton, a Briton who has spent considerable time in Germany since the end of the war and has observed Adenauer from the vantage point of the British Embassy in Bonn, now offers a full-length biographical study. The work is described in the subtitle as "critical" and, although the author tries

Konrad Adenauer: "It is anger that keeps me young."

to cast up a fair balance-sheet of Adenauer's character and political record, he obviously has little sympathy for his subject. This is reflected in the repetitious use of such pejorative adjectives as "parochial," "narrow-minded," "autocratic," and "tactless." Moreover, he has a tendency to gloat over every real or alleged political setback for Adenauer and over the instances of coolness in American-German relations that developed during the first years of the Kennedy Administration, especially in the spring of 1962.

America needs Germany, and Germany needs America as a partner in the struggle against communist aggression. This underlying factor in the Washington-Bonn relationship far outweighs the occasional interludes of ill feeling and misunderstanding that are not uncommon in international relations as a result of the maladroitness of an individual diplomat or the temperamental incompatibility between partners in tedious and frustrating discussions.

In the retrospect of two years, the issues between the United States and Germany when relations were at a low ebb in the spring of 1962 seem rather trivial. And German skepticism about fruitful results from the East-West talks restricted to the issue of East Berlin seems justified. Once the decision was taken to accept the building of the wall between East and West Berlin, there were no substantial concessions on the Berlin question that the West could honorably make. It was hardly realistic to expect that the Soviet Union could be persuaded to give the West better terms than the present status quo, which has been maintained, provides.

The author rightly emphasizes the importance of Adenauer's regional origin, as a Catholic Rhinelander with a built-in distrust of Prussia and a soft spot in his heart for France. His background as an authoritarian, efficient mayor of Cologne, who did not suffer fools gladly or brook much opposition to his plans, is also accurately sketched; in some ways it foreshadowed his later performance on a much larger stage as Chancellor.

ALTHOUGH the book does not convey a sense of personal intimacy with the subject, a few Adenauer anecdotes are included. Before the old Chancellor went to Moscow in 1955 he is reported to have said the purpose of his visit was to show the Russians a real dictator, since they had been without one since Stalin died. And when the British High Commissioner, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, warned Adenauer against giving way to anger, the Chancellor mischievously replied, "No, it is anger that keeps me young."

If the reader discounts the author's strongly subjective viewpoint (as the book is without notes or references, it is often hard to distinguish between established fact, rumor and gossip, and Mr. Wighton's personal impressions) he will obtain the benefit of a lively narrative of Chancellor Adenauer's personal life and of the history of the German Federal Republic.

But the book suffers from the fact that, because of his emotional distaste for anything savoring of "cold war," the author is hampered in making an intellectual appraisal of the Soviet threat, which would fully justify Adenauer's anti-Soviet stand. So long as the Russians maintain a puppet regime in a large part of Germany every German Chancellor, whether he be Adenauer, Erhard, or Erhard's successor, must try to achieve the reunion of the German people—in freedom. Too often Mr. Wighton conveys the impression of blaming the Germans for the international tension which originated in the Soviet imposition of an alien tyranny on a large part of Germany and which will remain until that situation is changed.



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# The Emperor's Mistakes

***The Kaiser,*** *by Virginia Cowles (Harper & Row. 446 pp. $6.95),* ***and The Kaiser and His Court: The Diaries, Note Books and Letters of Admiral Georg Alexander von Müller, Chief of The Naval Cabinet, 1914-1918,*** *edited by Walter Görlitz, translated by Mervyn Savill (Harcourt, Brace & World. 430 pp. $6.95), affirm Winston Churchill's verdict that the tragedy of William II "was not his fault, it was his fate." Henry C. Wolfe's books include "The German Octopus."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

IN WORLD WAR I the first German prisoners seen by this reviewer wore belts with large metal letters that announced *"Gott Mit Uns."* Later, as German troops retreated, he saw buildings on which was painted *"Gott Strafe England."* Win or lose, Imperial Germany claimed divine support. In the Allies' view, on the other hand, Europe was being sacked by a horde of twentieth-century Huns.

The man held chiefly responsible for the holocaust was Kaiser William II. Get rid of him, the Allies believed, and the world would be safe for democracy. In Britain's first postwar election campaign, Prime Minister Lloyd George brandished the slogan "Hang the Kaiser!" Fifteen years later, when the Hohenzollern exile was chopping wood in Holland and a rampaging house painter was ordering the Germans about, many Europeans longed to have the Kaiser back again.

Just what kind of man was this spike-mustached last ruler of Imperial Germany? Two fascinating new books throw a great deal of light on the paradoxical sovereign and his era. Though their authors employ widely different approaches, they agree in large measure on his personality, his ability, his ethics. Neither book portrays him as an arch-villain; both show him as theatrical, untruthful, vain, self-righteous, and ambitious—an unstable weakling who understood neither politics nor human psychology. Virginia Cowles's biography is popular history of a high order; the late Admiral Georg von Müller's diaries are a mine of documentary gold for researchers and historians.

Miss Cowles, author of books on Churchill and Edward VII, brings out the Kaiser's difficult situation in the tangled blood relationships that bound together the royalty of Britain, Germany, and Russia. Queen Victoria was his bossy, adoring grandmother, England's Princess Royal his mother, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia his father. Born with a stunted arm, alternately spoiled and overdisciplined, William had an unhappy boyhood. He quarreled with his parents, especially his mother. When his father, newly enthroned as Emperor, was dying of cancer, William behaved caddishly.

Once he had mounted the throne he became "The All Highest" and the "instrument of the Divine Will" in a nation "in shining armor." But, though he paraded in flamboyant uniforms, he lacked the temperament and the training—to say nothing of the discretion—for leadership. Both he and his Imperial tradition were, in truth, anachronistic.

As for his guilt in 1914, Miss Cowles says flatly that "William II did not want a war." He blundered into it—with plenty of help. He had gone through crises over Morocco, Bosnia, and Albania without setting off a conflagration. But after Sarajevo, international diplomacy seems to have failed everywhere, most lamentably in Germany. William's catastrophic blunder was the "blank check" he gave Austria-Hungary in its feud with Serbia. When the showdown came, "the Kaiser was so rattled he did not know what to do." He wanted, in Churchill's words, "to be Napoleon without fighting Napoleon's battles."

In the Armageddon that followed millions of soldiers were killed; yet the Supreme War Lord drew up no over-all plan for the war effort. No council was held to coordinate military and political strategy. Crucial problems on the home front were ignored. William's abdication was becoming inevitable.

This historic inevitability is clearly indicated in *The Kaiser and His Court.* Admiral von Müller, wartime German Naval Chief, belonged to William's inner circle and had daily, indeed hourly, experience of the ruler's weaknesses. Moreover, the Admiral's notebooks "reflect the inner collapse of the Monarchic concept in Germany." Through his diaries, notebooks, and letters, here published for the first time, we follow World War I as though through the doomed sovereign's own eyes.

By their very matter-of-factness the entries in this compilation are dramatic in the extreme, and singularly illuminating. They start in June 1914, with the Kaiser's customary summer cruise and the courtesy visit of a British squadron in Kiel harbor. It was on this pleasurable voyage that William learned of the assassination at Sarajevo. The entry dated October 29, 1918, reports the author's farewell audience with the abdicating Emperor. In the entry for November 9, 1918—the final one—there is a graphic account of the demonstrations staged by German mutineers and workers.

THE Admiral notes "macabre" evenings in William's company, the latter's contempt for "idiotic civilians," his political illiteracy, and various manifestations of his manic-depressive personality. Nevertheless, most of the men around the Kaiser feared to replace him. Admiral von Müller quotes the prophetic remark of a German official at a prewar hunting party: "Take care you don't shoot the Kaiser, for his successor would be far worse."

The war the Kaiser stumbled into shocked most of the men of his inner circle. Few of them wanted to fight France; almost none wanted to fight Britain. Shortly after the conflict started William's Imperial Master of Horse shot himself "in a fit of nervous depression." From these diaries it appears that most high German officials never really expected victory; they were simply unable to extricate the Empire or themselves from the fatal consequences of one blunder too many.

*—From "The Kaiser."*

Kaiser William II—"the All-Highest" was spoiled.



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# Scenic Route to a Dead End

***The Inevitable Americans,** by John Greenway (Knopf. 371 pp. $5.95), argues that culture as an all-powerful determinant sets absolute limits to the possibilities of human action. Emile Capouya appears regularly in Saturday Review as the author of the column "The Real Thing."*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THIS witty and amusing book requires only one thing of the reader—that he open the dikes of self-criticism and let the tide of comfortable prejudice flood gratefully over his soul. It means spiritual death by drowning, of course, but what price the strenuous life when suicide is delicious and easy? Mr. Greenway has a sharp tongue, and a fund of intelligent malice to expend against foreigners, reformers, and enthusiasts of all persuasions. That is most attractive, since we are none of those things. It is also pleasant to be counseled to relax and enjoy the infirm glory of the positive hour, *i.e.*, being top-dog Americans, atomic suzerains of a world in which most other people are hungry and miserable. No one can claim that this book is not entertaining. The author is an anthropologist, with a great fund of odd information, including many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

*The Inevitable Americans* has no formal structure, but it does present, *passim*, one serious philosophical contention: Whatever is, is right. Mr. Greenway agrees with Pope and Leibnitz on this most momentous of all questions—shall we, as a means of raising the level of American conversation, cultivate the divine discontent common to Christianity, The Enlightenment, Romanticism, and the commitment to democracy, or shall we let the machine and the corporation do the thinking for us, as they are perfectly qualified to do? In agreeing with Pope and Leibnitz, Mr. Greenway disagrees with the ideology of the American Revolution, the belief in human perfectibility, and the possibility of adding a cubit to our moral stature by taking thought.

Mr. Greenway's argument is that culture is an all-powerful determinant; we are what we are because our grandfathers were what they were; they chewed tobacco and we chew gum. Culture sets absolute limits to the possibilities of human action, and the possibilities cover a very narrow range. As an argument, this one is nearly unbeatable. Nearly. For the narrow range of possibilities made available to a given human group by its culture can include living patterns that differ, to the educated eyes of the sufferers themselves, as do heaven and hell. Again, in the twentieth century mankind in general (like Mr. Greenway in particular) takes all knowledge as its province, is aware of hundreds of differing cultural patterns, seen laterally in the present and vertically in the past history of the race.

As an anthropologist, Mr. Greenway knows all about cross-cultural borrowings of artifacts and techniques. Does he imagine that ideals never cross a frontier? They do. That phenomenon, together with the fact that a culture like our own, drawn eclectically from many sources, offers alternative possibilities of development, lands us, alas, right back in the human condition from which Mr. Greenway's engaging cynicism had for a moment freed us. The point is still the same. Shall we use our intelligence in trying to tame the inhuman world we have created, or shall we follow Pascal and sit still in a little room? The latter, Mr. Greenway says. But he is not convincing.

We are told that cynicism and sentimentality are close allied. Mr. Greenway's irreverence, tough-mindedness, and generally hard-boiled air appear to me to conceal superstition and fear. A superstitious reverence for the powerful spirit of this damnable age of mass-destruction, and fear of investing emotion and energy in what looks like the great lost cause of the human race.

So, while I read *The Inevitable Americans* with great amusement, enjoying Mr. Greenway's sly digs at my brothers, and savoring the harmless iconoclasm that subtly set me above the saints and heroes of the race, in the end it made me ill. At any given point the cheerful vulgarity of his view of life and love is tonic and bracing, but in the long run it is stupid and stupefying. I would hate to be as sure of anything as Mr. Greenway is of everything. And Plato is still in the right. If offered the choice between being happy hogs or sad philosophers, we must, however regretfully, leave the trough and rear up on our hind legs.

# The Language Confuses

***Science: The Glorious Entertainment,** by Jacques Barzun (Harper & Row. 322 pp. $6), deplores what science has been doing to our society. Isaac Asimov is associate professor of biochemistry at the Boston University School of Medicine.*

By ISAAC ASIMOV

THERE was a time when religion was the dominant force of Western civilization and the priesthood the highest social class. When laymen wrote criticisms of things-as-they-were, they found it safe to begin by expressing delight in and appreciation of the religious ideal. Only after that ritualistic disinfection could they apply their scalpel to religion-in-fact.

Now the dominant force is science, and the scientist is rising to the prestige once held by the priest. Jacques Barzun, as critic, begins by speaking highly of the ideals of science and of its achievements. He comments favorably on the dedication and hard work of the scientist and of the usefulness of machinery (he carefully differentiates between science, the striving after pure understanding of the universe, and "techne," the building of machines). This done, he blasts away unsparingly at the manner in which the ideals of science have introduced the abstract, destroyed the subjective, depersonalized and degraded the individual, and reduced to nothingness the idea of meaning-in-life.

All this is voiced in limpid prose and with complete freedom from jargon so that one is fascinated and, at times, almost convinced.

Surely some of his complaints bear expression and reiteration in the most vigorous manner. Scientists *are* victimized by their own cant and neglect (to their great harm) the proper use of the tool we call the English language. Worse still, the social scientists, historians, economists, and psychologists—


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indeed, even the nonscientist intellectuals of our science-ridden society—unable to duplicate the simply-ordered content of the physical sciences, nevertheless adopt their vernacular.

Art and literature also meet with Dr. Barzun's icy disapproval for having succumbed to mastery by science and for having abdicated their duty to preserve the personal, the concrete, the uncertain, and the intuitive against the cold abstraction, certainty, and reason of the scientific ideal.

Much of the author's criticism is constructive and as such should be welcomed by scientists. He is correct that some are devoting themselves to research for meretricious reasons (prestige, financial grants, power) and neglecting teaching as productive of none of these. Professor Barzun also points out that science consists of an indefinite number of groups and subgroups, which are as devoid of intercommunication as are the "scientist" and the "humanist" in C. P. Snow's thesis. This "specialism," as Mr. Barzun terms it, is a true danger, and nothing he can say in denunciation of it is too strong or can fail to do good.

However, Barzun also exhibits many of the faults he derides, among them the scientists' worship of certainty. Disapproving of Marx's views, he says that Marx fastened upon the public "the dogma that social improvement is a relatively simple thing requiring a complicated theory behind it; whereas it is *in fact* [italics mine] a terribly complicated thing which requires a relatively simple theory behind it." Mr. Barzun, you will note, is as sure as Marx. One is free to suspect that he is also just about as right.

AGAIN, Barzun is lyrical over the beauty of Nature and deplores the tendency of science to divorce man from it. Yet he brusquely dismisses as "nonsense" Bertrand Russell's lyrical view of the beauty of mathematics.

In denouncing the world of the machine, Barzun descends over and over to the merely petulant. The machine is not necessarily the overbearing, inexorable, unavoidable Master. It is far easier to go through a red light than past the flat palm of a large traffic policeman. It is far safer to kick the coin machine that does not deliver the bar of candy than to punch the cashier who does not give the correct change.

It is also less than awesome to include among the unbearable miseries of modern man the zip-code number or the increasing use of numbers in identifying and categorizing objects. There was a time when a man was called the equivalent of "Flying Eagle" or "Long Arrow" to indicate his wished-for attributes, or "John of Lincoln" to show his dwelling place. Now that we call men by meaningless letter combinations I think that to complain about a further switch to meaningless number combinations is to indulge in an exercise of the trivial.

Granted that a machine society can have its disadvantages, what is the alternative? Indeed, the author points out that previous ages have been no better, and that men unfairly compare the reality of the present to the ideal of the past. He does this grudgingly, however, and I don't think he means it.

# SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

### *Crime, Suspense*

KILO FORTY. By Miles Tripp. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.50.

TREAD SOFTLY. By Frances Rickett. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

### *Current Affairs*

FULL EMPLOYMENT OR STAGNATION? By J. M. Culbertson. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

THE POLITICS OF POPULATION. By William Peterson. Doubleday. $4.95.

WITNESS FOR AID. By Frank M. Coffin. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

### *Fiction*

THE BARRACKS. By John McGahern. Macmillan. $3.95.

BEHOLD GOLIATH. By Alfred Chester. Random House. $4.95.

BRIGHTNESS. By Elizabeth Jenkins. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

COMRADE DON CAMILLO. By Giovanni Guareschi. Farrar, Straus. $3.95.

THE CROOKED CROSS. By Bredan Kennelly. Little, Brown. $3.95.

THE FAR FACE OF THE MOON. By George Johnston. Morrow. $4.50.

THE HUMANIZATION OF EDDIE CEMENT. By George Deaux. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

JAILER, MY JAILER. By Marian Gavin. Doubleday. $4.95.

A KIND OF JUSTICE. By Edward Lindall. Morrow. $3.95.

OLD HICKORY. By Noel Gerson. Doubleday. $4.95.

RUSSIAN SCIENCE FICTION: Eleven Short Stories. Edited by Robert Magidoff. New York Univ. Press. $5.

WHILE HE LIES SLEEPING. By Giro. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

### *History*

BARREN VICTORIES: Versailles to Suez, The Failure of the Western Alliance 1918-1956. By Basil Collier. Doubleday. $4.95.

A BIOGRAPHY OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Broadus and Louise Pearson Mitchell. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.75.

AN EPISODE IN ANTI-CATHOLICISM: The American Protective Association. By Donald L. Kinzer. Univ. of Washington Press. $6.

A HISTORY OF VENEZUELA. By Guillermo Morón. Roy. $6.95.

IDEOLOGY AND POWER IN THE AGE OF JACKSON. Edited by Edwin C. Rozwenc. New York Univ. Press. $6.50.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. By A. J. P. Taylor. Putnam. $6.95.

THE INDIAN AND THE WHITE MAN. Edited by Wilcomb E. Washburn. New York Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE MEANING OF HISTORY. By Erich Kahler. Braziller. $6.

QUEST FOR AMERICA, 1810-1824. Edited by Charles L. Sanford. New York Univ. Press. $7.50.

QUISQUEYA: A History of the Dominican Republic. By Selden Rodman. Univ. of Washington Press. $5.95.

THE STRATEGY OF VICTORY. By Victor Bonham-Carter. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.

### *Literary Criticism*

AESTHETIC PAGANISM IN GERMAN LITERATURE: From Winckelmann to the Death of Goethe. By Henry Hatfield. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

STUDIES IN EUROPEAN REALISM. By Georg Lukacs. Grosset & Dunlap. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.95.

### *Miscellany*

PEOPLE OF EIGHT SEASONS: The Story of the Lapps. By Ernest Manker. Illustrations by Ake Gustavsson and Siw Englund. Viking. $18.50.

### *Personal History*

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, DOCTOR MELLIFLUOUS. By Henri Daniel-Rops. Hawthorn. $4.95.

DELIGHTS AND PREJUDICES. By James Beard. Atheneum. $6.95.

THE DUPONTS OF DELAWARE. By William H. A. Carr. Dodd, Mead. $6.95.

FOUR FLIGHTS UP. By Margalo Gillmore. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

NO OTHER WAY. By Herbert L. Schrader. McKay. $4.50.

### *Reference*

DIRECTORY OF AMERICAN PHILOSOPHERS II, 1964-65. Edited by Archie J. Bahm. Univ. of New Mexico. $11.25.

WORDS INTO TYPE. New revised edition. Edited by Marjorie E. Skillin and Robert M. Gay. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $7.50.

### *Religion*

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH. Edited by Dow Kirkpatrick. Abingdon. $3.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN METHODISM. By the Editorial Board of Abingdon Press. Abingdon. Three volumes, $27.50.

UNDERSTANDING ISLAM. By Frithjof Schuon. Roy. $5.95.

### *Science*

AMAZING WORLD OF INSECTS. By Arend T. Bandsma and Robin T. Brandt. Macmillan. $9.95.

BLUEPRINT FOR LIFE: The Story of Modern Genetics. By Julius Fast. St. Martin's. $5.

GEOLOGY. By William C. Putnam. Oxford Univ. Press. $10.95.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE. By William Bonnor. Macmillan. $7.50.

### *Sociology*

PRISON. Edited by George Mikes. Horizon. $4.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.



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# The most talked-about book of 1965 is now being written.

*(It will appear first in Look Magazine)*

The author is Theodore C. Sorensen. The subject is the 11 years of his association with John F. Kennedy, first as an administrative assistant and later as Special Counsel. The book will be serialized in LOOK prior to publication next year by Harper & Row.

Pre-publication of important books—among them *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, The George C. Marshall Papers,* Harry Truman's *Mr. Citizen,* and *Renoir, My Father*—is another reason why LOOK is the biggest-selling, fastest-growing magazine in its field. *There's only one way to catch up with* LOOK. *Read it.*

LOOK—A PUBLICATION OF COWLES MAGAZINES AND BROADCASTING, INC.

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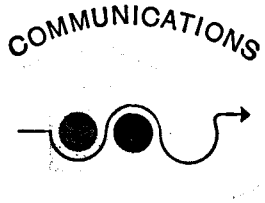
# COMMUNICATIONS

*Communications Editor:* RICHARD L. TOBIN

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*SR's* Twelfth Annual Advertising Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest begin on page 73 of this Communications Supplement.

## *The New York Times's Vital Victory*

THE United States Supreme Court recently upheld the *New York Times* in a libel case of such overwhelming importance that it seems appropriate to spend some time here discussing the momentous decision. The Supreme Court has ruled that a public official cannot collect libel damages from his journalistic critics unless he is able to prove that the criticism was a malicious and deliberate lie. Thus, in overturning the notorious Alabama libel award against the *Times*, our highest court has handed a stunning victory not only to all communicators in this country but to the American public in re-etching the fundamental principles of the U.S. Constitution's free press guarantee.

The Supreme Court has, in a very real sense, given legal voice to the creed by which all good newspapers have continued to live and prosper to the glory of the public interest. Perhaps the late E. W. Scripps, co-founder of the famous Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, best expressed the true spirit of a good newspaper when he stated his purposes many years ago: "We have no politics, that is, in the sense of the word as commonly used. . . . We simply intend to support good men and condemn bad ones, support good measures and condemn bad ones, no matter what party they belong to. We shall tell no lies about persons or policies for love, malice, or money."

In the majority opinion in the Alabama libel case against the *Times*, Justice Brennan wrote: "Debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wide open. . . . It may well include vehement, caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government officials." If a public official could collect libel damage from his critics without proving that their criticism was a deliberate and malicious lie, the shadow of fear and timidity imposed upon those who would give voice to public criticism could create an atmosphere in which free speech might not survive.

The *Times* case stemmed from an advertisement that appeared in that newspaper appealing for contributions to a defense fund for Martin Luther King. The advertisement said some unkind things about the Montgomery, Alabama, police, and the *Times* conceded that there were inaccuracies in the advertisement. But, the Supreme Court found, the *Times* was innocent of malice in accepting the ad for publication. Therefore the decision of the Supreme Court upholding the *Times* in the now famous Alabama libel case contains an implied endorsement of the legality and importance of "editorial advertisements."

It should be noted that one of the plaintiff's petitions was that the guarantees of freedom of speech and press in the Constitution do not apply to paid advertisements. But the court found otherwise—and unanimously, by the way. It upheld the right of the press to criticize public officials for their actions and, at the same time, enlarged this privilege to "editorial advertisements," thereby extending the right to be critical in print to all citizens who do not of themselves have, as the press has, access to publishing facilities. The criticized official has a defense, in the opinion of the Supreme Court, only when deliberate malice can be shown. In this instance, the case against the *Times* and four Negro ministers was brought by four present or former



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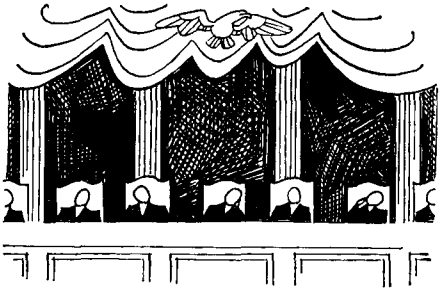
officials of Montgomery, Alabama, and the former governor of Alabama, John P. Patterson. When the high court threw out the lower court's $500,000 verdict against the *Times* it ruled that simple criticism of a public official's performance of his duties is not libelous unless that official can prove that the criticism was not only inaccurate but inspired by malice, reckless disregard of the truth, and deliberate intent to damage.

Herbert Brucker, editor of the Hartford (Connecticut) *Courant* and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, was among the first to applaud the high court's libel ruling, to realize its vast potential for the average newspaper. He said: "You can't have a free press unless you have an outspoken press. Sometimes the press may say things which are wrong, but it must be free to speak. Only then can you keep



a free government going." Creed Black, chairman of the Freedom of Information Committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and executive editor of the Wilmington (Delaware) *News Journal*, said of the decision: "It reinforces the traditional freedom of the press and protects it as the watchdog of the government. It seems to me that this decision extends the old boundaries, going beyond what lower courts have done."

While the Supreme Court was unanimous in reversing the libel verdict against the *Times*, Justices Black and Goldberg wrote separate concurring opinions declaring that the court should have gone even further. They felt the court should have ruled that newspapers could criticize public officials—even maliciously—without being subject to charges of libel. The feeling that freedom of speech and the press is an absolute privilege must, of course, be the ultimate goal of a truly democratic society. Whether the United States of America is yet ready for such an advanced notion is surely debatable, but in any case we feel that in overturning the Alabama libel award against the *New York Times*, the U.S. Supreme Court gave the whole American people, including communicators, a victory that has not yet begun to be realized. —R.L.T.

# Letters to the Communications Editor

## That Parrish Blue

I WAS VERY INTERESTED in the article by G. Elizabeth Gillett on Maxfield Parrish [*SR*, Mar. 14], as I did not know he was still living. I am the son of Albert E. Reinthal of the ex-firm of Reinthal and Newman, which made reproductions of Parrish and other paintings and sold them framed or unframed. The Parrish picture most well known and unusually successful commercially was *Daybreak*, a painting of two semi-nude girls on a sort of portico with a mountain background in a blue that later became known as "Parrish blue." I am surprised that an article on Maxfield Parrish does not mention this picture.

Other popular pictures of his published by my father's firm were *The Garden of Allah* (mentioned in the article in green-yellow and *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* in red. My father also arranged a sale of original paintings by Maxfield Parrish at the Scott and Fowles Gallery, which is no longer in existence. Glad to know that Mr. Parrish is still hale and hearty.

ALBERT E. REINTHAL, JR.
New York, N.Y.

I READ THE ARTICLE on Maxfield Parrish and was so intrigued by the author's interpretation of this artist that on my next trip to New York I made it a point to visit the St. Regis Hotel specifically to see his *Old King Cole* mural. My thanks to Miss Gillett for introducing me to the fine work of this artist, and my compliments to her on writing this article so colorfully.

MISS JERRY ROSENTHAL.
Trenton, N.J.

## The Non-Profit "Geographic"

TWO POINTS ABOUT Wilson Sullivan's essay on the *National Geographic* [*SR*, Mar. 14]:

1. The *Geographic* may have an interdict against acceptance of liquor, beer, wine, tobacco, and patent medicine ads—a position that implies some sort of moral judgment—but it has no interdict (seemingly) against the acceptance of advertisements from establishments that not only engage in the sale of all but the last of these items, but also conduct such other activities as dicing, gaming, and displaying of nudity of white females. For evidence see the Stardust Hotel advertisement in "the Society's Great 75th Anniversary Issue." The advertisement is in the back of the book, but, in my copy at least, the page is unnumbered.

2. The *Geographic* is the product of an organization that in its own words is "a non-profit scientific and educational institution." As I understand it, this status secures the National Geographic Society and its product from payment of many of those taxes that other organizations (and organisms such as I) must pay. How much does this freedom assist the society in building up sums to the point where "money is generally no object on this editorial Olympus"?

Please don't think that because of my quibbling I have objections to the *Geographic*. On the contrary, I am a loyal member of the society and look forward with as much relish to each issue of the publication as I do to each issue of *Playboy*—and so far I am not a member of *that* organization or any of its much-publicized affiliates (profit-making and tax-paying, as I understand it.)

CLARENCE A. ANDREWS,
Head, Magazine Sequence,
State University of Iowa,
School of Journalism.
Iowa City, Iowa

## In Defense of Peter Bart

YOUR ADHERENCE TO the freedom of the press and freedom from partisan censorship in printing the intemperate attack on Peter Bart is to be commended. However, if a reader is permitted to castigate in such unwarranted fashion, it would seem only proper that another might be permitted to defend him.

In an entirely opposed manner this reader finds Mr. Bart's remarks well informed, very much to the point, highly objective (instead of narrowly biased), and a very desirable anodyne to the contemporary tactics of a large section of Madison Avenue. Unfortunately, even under the impress of well-placed criticisms like those of Mr. Bart, these odious practitioners continue and even exceed their earlier misdeeds. The most offensive of all of these affronts is the obviously low opinion they hold of the average citizen's intelligence, the low valuation they place on public taste. For my part, I cannot praise Mr. Bart's efforts too highly.

JOHN A. HANNUM.
Washington, Mich.

## Remembering JFK

JOHN TEBBEL'S ARTICLE "Remembering the President" [*SR*, Feb. 8], although an interesting piece of reporting, did not convey the true sense of the current Kennedy "craze." His coverage of the more sophisticated memorial albums and books gave little indication of the far more extensive (and offensive) materials dealing with every aspect of the assassination and subsequent activities.

The theme song from the British *That Was the Week That Was* television program became one of the biggest-selling songs of 1963. The song, *In the Summer of His Years*, has become the basis for a brisk sale of records by Connie Francis, who has an album by the same name, and

(*Continued on page* 88)



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# Mister J. Walter Thompson

By JAMES WEBB YOUNG

THE MAN whose name is still borne by the largest international advertising agency—100 years old next December—was never a seeker after personal publicity.

He first made famous many of the best-known trade names of today. But one of his earliest injunctions to me, when I became one of his branch office managers, was: "Never get on the stage in front of your client. No advertiser can stand even the suspicion that you, not he, could have been responsible for his success."

Hence there are no known copies of press photographs of J. Walter Thompson, or of press releases of speeches made by him. And when, after his retirement in 1916, I made repeated efforts to get him to let me write his biography, he as repeatedly brushed me off.

So our information about Thompson's earliest days lacks detail—a loss to late nineteenth-century American business history. For it is clear that in that history he played a unique role as the apostle of national advertising and marketing.

Advertising agents had appeared on the American scene some twenty-five years before Thompson entered the field, as a bookkeeper for a small agency called Carlton & Smith, established in New York in 1864.

Advertising itself was, of course, infinitely older, as can be seen on the walls of Pompeii. But it expanded in volume as the printing press and news sheets developed along the lines of the print media we know today.

But all this earlier advertising, in the press and on walls, was what is called today "local" advertising. The early American advertising agents came into existence only as advertisers on our Eastern Seaboard began reaching out for business in the "back country." Then advertisers needed a facility through which they could more easily find and deal with the newspapers beyond their ken; and the increasing number of small newspaper editor-owners needed an agent who could represent them to advertisers beyond their neighborhood.

As agents multiplied, however, and price competition among them became a cutthroat game, each agent began seeking exclusive rights of one kind or another for the sale of advertising in a given group of publications.

It was in this period that Carlton & Smith was founded and Thompson entered the field. Carlton was the son of the then ministerial "publishing agent" of the Methodist Book Concern in New York (in the 1860s religious publications were far more influential than they are now). Carlton (if there was a Smith, he was a notably silent partner) had a franchise for the sale of advertising space in his father's Methodist publications. Young Thompson soon discovered that he had talents for selling that were more remunerative than those for bookkeeping.

Such religious publications, however, were only regional ones, in both a denominational and geographical sense. There was, for instance, a Methodist *Christian Advocate* published in New York and a *Western Christian Advocate,* also Methodist, published in Cincinnati.

In the late 1860s and '70s, however, the continent-binding railroads were increasingly breaking down sectionalism and opening up trade and distribution opportunities over wider areas. Among the beneficiaries were a growing group of family magazines whose circulations had begun to increase faster than the growth in population. In this latter development young Thompson had the perspicacity to see a new opportunity, as far as advertising was concerned.

He is alleged to have said that what first set him to thinking about these publications as advertising media was a bit of doggerel that read:

God bless our wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey.
They darn our socks,
They ease life's shocks,
But *don't* they spend the money!

If that was where the money was, then that was where the advertiser ought to spend his. So Thompson set about securing exclusive rights to the sale of advertising in these developing national publications.

This was not easy to accomplish. The editing of magazines was noble in purpose and devoted to literary and cultural aspirations. Editors were not about to see their pages turned into marts of trade—except for their own publisher's books.

Portrait of J. Walter Thompson, painted by James Gale Tyler, now hanging in the 11th floor reception area of the agency.

But young Thompson was both ingenious and persuasive. Observing that the back covers of these magazines were often blank, he proposed that surely no harm would be done if these were divided into four quarters and sold to four respectable advertisers—thus securing additional revenue for improved editorial content.

Thus, by the back door, so to speak, magazines slowly became advertising media. Carlton & Smith became J. Walter Thompson Co., with its letterhead carrying cover pictures of "Thompson's List of Thirty" such magazines, and national advertising was born.

ALL early advertising agents were apostles for "It pays to advertise," preaching this doctrine up and down the highways and byways of commerce. But Thompson became in a special sense the apostle for "It pays to advertise *nationally.*" And national advertising did turn out to have dimensions that local or regional advertising did not have. It had "leverage" on the whole market by making customers for the advertiser in a class of homes that tended to set consumption patterns. In the day of many small local producers, it gave a product an intangibly distinctive quality to become known as one that was nationally used. In a time when retailers knew their customers personally, sellers came to watch national magazines for new merchandise that might well come to be demanded by their preferred patrons.

Even as late as the second decade of this century, when I joined Thompson's

(*Continued on page* 88)



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NO. 1 AD OF THE YEAR

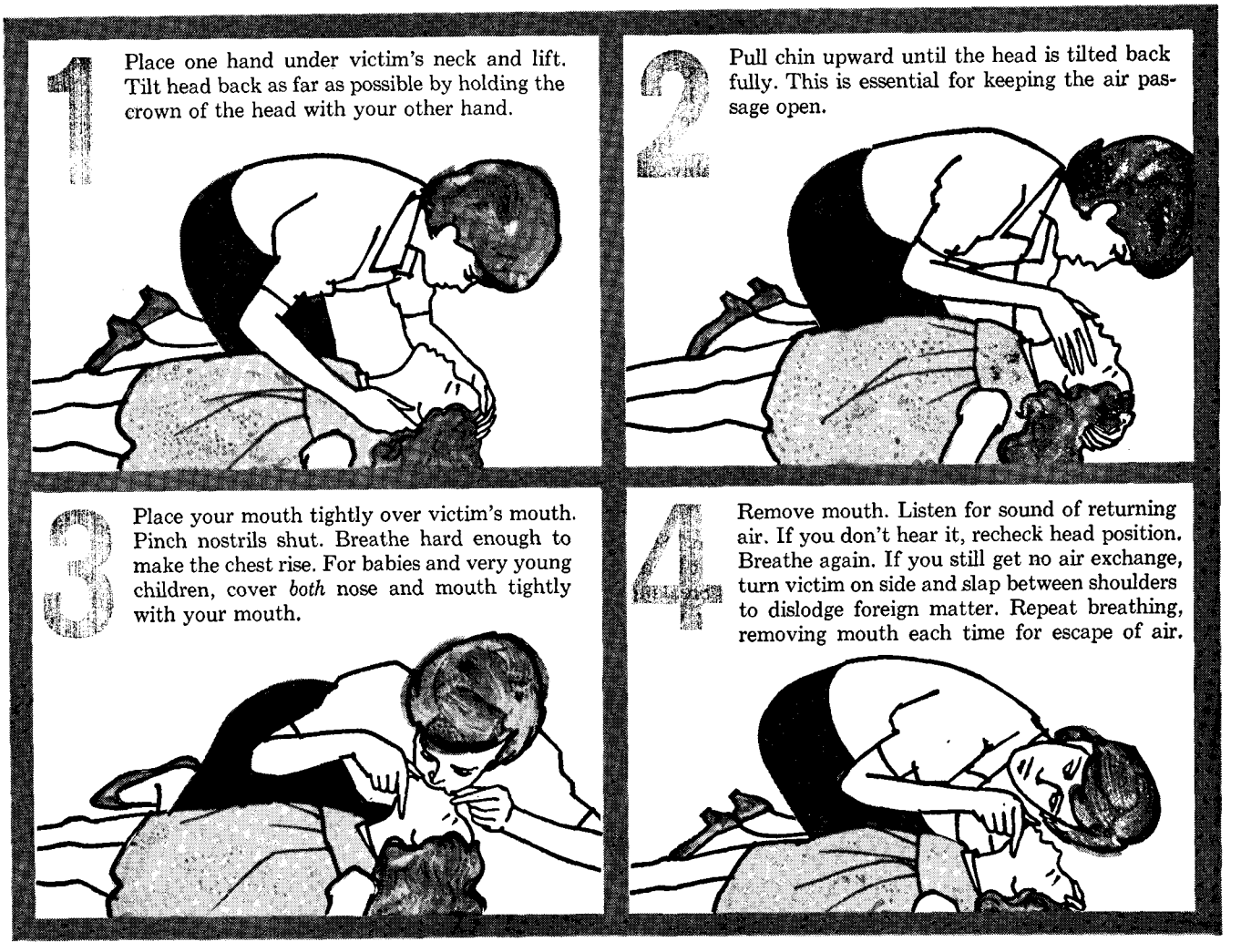
# Do you know how to restore the breath of life?

When breathing stops, a simple procedure—called mouth-to-mouth rescue breathing—often restores the breath of life in cases of drowning, electric shock, choking, overdose of medicine, carbon monoxide poisoning and other respiratory emergencies.

Metropolitan Life presents the following description of the procedure and suggests that you post this page somewhere in your home for quick reference.

Remember: The heart often continues to beat, however feebly, for minutes after there is no apparent breathing. These are the minutes in which mouth-to-mouth rescue breathing may make the difference between life and death.

Before attempting rescue breathing, lay victim on back. Turn head to the side. Wipe any foreign matter out of the mouth with your fingers. Then straighten victim's head.


1
Place one hand under victim's neck and lift. Tilt head back as far as possible by holding the crown of the head with your other hand.
2
Pull chin upward until the head is tilted back fully. This is essential for keeping the air passage open.
3
Place your mouth tightly over victim's mouth. Pinch nostrils shut. Breathe hard enough to make the chest rise. For babies and very young children, cover *both* nose and mouth tightly with your mouth.
4
Remove mouth. Listen for sound of returning air. If you don't hear it, recheck head position. Breathe again. If you still get no air exchange, turn victim on side and slap between shoulders to dislodge foreign matter. Repeat breathing, removing mouth each time for escape of air.

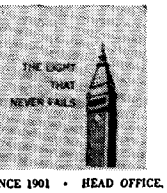
For an adult, breathe vigorously about 12 times a minute. For a small child, take relatively short breaths, about 20 per minute.

Don't give up until the victim begins to breathe himself. Call a doctor or ambulance promptly. Keep the victim warm and quiet. Any activity may endanger life again.

Metropolitan's First Aid Chart tells what to do in many other common emergencies.

For a free copy, call your local Metropolitan office or mail the coupon below.

**Metropolitan Life**
INSURANCE COMPANY




COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTAL CARD

Metropolitan Life (Dept. A-73), 1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.
Please send me the free "First Aid Chart."

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Street

City & Zone State

A MUTUAL COMPANY • HOME OFFICE, NEW YORK, SINCE 1868 • HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, SINCE 1901 • HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, SINCE 1924 • OVER 1000 LOCAL OFFICES IN U.S.A. AND CANADA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# SERENDIPITY AT WORK

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

ADVERTISING was originated more than 300 years ago to inform, to persuade, and to sell for the profit of a private interest, and that is still its basic purpose today. In the intervening centuries, however, there have been some changes, despite Samuel Johnson's pronouncement of nearly two centuries ago: "The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement."

Advertising also went on to serve the public as well as the private interest. It was able to fulfil this additional role because in the United States it functioned for the first time in history in a society that had attained an economy of abundance through the untrammeled interplay of production, distribution, and promotion.

The U.S. economy today is surging toward a record-breaking output of $618 billion in goods and services, produced by a work force of 70,000,000. To gear this enormous productivity to the rate of consumption necessary to sustain such unprecedented well-being, it is estimated that $13.5 billion will be invested in advertising during 1964. For advertising is the indispensable handmaiden of abundance, and of the steadily rising standard of living that is a cherished American goal.

A rising standard of living is also the dream, however remote, of war-shattered or underdeveloped nations. As many national economies have begun to recover from World War II and to provide their people with market choice instead of scarcity, so has their advertising activity increased. For production and advertising must eventually join in any working economic system to raise the standard of living by bringing about increased consumption. An annual survey of overseas advertising agencies conducted by a respected trade journal, *Advertising Age*, has just reported 401 agencies spent $2.3 billion in fifty countries during 1963, compared to seventy-two agencies that spent some $500,000,000 in twenty-two countries only five years before.

These totals are a significant index. *Advertising Age* commented, "The growth of advertising around the world both mirrors the rising scale of living of large masses of the world's population and foretells still greater improvement. For advertising is at once the harbinger of mass prosperity and the tool for widening and broadening its effect." In an economy of scarcity there is no consumer choice or discretionary spending power, and therefore no need for advertising. But the moment an economy can provide more than the bare necessities of life, at least an elemental form of advertising becomes both necessary and desirable. Even in the Soviet Union recently, production has finally started to catch up with age-old shortages, and rudimentary advertising has appeared. Advertising, in fact, is a basic tool in any nation's war on poverty.

At an advanced stage in advertising's evolution within a free society, an arresting form of serendipity takes place. Serendipity is not uncommon in human affairs. Many undertakings often produce pleasant or valuable results not foreseen in the original plan. The Nobel Peace Prize has been the serendipitous aftermath of the invention of dynamite. Possibly even more important than the Panama Canal itself was the unforeseen and serendipitous by-product of digging that mighty ditch: the conquest of yellow fever and malaria.

THOUGH communicative critics of advertising are often reluctant to concede it, the serendipitious power of advertising to serve the public interest as well as private profit has become a positive force for progress in this country.

While advertising is shaped by our system of values, Professor David Riesman of Harvard University says it has "some small independent leverage" of reciprocal influence upon this very system. Professor David Potter of Stanford University sees advertising as a powerful social instrument—comparable to the

◀ **No. 1 Ad of the Year:** Reproduced at the left is what *SR's* Twelfth Annual Advertising Awards Committee judged to be the most outstanding public interest advertising campaign of the year. A distinguished example of Metropolitan Life Insurance's concern with the nation's health and welfare over many years, this advertisement graphically illustrates one way to save a life.

## 1964 Awards Committee

**Art Buchwald,** *Syndicated Columnist*
**Albert Bush-Brown,** *President, Rhode Island School of Design*
**Thomas H. Carroll,** *President, George Washington University*
**Leo Cherne,** *Executive Director, Research Institute of America, Inc.*
**Fairfax M. Cone,** *Chairman, Executive Committee, Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.*
**Michael Corcoran.** *School of Journalism, University of Minnesota*
**G. D. Crain, Jr.,** *Publisher, Advertising Age*
**Barton A. Cummings,** *President and Director, Compton Advertising, Inc.*
**Alvin C. Eurich,** *President, Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies*
**E. E. Fogel,** *Vice President, Union Carbide Corporation*
**Howard L. Gossage,** *Copy Chief, Freeman & Gossage, Inc.*
**John H. Johnson,** *President & Editor, Johnson Publishing Co.*
**Chester Kerr,** *Director, Yale University Press*
**Frederic Papert,** *Chairman of the Board, Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc.*
**Rosemary Park,** *President, Barnard College*
**James Parton,** *Publisher, American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc.*
**Froelich Rainey,** *Director, University Museum, University of Pennsylvania*
**Theodore S. Repplier,** *President, The Advertising Council*
**Elmo Roper,** *Senior Partner, Elmer Roper & Associates*
**Paul R. Smith,** *Senior Vice President, West, Weir & Bartel, Inc.*
**Roger L. Stevens,** *Theatrical Producer*
**Norman H. Strouse,** *President, J. Walter Thompson Company*
**A. L. Williams,** *President, International Business Machines Corp.*
**Willis J. Winn,** *Dean, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce*


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**Twelfth Annual *SR* Awards:** There follow in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-four campaigns that won *Saturday Review's* Twelfth Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies that prepared the winning advertisements:

| Company | Agency |
|---|---|
| American Airlines, Inc. | *Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.* |
| Armour and Company | *Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.* |
| Bell Telephone System | *N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.* |
| British Travel Association | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| Caterpillar Tractor Co. | *N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.* |
| Chrysler Corporation | *Young & Rubicam, Inc.* |
| Commonwealth of Puerto Rico | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| Container Corporation of America | *N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.* |
| International Paper Co. | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| Israel Government Tourist Office | *Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.* |
| Members New York Stock Exchange | *Compton Advertising, Inc.* |
| Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. | *Young & Rubicam, Inc.* |
| *Newsweek* | *Richard Kerr, Inc.* |
| New York Shipping Association | *Kelly, Nason, Incorporated* |
| Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association | *N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.* |
| Rover Motor Company | *Freeman & Gossage, Inc.* |
| Sears, Roebuck and Co. | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| Shell Oil Company (public service) | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| Shell Oil Company (corporate) | *Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.* |
| Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) | *Needham, Louis and Brorby, Inc.* |
| Steuben Glass | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| Television Information Office | *Pritchard, Wood Incorporated* |
| United Air Lines, Inc. | *N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.* |
| Western Electric | *Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.* |

### Special Mention

| | |
|---|---|
| The Advertising Council: Peace Corps | *Young & Rubicam, Inc.* |
| U.S. Committee for the United Nations | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| American Cancer Society | *Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc.* |
| Better Vision Institute | *Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.* |
| Citizens Committee to Keep New York City Clean | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |

Because of the closeness of voting in the Committee of Judges, twelve runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

| Company | Agency |
|---|---|
| American Dairy Association | *Campbell-Mithun, Inc.* |
| Celanese | *West, Weir & Bartel, Inc.* |
| French Government Tourist Office | *Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.* |
| General American Transportation Corp. | *Edward H. Weiss and Company* |
| *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund | *Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc.* |
| International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. | *Needham, Louis and Brorby, Inc.* |
| North American Aviation, Inc. | *Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.* |
| Parke-Davis | *Young & Rubicam, Inc.* |
| Rand McNally | *Grant Advertising, Inc.* |
| Spanish National Tourist Department | *Kelly, Nason, Incorporated* |
| Texaco, Inc. | *Benton & Bowles, Inc.* |
| Weyerhaeuser Company | *Cole & Weber, Inc.* |

church, the government, or the press—in its pervasiveness.

Therefore the use or abuse of advertising becomes important not only to its professional practitioners, but also to scholars, sociologists, public officials, and consumers.

As advertising became more sophisticated, its purveyors realized that it does more than move goods; it disseminates news, creates taste, articulates ideas, and molds opinions. As advertising's public influence grew, American corporations came to see that profits were not enough to sustain their operation. A company's enduring strength depends also on its performance as a socially responsible institution backed by public appreciation of that performance.

Great corporations have therefore developed advertising to explain their policies, not just to sell their products. Public opinion analyst Elmo Roper describes this communications process as "perhaps the most significant corporate story of the century."

This serendipitous development, the corporate evolution of advertising, has long interested *Saturday Review* because of the concern of its editors with the communications patterns through which public attitudes and actions are influenced in this country. Our concern with the impact of "idea" advertising on the American public led *SR* twelve years ago to establish its awards for advertising in the public interest.

Certainly this year's award-winning campaigns not only reflect a lively corporate concern with many areas of the public interest—from public health to highway safety to literacy to cultural enrichment to adequate community water supplies to advanced education to better products for less money—but also show how such concern can produce serendipitous results for both the corporation and its audience.

The 1964 awards were voted upon by a committee of twenty-four judges, consisting of prominent educators, economists, editors, publishers, journalists, and leaders of business, advertising, and public opinion. Through their collective knowledge and experience, the role and impact of current corporate advertising in the public interest were judged and not found wanting. One long-time member of the committee said this year's entries were the finest in his experience—at such a consistently high level that judging proved extremely difficult.

Out of more than 250 public interest campaigns that appear in general magazines week after week in the U.S., eighty-one contenders wound up in the final round this year. The judges then named twenty-four outstanding campaigns to receive *SR's* 1964 awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest. In addition, five campaigns of the Advertising Council, the nonprofit arm of the business and advertising communities, and of three other public-service bodies were cited for superior contributions to the public interest.

In recognition of the central role of television and radio in the U.S. communications complex, the judges also considered nineteen programs that had sought with imagination, honesty, and courage to serve the public interest. In the end, however, they voted to cite only four programs. While there were no runners-up in radio and television this year, there were twelve ties for


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awards in runner-up positions among the print campaigns.

In an unusual but not unprecedented move, the judges also voted a special citation. This was addressed to the television and radio industry for "unhesitatingly placing the nation's need for information, consensus, orderly succession, and therapy above all other considerations during the three days following the assassination of President Kennedy." The full text of the citation is on page 80.

The eight campaigns among the winners that received the most votes are listed below in the order of their selection by the judges. The contest was so intense this year that three campaigns tied for second place and three for fourth place. Indeed, the 1964 voting was the closest in *SR's* experience, a further reflection of the sustained high quality of the finalist campaigns.

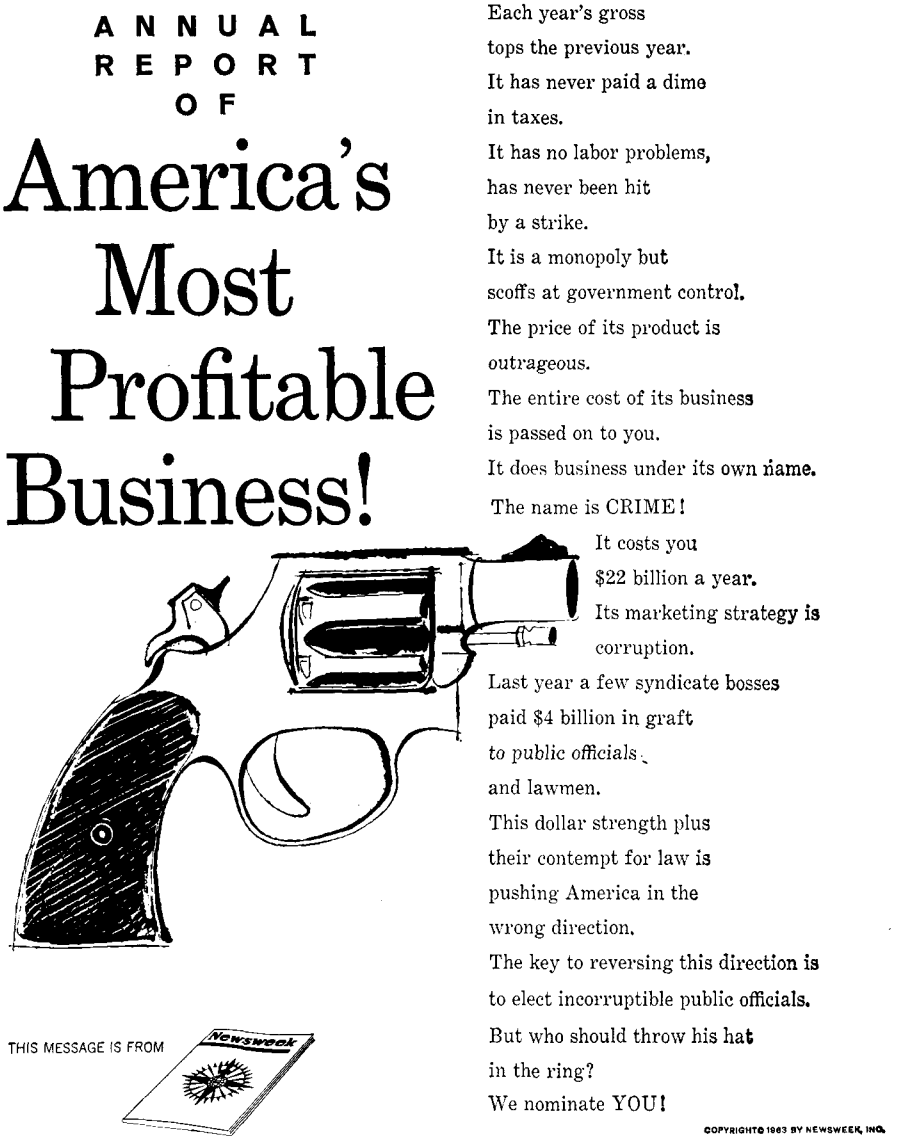
1. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
2. Caterpillar Tractor Co.
   Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association
   Shell Oil Company (public service)
3. Sears, Roebuck & Co.
4. Chrysler Corporation
   Commonwealth of Puerto Rico
   International Paper Company

The criteria for evaluating the various campaigns, as set forth on the ballot used by the judges, follow:

"The campaigns all lie within the broad definition of public interest advertising because they provide information about a company, an industry, or some aspect of life or thought in the U.S. that it is useful for the public to know or be made freshly aware of.

"Within the broad, general framework of this definition, there are three more specific categories of public interest advertising. They are: 1) corporate advertising, which explains the continuing research, the engineering or management efforts a company makes to improve its product or services; 2) public relations advertising, through which a company or industry discusses the problems, policies, social philosophy, or economic goals of the company or industry, or illuminates some aspect of the American scene or background, or discusses the basic principles of American enterprise in a way to shed light for the reader on the economy or society in which he lives; and 3) public service, which is advertising designed to promote voluntary individual actions to solve national problems, such as better roads, preventing forest fires, better schools, highway safety, encouraging religion in the American life, the buying of U.S. savings bonds, and voting in national elections.

"The dividing line between these categories, while significant, is quite thin




**One Leading Public Service Ad:** The message reproduced above is from *Newsweek* magazine's "Responsibility" series, which is published for the purpose of alerting Americans to their fundamental responsibilities as citizens of a democracy under challenge.

**Public Service Campaigns:** In the balloting for the over-all awards for public service advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the public service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, public relations and corporate.

| Company | Agency |
|---|---|
| **Caterpillar Tractor Co.** | *N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.* |
| ***Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund** | *Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc.* |
| **International Paper Co.** | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| **Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.** | *Young & Rubicam, Inc.* |
| ***Newsweek*** | *Richard Kerr, Inc.* |
| **Shell Oil Company (public service)** | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| **Sinclair Oil Company** | *Geyer, Morey, Ballard, Inc.* |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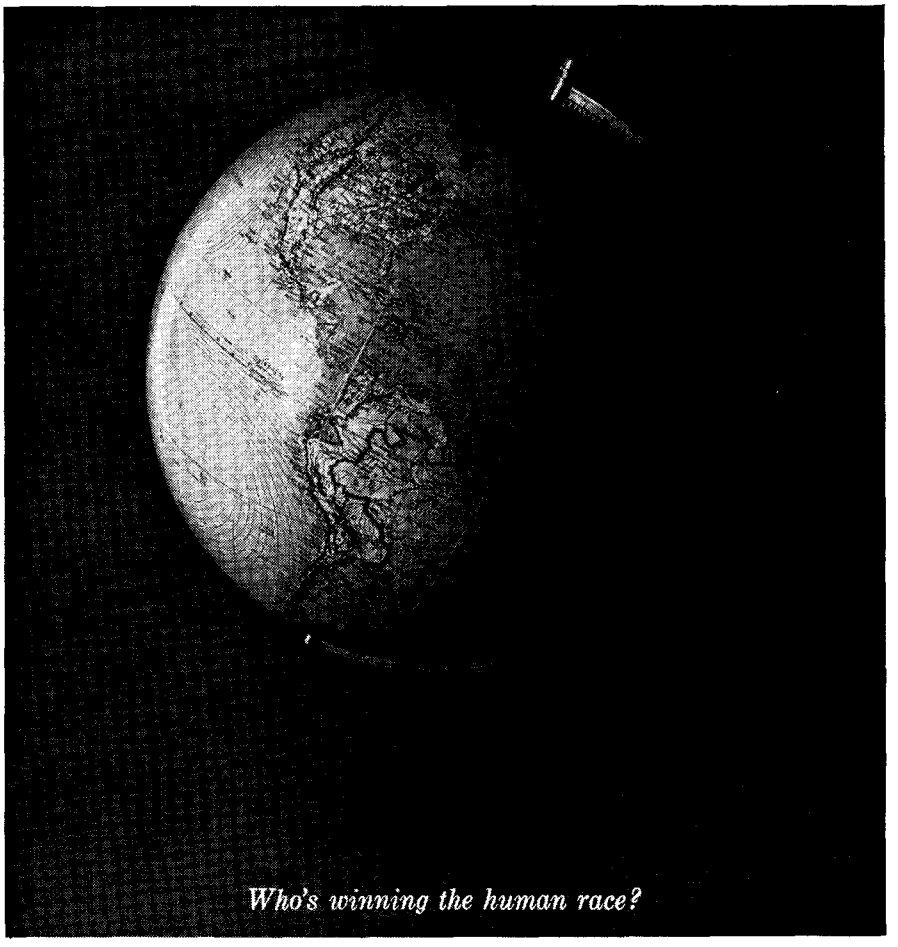
Who's winning the human race?
In forty-six years of Communist rule Russia has not developed a single new drug of consequence. The pharmaceutical industry in Russia is owned by the state.
In half that time, from 1939 to 1962, American drug companies developed at least 75 new drugs important to modern medicine.
Drugs that:
Drastically reduced the death toll from such mass killers as pneumonia, tuberculosis, influenza.
Cut down such crippling diseases as polio.
Sent thousands home from mental institutions, restoring them to normal living.
All of these drugs were made possible by a competitive American drug industry and medical center research. And by a patent system that encourages new inventions and discoveries.
Under this system American drug companies are spending hundreds of millions of dollars in research every year to find still better drugs against a host of ills: heart disease, viral diseases, cancer, the common cold.
Drugs that will not only add years of life for millions of Americans, but for many people all over the world.
This is the value of modern drugs—protecting health and reducing the costs of illness.
This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers*, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.

**Top Public Relations Ad:** For the second year in a row the awards judges have voted the Pharmaceutical Manufacturer's Association campaign the leading example of public relations advertising. PMA's purpose is to dramatize the drug industry's commitment to serve the American people by creating better medicines through tireless research.

and often elusive of precise definition. Some campaigns may conceivably fall into two or even three of these categories. At other times the category of the campaign is quite clear.

"Criteria: The following factors should be considered in evaluating the effectiveness of the campaign as a form of idea communication in the public interest: 1) Theme: the extent to which it enlarged the reader's knowledge of our American social, cultural, or economic institutions, traditions or problems (the judges may or may not agree with the point of view of the theme, but may agree that it is useful to have the point of view stated); 2) text, especially style, readability, impact, objectivity, clarity, precision, and pointedness; 3) layout: typography, artwork, and general design; 4) over-all originality: taste, freshness, and imaginativeness of conception, execution, and creative vision within the strict bounds of honest presentation."

In something as complex as modern advertising, *SR's* committee recognized that the above criteria were more bench marks than rigid rules for judging the campaigns. They also acknowledged that individual reactions would in most cases be subjective as well as objective.

One of the oldest continuous public interest campaigns is that of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Its undeviating dedication to public health and safety has made it no stranger to recognition or awards. It has won the top *SR* honor in the past. It was again named the No. 1 advertisement of the year by *SR's* 1964 awards committee. An example is reproduced full-size on page 72 at the opening of this report. It is a dramatic illustration of a new method for resuscitating an unconscious person rescued from drowning or breath-paralyzing shock. The advertisement represents Metropolitan's over-all campaign, which blends the public's obvious interest in health and safety with the insurance company's legitimate interest in greater longevity.

The winning campaigns embody the modern conviction that business cannot prosper in America today—or indeed survive for long—without public understanding and approval. What is both encouraging and impressive is that all these campaigns have served both the private interest of the advertiser and the larger public interest of the nation.

An example of serendipity at work in advertising is the campaign of International Paper.

"Send Me a Man Who Reads" vividly dramatizes the personal and professional rewards of reading. It underscores the importance of all printed matter to the cultural health of our nation. Thus, a private interest, a paper manufacturer, has been fused with the public interest in an educated, well-read citizenry. The by-product has been corporate studies of the relationship between reading ability, school drop-outs, juvenile delinquency, and unemployment. The direction of International Paper's campaign is refocusing on promoting early reading help and improved libraries in our schools, because the basic relationship between youthful reading skills and adult achievement emerged so clearly from the studies done.

All the winning campaigns could

**Public Relations Campaigns:** An alphabetical list of the winners:

| Company | Agency |
|---|---|
| British Travel Association | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| Chrysler Corporation | *Young & Rubicam, Inc.* |
| Commonwealth of Puerto Rico | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| Members New York Stock Exchange | *Compton Advertising, Inc.* |
| New York Shipping Association | *Kelly, Nason, Incorporated* |
| Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Assoc. | *N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.* |
| Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) | *Needham, Louis and Brorby, Inc.* |


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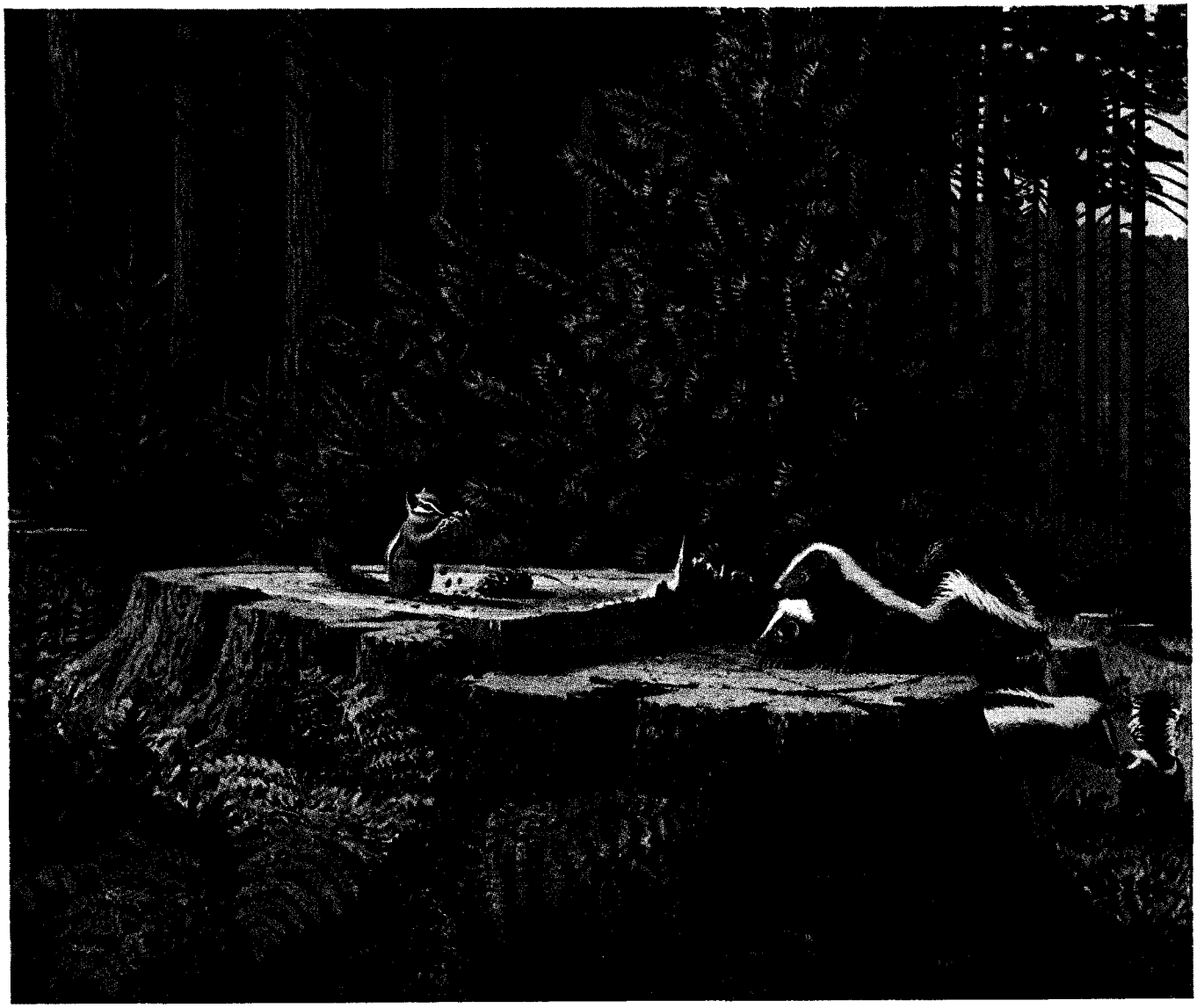

*Chipmunk and skunks on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm*

## How many trees can a chipmunk eat?

This pert little ruffian is making a meal of what otherwise might be useful trees about 80 years from now. Like much of the wildlife that thrives on Weyerhaeuser tree farms, he is a delight to see in the woods. Nevertheless, he and his brethren are a real hazard in this complex business of growing timber as a crop. Collectively, they eat bushels of seed and damage thousands of trees every year.

There are other hazards, too. Fire that destroys many decades of work. Tree-killing insects and diseases that require heavy expenditures to control. All of these risks are compounded by the fact that it takes up to 80 years to grow a new tree crop to merchantable size.

Extensive research and protection practices have done a lot to bring some of these risks under control. Even so, tree farming simply isn't practical unless the nation's tax structure takes such long-range risks into account. Congress recognized this in 1944. It then adopted a tax program designed to provide fair and equitable treatment for all who grow trees as a commercial crop.

Result? More than 27 thousand individuals and firms now grow timber crops on private lands—some 64 million acres in all. These lands are a perpetual source of payrolls and taxes, as well as water, wildlife and recreation. They also are the basic source of wood for building materials, pulp, paper, plastics and many other products.

Future generations must not be denied these benefits. Private tree farming must continue to be encouraged by a realistic tax climate at national and local levels.

Send for free booklet on modern industrial forestry. Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A5, Tacoma, Wash. 98401.

*From Weyerhaeuser tree farms—*
*Crocker Hamilton fine quality printing, writing and industrial papers.*

Weyerhaeuser

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*This is Johfra, a young Dutch painter who bears a startling resemblance to the old master.*

# Is there a van Gogh renaissance in Holland today?

*The Dutch venerate art, and it flourishes in Holland today. Museums are everywhere, more than forty in Amsterdam alone. You'll see the timeless genius of Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, as well as modern painting. You'll also find such treasures as old Delft tiles, and curios of Dutch folklore.*

Art, like so many things in Holland, is a blend of the traditional and the modern. In Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum, you'll find Rembrandt's "The Night Watch." In The Hague, where a new art movement has erupted, you'll see the works of modernists like de Kooning, Appel and van Heel.

The vivid contrasts of Holland are not to be missed. See the old cheese market in Alkmaar and visit the modern, sparkling shopping center in Rotterdam, the first one in Europe.

Go for a meandering bike ride—or watch the streamlined racing cars roar by at a hundred miles an hour.

Whether your taste leans toward the old or the new, you can satisfy it in Holland. The friendly Dutch will see to it you find what you are looking for. Most people speak English and, to a man, they take pleasure in helping Americans. So plan an early visit to Holland. Come on a Dutch carrier, by air or by sea. Really luxurious.

For further information, talk to your travel agent, or write the Netherlands National Tourist Office, A. N. V. V., 605 5th Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. or 681 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

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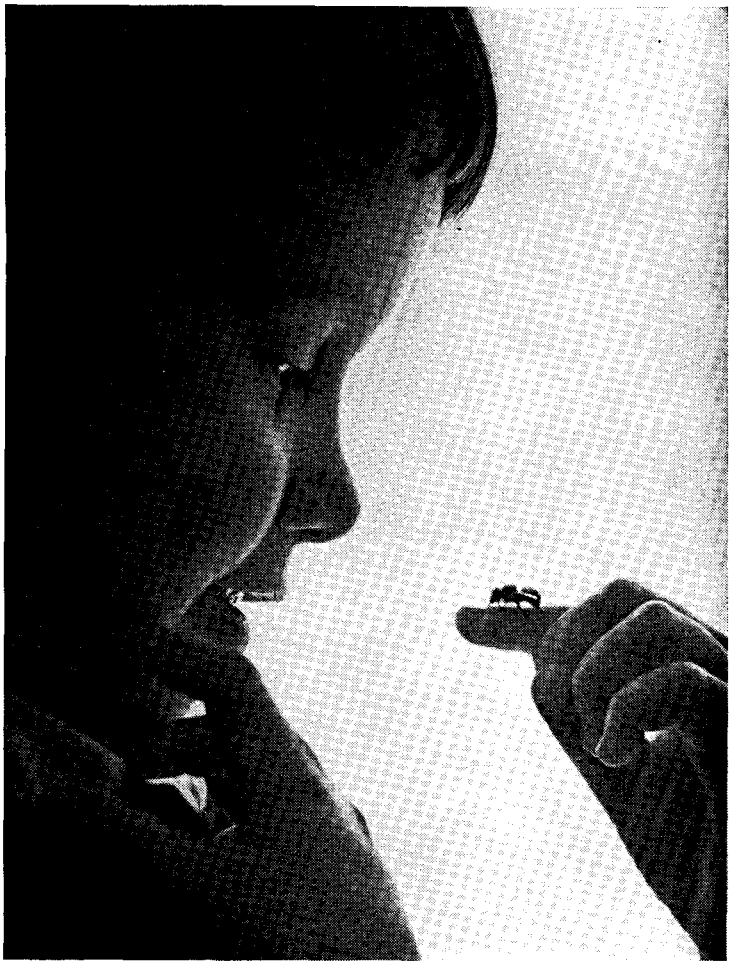

## Sears announces a new kind of honey-bee that likes people too much to sting them

Next spring, Sears, Roebuck and Co. will sell a new breed of bee that hardly ever stings. It delivers more honey than the nasty *old* model. Read this amazing example of how far Sears goes to get a better product.

IN 1902, when Sears went into the bee business, the standard bee was a mean but hard-working little insect who'd sting if you looked at it cross-eyed. At last, sixty-one years later, there's a *new model*.

Bee experts crossed the standard bee with the "Caucasian" bee, a gentle type but one who hates to work. The result of this cross-breeding is a new *kind* of bee, *sweet-tempered yet hard-working*, called the "Midnite."

**The fantastic life of the bee**

Did you know that only the *queen* bee gives birth, that she can determine the sex of the egg at will, that she and a male "drone" get together just once on a wild "nuptial flight" high into the sky? Did you know that scout bees tell the hive where nectar is by *dancing*?

BULLETIN: Just before this went to press, a West German zoologist revealed the world's first proof that bees can *talk*. The sounds are made with the wings. The pitch and the time intervals between the sounds tell the *quality* and the *quantity* of new-found food.

**Another good product made better**

The story of the "Midnite" bee is the story of *product improvement* at Sears. It is dramatic but by no means unique. Sears sells 100,000 different items—bees, diamonds, hammers, mink, linoleum, and American flags. Thousands of Sears people have a single mission in their business lives: "Make it *better*—and make it *cost less*."

To keep up the good fight, Sears has an enormous advantage over anybody else. It's the Sears laboratory, largest private consumer lab in the world. Out of this laboratory have come product improvements that help make Sears known everywhere for *value*.

**Sears historic guarantee**

The endless *striving* for better products helps Sears make and *keep* its famous promise *to you—Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.*

← *These extremely gentle "Midnite" bees will be available next spring from Sears. But this isn't really an advertisement for bees. The Sears folks hope the bee story demonstrates how they work to improve all their products. Note: Sears is announcing its 77th Anniversary Sale in bee talk. "Make a beeline to Sears for a honey of a sale"—Sept. 11 to 21. Amazing value!*

**Leading Corporate Ads:** Western Electric and Sears, Roebuck & Co. tied for top honors with campaigns that shared in different contexts their corporate goals of making things better and making them cost less through imaginative, painstaking research and development of new and better products. The Sears ad is reproduced above.

easily justify extended comment and analysis, but space does not permit. However, a few observations can be recorded.

For example, Shell Oil Company is primarily committed, obviously and properly, to the improvement and sale of its petroleum products, but as a corporate citizen it is also involved in safe driving by the motorist-users of its products. One of the outstanding ads among its two winning campaigns gave specific advice to a father about to lend the family car to his young son for the first time. Boys are regarded by insurance companies as maximum risks when they start driving, as any parent knows. Here is a public interest problem to which a corporation with a related private interest addressed itself helpfully and persuasively.

Again, American industry is aware that modern technology requires more education for proper use of more complex tools and techniques developed in response to market demand. A top ad from Chrysler Corporation discussed advanced educational programs (leading to accredited degrees) that the company maintains to train its own employees. This policy helps guarantee continued product improvement—part of Chrysler's leadership responsibility to stockholders and customers, shared in principle by other progressive corporations in Detroit and around the nation.

Campaign after campaign sustains this kind of serendipitous analysis. For the historic fact is a common purpose exists in a free enterprise system between an enlightened private interest and the public interest. The purpose is to advance our standard of living. All the winning campaigns this year join in fulfilling this national goal.

The corporate involvement with society's good reflected in the winning 1964 campaigns augurs well for the future. When the tremendous power of advertising can so well fulfil the public interest and the private purposes of the advertiser, *SR* hopes that our business and intellectual leaders will expand such advertising, especially now, when our value system confronts so many critical challenges around the world.

**Corporate Campaigns:** An alphabetical list of the winners:

| Company | Agency |
|---|---|
| **Armour and Company** | *Foote,, Cone & Belding, Inc.* |
| **Chrysler Corporation** | *Young & Rubicam, Inc.* |
| **Parke-Davis** | *Young & Rubicam, Inc.* |
| **Sears, Roebuck and Co.** | *Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.* |
| **Texaco, Inc.** | *Benton & Bowles, Inc.* |
| **United Air Lines, Inc.** | *N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.* |
| **Western Electric** | *Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.* |



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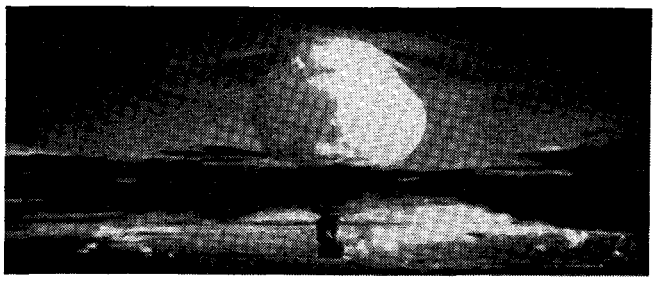


## This is one alternative to the United Nations

The U. N. is not perfect but it is our one best hope. Below are facts about its work that you should know. Read what the U.N. does to help prevent global war.

MANKIND *must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind,*" President Kennedy has said. "*Never have the nations of the world had so much to lose or so much to gain.*"

Former President Dwight Eisenhower has said that the U.N. "*accomplished what no nation—or any limited group of nations—could have accomplished alone.*"

1. *In the Cuban crisis*, the U.N. provided the means and the place to confront the Russians before the world. World opinion turned against them.

2. *In the Congo*, the U.N. helped restore order, to prevent Russia and other powers from taking over. A "brush fire" was contained before it could ignite the world. Dag Hammarskjold died for peace.

3. *In the Suez crisis*, war between Egypt and Israel drew in other countries. Russia brandished rockets. But the U.N. helped police a cease-fire with troops from ten small nations.

4. *In Korea*, U.S. forces bore the lion's share of the burden. But 15 other U.N. nations had forces in action, and the communist tide was stemmed.

5. *In Indonesia, Libya, Somalia, Togo, Tanganyika*, colonial conflicts were healed. New nations were born and became U.N. members.

6. *In Lebanon*, U.N. observers checked communist-supported subversion. The United States could then bring home 10,000 U.S. Marines.

**A forum for releasing pressures**

The U.N. provides a forum for governments to "blow off steam." Far better to pound a shoe than to unleash a rocket. World leaders are "onstage" before the conscience of world opinion.

But there are failures, too. The U.N. was helpless in the Hungarian uprising. The U.N. protests, but has not changed, apartheid in South Africa. North Korea has not been freed. And the disarmament debates go on and on as nations arm.

The United Nations has far to go but when we mock its weaknesses, we mock ourselves.

**How the U.N. gets at the roots of war**

Working quietly behind the headlines, U.N. agencies feed, shelter, protect, cure, teach, and inform millions of the world's "have-not" people. How many of these agencies can you identify?

UNICEF. The United Nations Children's Fund helps underdeveloped nations help their children. Ever heard of yaws? It's a tropical disease that turns a child into a helpless mass of open sores. Yaws can be cured completely with one dose of penicillin, costing fifteen cents.

*There's a wonderful way you can help* UNICEF *get that fifteen cents—by sending the delightful U.N. Christmas cards designed by world-famous artists. Each year, U.S. children raise money for* UNICEF *by trick-or-treating on Halloween.*

WHO. The World Health Organization aids peace by making war—on malaria, tuberculosis, syphilis, leprosy and other diseases around the world. But the life expectancy of a child in Southeast Asia is still only thirty years.

FAO. The Food and Agriculture Organization helps nations of the world increase the output of farmlands, forests, fisheries, and raise nutrition levels. Half the people of the world still exist primarily on rice. Millions are still undernourished.

UNESCO. The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization concentrates on education. Almost half the world's adults cannot read or write. More than one-quarter billion children are not in school. Another Dag Hammarskjold may be among them, lost to the world.

*What about the Russians?* No one should underestimate this problem, but history proves that the Soviet Union cannot dominate the U.N.

*Important U.N. actions have gone into effect over bitter communist opposition. These include the Congo, Korea, the defeat of the Troika proposal (a three-headed Secretariat), and the strengthening of the General Assembly. All were important victories for the West, and for world peace.*

Many Americans do not realize that the General Assembly can authorize action among its own members, with or without the blessing of the Security Council. In the Suez crisis, it was the *Assembly* which dispatched forces to the Gaza Strip.

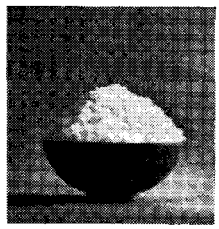
**What you can do to help**

On the U.N.'s birthday, Ambassador Stevenson said, "Our country's pride should be that we stood by the United Nations, the meeting house of the Family of Man, in its time of hardest trial." The U.N. *needs* the moral support of every American, not out of fear alone, but out of *understanding*. You can help. Express your views about the U.N. to your neighbors, friends, and government representatives. Get the facts. Write to the U.S. Committee for the United Nations, New York 11, for a free copy of the important pamphlet, "The U.N. in Action." The U.S. Committee for the United Nations is a non-profit, privately supported citizens' organization whose chairman is appointed annually by the President of the United States.

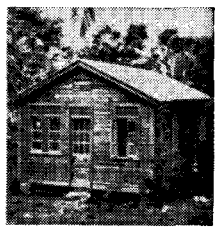
U.S. COMMITTEE FOR THE UNITED NATIONS

*Contributed by this magazine as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council*

First-class travel



Exotic foods



Luxurious living

with pay

The Peace Corps isn't exactly glamorous. You're going to be right in there with monotony, illiteracy and an army of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. Helping people who have asked for help. You're going to work 16 hours a day and sometimes some of the people won't even know what you're doing there in the first place. And you will see one fraction of the results you'd hoped for. But it's worth it when a kid in Nigeria understands what an alphabet is and some day will be able to use it. When a farmer in India gets chickens with some meat on them for a change. Or when Colombian villagers learn to work together for the first time—and this new spirit of unity builds a health center. The Peace Corps works in 48 countries—not changing the world dramatically, but not leaving it the same, either. It's tough to get into the Peace Corps. But we'll be glad to check you out. Just write to: The Peace Corps, Washington, D.C., 20525.

**PEACE CORPS**

**Special Mentions:** Two distinguished campaigns for the Advertising Council aimed at international peace and good will were tied for top recognition. The U. S. Committee for the United Nations ad, prepared by Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, describes the many ways in which the U.N. and its committees strive toward a solution to the complicated problems of the Family of Man, while the ad for the Peace Corps, created by Young & Rubicam, engagingly shows the heartwarming rewards to the individual for his personal contribution toward a better world. These are only two of the many public service messages created for the council voluntarily by various advertising agencies. These messages have been carried to the American public on behalf of safer highways, forest fire prevention, better schools, etc., by national magazines, newspapers, and radio and television stations that again contributed more than $234 million in free space and time during 1963 for this joint venture in public service advertising.

***SR's* TV and Radio Citations:** There follow the details of the four television programs cited by *SR's* judges for distinguished achievement in the public interest.

**Travelers Insurance Co.** — ***CBS Reports*** — **CBS-TV**

For an especially provocative year in the record of this distinguished series, combining expert journalism with a flair for capturing public attention in such individual programs as *The Silent Spring of Rachel Carson, The Priest and the Politician, The Great American Funeral,* and *Storm Over the Supreme Court.*

**NBC** — ***That Was the Week That Was*** **(Special BBC program on the assassination of President Kennedy)** — **NBC-TV**

For a deeply moving, sensitive, and eloquent program of immediate commentary on the occasion of the tragic event by the staff of the BBC's *That Was the Week That Was.* Written and produced against a remarkably short deadline, it was a *tour de force* of understanding, respect, and affection—done with great taste and professional skill.

**Reynolds Metals** — ***The Richard Boone Show*** — **NBC-TV**

For a gallant if ill-fated effort to invest television drama with the dedication of a company of actors working together regularly in repertory. The series, strongly supported by Reynolds Metals, the principal sponsor, was canceled by the network.

**Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)** — ***Festival of Performing Arts*** — **WNEW-TV**

For using television at the highest level of artistic purpose and achievement to illuminate the creative process for a viewing public hungry for insight and understanding of the artistic impulse at work in many varied manifestations.

**Special Citation:** To the television and radio networks and stations, for unhesitatingly placing the nation's need for information, consensus, orderly succession, and therapy above all other considerations during the three days following the assassination of President Kennedy; for canceling all sponsored programs; for the massive achievement of organizing the coverage of the swiftly moving events and for sensitivity in helping to set the national mood of dignity, unity, constitutional processes, and maturity: an accomplishment marred only by the questionable influence of the role of the broadcasting media in the shooting of Lee Oswald by Jack Ruby.



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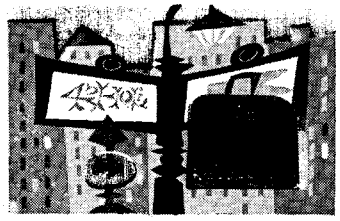
# Madison Avenue



## The Adman in Politics

EMISSARIES from the leading Presidential candidates have been prowling Madison Avenue lately, lining up advertising agencies for the 1964 campaign. Predictably, their efforts are causing disquiet among those who oppose the intervention of professional advertising men in the political process.

The quadrenniel chorus of protest against Madison Avenue causes bewilderment in the advertising fraternity. In an age of mass communication, they reason, there is no point in excluding from politics the very men who earn their living in just this specialty.

It is significant, they note, that even the British Labor Party has lately had to bury its traditional antipathy toward advertising. During the last election the Laborites angrily denounced the Conservatives' "Madison Avenue techniques," but this year the Socialists plan to build a major ad campaign around the slogan "Let's go with Labor."

The case against the use of admen in political campaigns has always revolved around one key point. "The trouble with admen," this argument runs, "is that they try to sell candidates like toothpaste."

Joost Meerloo put it more eloquently. "Advertising men," he wrote, "water down the spontaneity and creativity of thoughts into sterile and streamlined clichés."

To support their case, advertising opponents are fond of pointing to the 1952 campaign of TV spots developed by a group of advertising men for General Eisenhower. About $1,500,000 was spent on a series of twenty-second spots on which an "ordinary citizen" would ask a question, such as, "Mr. Eisenhower, what about the high cost of living?"

The general would then reply, in a folksy manner, "My wife, Mamie, worries about the same thing. I tell her it's our job to change that on November fourth."

No one knows whether the Eisenhower commercials helped or hurt the general's image, but is safe to say that they didn't do any good for Madison Avenue's image. Critics charged the spots were far too short to develop any intelligent point that might enlighten the voter. While political dialogue is supposed to clarify issues, the Eisenhower spots merely obscured them. All in all, the campaign reinforced the contention that the advertising fraternity would do well to stick to its toothpaste.

If the Eisenhower spots went astray, however, it would be quite wrong to deduce from this that admen cannot function responsibly in the political process. A far more successful episode of political advertising occurred in the 1962 Senatorial campaign of Jacob Javits. In this campaign, Senator Javits's agency, Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc., determined to show the candidate in the setting in which he operated with greatest effectiveness—namely, in unrehearsed, street-corner conversations with voters.

The videotaped commercials were mostly five minutes long, giving the Senator time to explain his position fully. Moreover, they were constantly updated to stay abreast of the news. As a result, they were both newsy and convincing.

"Whether it is politics or toothpaste, the object is to expose your product in the most favorable light and to do it vividly, memorably, and honestly," says Julian Koenig, president of Papert, Koenig, Lois.

The Javits TV campaign illustrated how an advertising technician could aid a candidate by exposing him in the most favorable possible way before the largest possible audience at the lowest possible cost. This sort of counsel helps not only a candidate, but also the democratic process as a whole. Good political advertising heightens voter interest.

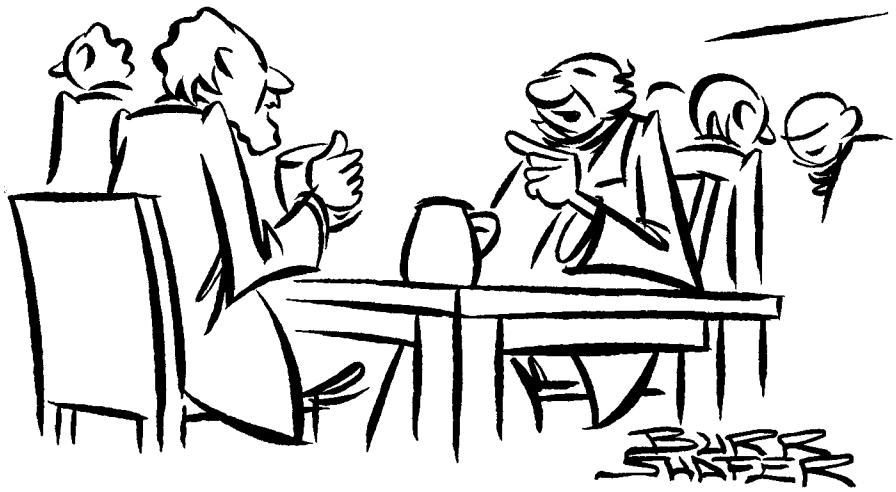
In a recent speech, Dr. George Gallup, the noted pollster, belabored Presidential candidates for their compulsive reliance on nineteenth-century campaign techniques. Candidates, he said, both exhaust their energies and demean the office for which they are running by racing from street corner to street corner, pumping hands and kissing babies. Why should it be necessary, asked Dr. Gallup, for a candidate to give twenty speeches a day when he can reach 100,000,000 voters simultaneously?

It will always be important, he acknowledged, for candidates to meet the people and make grass-roots appearances. But there is a serious question whether candidates aren't trying too hard for the individual vote and, at the same time, making inadequate use of the mass media. Richard Nixon, it will be remembered, so thoroughly exhausted himself in day-to-day campaigning that he presented himself as a haggard, forlorn figure in the TV debates with President Kennedy.

Some critics may argue that the admen bring dishonesty and deception into the political arena. But dishonesty was there long before the admen came along; indeed, party platforms represent a form of blatant misrepresentation that would embarrass the most battle-hardened denizen of Madison Avenue.

Candidates, therefore, might learn some fruitful lessons by listening to the men from Madison Avenue. The adman, after all, learned to master mass media at a time when personal salesmanship was no longer a tenable goal. Perhaps it is time that the candidate, too, learned to substitute mass persuasion for the personal handshake.

PETER BART.




THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And this clerk being late wasn't all, Mr. Dickens. He wanted to be paid for Christmas even though he didn't work."



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# Talk Me Out of the Ball Game

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

IT'S spring and the voice of the sportscaster is heard in the land.

"I see you're back to broadcast another season of baseball," I told Larry Gasser as I entered his thesaurus-lined booth at the stadium.

"Right you are," he said, his eyes twinkling with diamond dust; "I'll be sending all the action-packed thrills and thrill-packed action to the folks who can't come on out here."

"It's good to see your mouth in shape so early in the season."

"Well, a game in April counts as much as one in September."

"How do you think your team will do this year?"

"They could go all the way," he said thoughtfully, "unless they fold in a stretch drive. Weighing all the ifs, they could do it, but you never know. They're sure great competitors, with the hustle and moxie to go for all the marbles. So if they don't choke, they're the team to beat."

"You mean every other team is a team to lose to?"

"No, I'm just taking a stab on who'll make the World Series."

"You mean—"

"Sorry, the Fall Classic. However, on a game-by-game basis, night and day, under the sun, I'd never hazard a guess on the outcome of any individual contest, especially when there's so much human element involved. In a short series, it can go either way. Any given team can beat any other given team."

"On any given day?"

"How about that!"

"Have you any advice for young sportscasters breaking in?"

"Well, breaking in involves the breaks, and they're always intangibles. But I think the most important thing for the young sportscaster—as well as the youthful broadcaster of sports—to remember is the difference between radio and television. Television has pictures to supplement your talk, and radio has sound—which, of course, is the condition of any player not hamstrung by injuries. And let's hope those injuries aren't serious, because no one likes to see a boy get hurt."

"We'll be pulling for any man who's pulled anything."

"Way to go, big fella."

"I'm only five-three."

"But you're all heart."

"What else should a newcomer remember?" I asked.

"He has to learn to call the crucial moment when a key play produces a turning point—or vice versa."

"You mean the play or point that makes a hero or a goat."

"Yes, but remember that today's goat is tomorrow's hero, hanging in there, just waiting for opportunity to knock, open the door, and set the stage."

"Then in the last analysis, it's the fortunes of the game that make the difference, so to speak."

"A finer difference than you think," he said brightly, "for baseball is a game of inches. A little nubber can hug the baseline and then just go foul if a man swinging from the heels doesn't get good wood on the ball."

"Way to go, holler guy; you're hot!"

"And a ball labeled base hit can be neatly converted into a twin killing by a third baseman playing heads-up ball."

"Don't you mean a keystone sacker?"

"Right; I bobbled one. It happens to the best of them."

"But you're always in form for that big play that not only produces a heart-stopping moment but also turns the tide."

"Or at least is the equalizer, especially in a game that's got the fans on the edges of their seats, holding their collective breaths."

"A squeaker."

"With both hurlers (or moundsmen) locked in a scoreless duel and the outcome riding on every pitch."

"And all the players hanging in there."

"Giving it that little bit extra, like the great competitors they are."

"Are there any *bad* competitors?" I asked.

"Not when the chips are down and the pressure is up," he said with earnest sincerity. "Just money ballplayers who give it—to coin a phrase—everything they've got."

"Talking about ballplayers, do you have your eye on any good rookies?"

"Yes, a few show great promise, but only time will tell if they have the stuff to become seasoned campaigners—that is, poised veterans; a seasoned campaigner could also be a salty politician."

"And a poised veteran could be a cool colonel. So let's just say old pros, men like Mantle, Mays, and Skowron."

"Each is a crowd-pleaser who can hurt you, a fella with a big bat who's always up there swinging. Those big guns can change the complexion of a game with one cut—sorry, one ripple. They love to rewrite the record book."

"I guess the Yankees will miss Berra's big bat in the clutch."

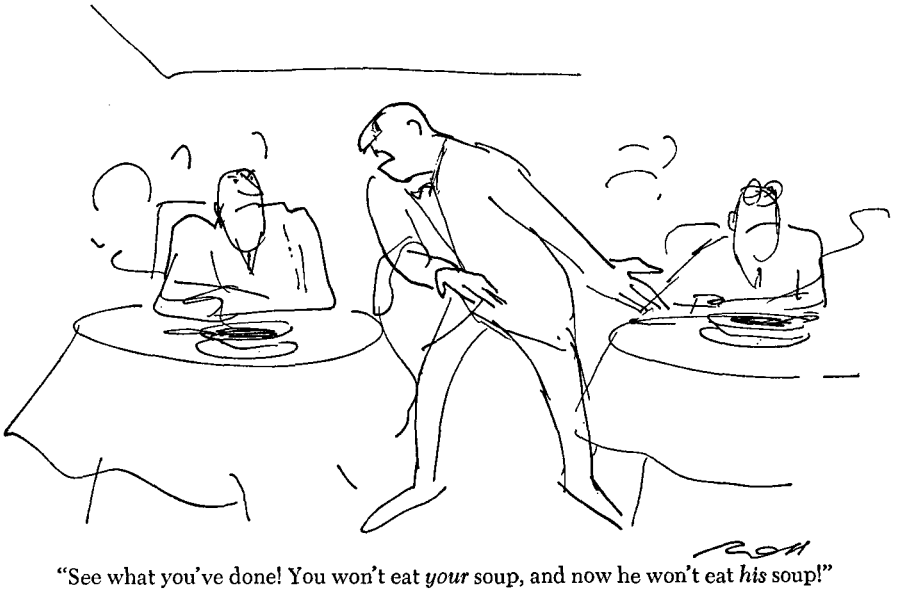
"Where he so often came through and/or delivered. There was a man who battled you all the way."

"In other words, right down to the wire."

"He never let up. Whether his bat was hot or cold, he could hurt you."

"Is there anyone who *can't* hurt you?"

"No; any man with a bat in his hands can suddenly come alive and make it a new ballgame. That's why a sportscaster has to anticipate every situation and realize it can go either way, no matter what the outcome may be. Because unless the teams are using chimpanzees, there's always that human element."



"See what you've done! You won't eat *your* soup, and now he won't eat *his* soup!"



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# Reporting the World's Fair

By JOHN TEBBEL

ON April 22, when Moses's Miracle rises from the marshy jungles of Flushing Meadows to delight its friends and confound its enemies, a locust-like army of human beings whose numbers may exceed 100,000,000 will descend upon this most stupendous World's Fair of them all. That figure will include an uncounted smaller army of people in the communications business whose job it will be to record the events of the two fair seasons.

Months before the opening, these communicators were creating unprecedented problems not encountered in other world's fairs, just as the fair itself has had its own unique problems. Uncertainties have beset the fair from the beginning, but on the eve of its opening these had resolved happily into a single question: How big is it going to be? Attendance estimates had been revised upward by 25,000,000. Advance ticket sale estimates had to be changed constantly as they reached and passed $35,000,000. In the light of these figures, there was some understandable anxiety on the part of those in charge of press relations as to whether the large plans they had made would be large enough.

To understand their anxiety, it is necessary to view the fair in perspective as a business. It is a billion-dollar business, in which some of the most powerful segments of American industry are represented as well as the business interests of many other countries. These commercial enterprises are represented by innumerable trade papers, magazines, and other forms of printed and electronic communication, all of whom eagerly seek the fair's hospitality. In addition, the large army of the working press, common to earlier exhibitions, has been augmented by the formidable legions of television.

Older reporters will remember the comfortable, easygoing press arrangements of the Chicago Century of Progress in 1932-33, when long-playing press passes were obtained with ease, even though the reporter might represent a newspaper whose total readership would not have filled the local Oddfellows' Hall. The press, working and otherwise, was royally entertained in a penthouse atop the Swift Shell, where the lowliest reporter might sit with a publisher in a roof garden, listening to the Chicago Orchestra play far below him while he thoughtfully drank his way through the contents of a refrigerator that had anticipated Henry Wallace's ever-normal granary. Between these ennobling seances, he could count on being amused by the wackiest parade of pseudo-news events ever seen outside of Washington.

The New York World's Fair of 1939 was a far more serious matter, not so much fun for the visiting firemen but better organized for those who had a job to do. It was not without its light moments, but somehow the reporting of that fair was in keeping with a tense, nervous world on the brink of war, although the gentlemen in the splendid foreign pavilions talked of peace.

No better illustration of the vast change a quarter-century has made in communications, as well as in human affairs, could be drawn than by a comparison of how the press was handled at these past exhibitions and how it will be entertained in this Year of the Unisphere.

For the first time, the press and the fair itself are entirely in the hands of professional public relations counsel. If the fair is the smashing success it shows every indication of being, it will be the greatest triumph the public relations business (or profession, or industry, according to viewpoint) has known in its relatively brief history. It is, in any case, a public relations effort on a scale never seen before.

At every stage of fair planning, Robert Moses and his aides have had the PR evaluations of Thomas J. Deegan, Jr., who is chairman of the fair's executive committee. William Berns, a vice-president, heads an eighty-member (more or less) Communications and PR Department, which itself is served by two PR firms—William J. Donoghue Associates, handling publicity, and Deegan's own company, in charge of promotion. Advertising, considered part of the total communications effort, is in the hands of J. Walter Thompson. This impressive array of talent is further supplemented by the PR representatives of the fair's thirty-six concessionaires, fifty-seven licensees, and 429 exhibitors—in all, representing 355 companies, fifty nations, and twenty-four states. Not to forget the old master himself, Fair President Moses.

Broadcasting has made the most spectacular difference in coverage of this fair, in comparison with the earlier expositions. RCA has installed the world's largest closed-circuit color TV system, which will provide visitors with twelve hours of programing every day, consisting of five-minute, hourly news shows; short films provided by exhibitors; and both live and taped interviews with prominent personalities. Innumerable radio and TV shows will originate from the fair, and on opening day an hour-and-a-half spectacular on NBC-TV will be relayed by satellite to Europe, including those nations that have given Mr. Moses so much trouble.

Through the ordinary publicity channels, the fair's PR machinery had, before opening day, ground out more than 1,500 releases and distributed more than 20,000,000 brochures to travel and transportation companies, schools, and banks. There have also been department store promotions, a commemorative stamp, and contests with trips to the fair as prizes. The astonishing advance sale has cut down on the need for direct advertising; only $300,000 had been spent up to April 1, and it was understood that paid space would be used only to stimulate attendance if that appeared necessary. Advertising expenditures by exhibitors, however, were expected to soar to no less than $150,000,000.

AT the center of fair communications is the Press Building, a severely modern white structure across the street from the Illinois pavilion. Its 19,000 square feet make it the largest such building ever constructed for a single event, yet it is already so taxed that radio and television activities have had to be moved to the Singer Bowl nearby. It has a specially designed interview room for press conferences, with elevations for newsreel cameras and the latest thing in electronic lecterns from IBM, which has built-in clocks and stopwatches and controls capable of raising, lowering, or even tilting the manuscript platform—possibly on the theory that what the world needs is more tilted speeches. The room will hold at least 600 people.

In the Press Building are working facilities for the metropolitan area papers maintaining regular day-by-day coverage of the fair, plus quarters for the As-



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sociated Press, United Press International, a few carefully selected magazine organizations, and the more prominent out-of-town newspapers that have indicated a need for such facilities. The wire services will have darkroom and wirephoto space, and there are also offices for RCA Communications, Western Union, and Press Wireless.

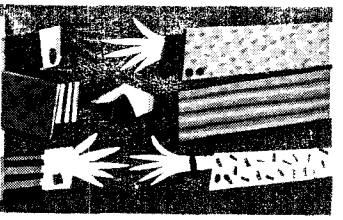
Members of the working press will get permanent passes, while visiting newspapermen from other parts of the nation and the world will be given one-day passes, renewable each day for the duration of their visit. The perennial problem, of course, is how to separate the free-loaders from those with a legitimate job to do. Deegan's frantically busy staff has been deluged with requests for passes from every conceivable kind of publication and has to make more diplomatic decisions in a single day than the State Department does in a month. Many of the visiting press members will be absorbed by the hospitality extended through the press facilities of the major exhibitors. The word "absorbed" is used advisedly.

ALL these arrangements have been the outgrowth of a meeting two years ago, at which representatives of the major newspapers, wire services, and broadcasting companies were asked to specify what they needed. Meanwhile, the fair's own publicity machine, in addition to its pre-opening activities, has worked out plans for continuing coverage. These plans have been the product of the director of publicity, Peter J. McDonnell and his assistant director, Jerome Edelberg, whose nearly two decades on the late *Daily Mirror* were ideal training for the semi-permanent emergency that is his lot today, where minute-by-minute crises are the accepted routine.

When some kind of order is restored after opening day, these publicists and a staff that may total forty (all employees of the Deegan organization) will file a steady stream of releases through a central mailing service in Manhattan to the nation and the world. The public relations wire that has been available to New York papers for some time will be used only for emergencies. Deegan will have a man in Paris busy translating and distributing these releases to a selected list of recipients in various countries. A similar operation will be conducted for the Asian countries, out of Tokyo. At the fair itself, thirty or forty multi-lingual telephone operators will handle inquiries coming in by wire.

As for William J. Donoghue Associates, the other PR counsel, it will have the difficult day-by-day responsibility of handling the media covering the fair. More than 2,500 of these media men are expected for the opening-day ceremonies. After that, the deluge.

# Public Relations



## Making Overseas Friends

TIME was when an American corporation abroad could do its specific job, remain aloof from the host country, make a fair profit, and all would be well. It is far different today, for the American corporation overseas is more than a privately owned company tending to its own knitting. Both the corporation and its personnel now must not only show a concern for the people and institutions of their host country but also try to make a contribution to that country's general welfare.

The better-managed U.S. corporations know this. They run their enterprises with a constant consideration of local interests. This means more than employing indigenous personnel. It means more than scrupulous obedience to all laws and customs of the host country. The American corporation, besides making a profit, must convince the overseas country that it is interested in the advancement and attuned to the aspirations of the local nationals.

The responsibility of American corporate management is greater overseas than at home in one crucial respect. Abroad, a corporation represents the United States as well as its own stockholders. This country's reputation depends heavily on the manner in which American businesses are run and the extent to which they show awareness of the desires and needs of the countries in which they operate.

One example of an alert and responsible American corporation is Pan American World Airways, whose routes cover 72,000 miles on six continents and in a total of eighty-six lands. Its assumption of the obligations of American business

"Dad, I just *know* I'll get the giggles!"



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abroad is modern, vigorous, and realistic.

Of Pan American's 7,000 employees overseas, only 300 (4 per cent) are U.S. citizens. In many of its bases, in fact, there is only one American citizen; in Lisbon, there is none. While local laws in many countries require employment of nationals, Pan Am's policy goes far beyond any such governmental regulations. Furthermore, because the company's American staff overseas consists mainly of people who have selected long-term assignments abroad as a career, they have a chance to become skilled at working in foreign countries.

Those directly charged with public relations responsibilities overseas are almost without exception trained journalists of the countries in which they are stationed—former war correspondents, ex-editors of American-language newspapers, or those who have worked abroad long enough to grasp the background of the country in which they serve Pan Am now. Most of the company's overseas public relations men (of which there are thirty-nine in Europe, South America, and the Orient) have been at their current posts for at least ten years.

Pan Am has also made an unusual contribution through the Intercontinental Hotel Corporation (started in 1946, following a suggestion of President Roosevelt to Pan Am's Juan Trippe). By the end of this year it will have twenty-seven hotels in operation, and the eventual goal is more than seventy, none in the U.S. In every case, the hotel strives to be a local enterprise. Pan Am acts as a junior partner with local government, industry, financial institutions, or leading citizens.

In January 1961 Pan Am set up its World Wide Marketing Service to provide information for those seeking trade in countries where the airline operates. It is welcomed by nations overseas that seek American buyers and sellers and is of great value to Americans seeking buyers abroad.

But the airline's most interesting and useful development is its technical assistance program. Since 1955 Pan Am

# Court Decision Strengthens Freedom

THE right of newspapers to engage in non-malicious criticism of public officials received important reinforcement from the U. S. Supreme Court Monday in a case involving The New York Times.

During racial demonstrations in Montgomery, Ala., in March of 1960, the Times published an advertisement criticizing the handling of the demonstrations by city officials. Some of the material in the advertisement was later shown to be inaccurate.

Although the advertisement mentioned no names, Police Commissioner L. B. Sullivan sued for libel and won a $500,000 judgment in the circuit court of Montgomery County.

The Supreme Court nullified this judgment Monday on the grounds that Sullivan had failed to prove the Times acted with malice. To do that, the Court said, Sullivan would have had to show the Times knew the inaccurate matter was, in fact, false or that the Times published the material "with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not."

One of the major purposes of the First Amendment to the United States Constitution was to make criticism of public officials for their performance of official duties secure.

The Amendment was clearly designed to protect critics of government—whether they are members of the press or not—from the kind of intimidation that has greeted critics of racial policies in Alabama.

The Times still faces an additional $5 million worth of libel suits in that state and the Columbia Broadcasting System is being sued in Alabama for $1.5 million.

In referring to the $500,000 judgment against the Times, Justice Brennan said:

"Whether or not a newspaper can survive a succession of such judgments, the pall of fear and timidity imposed upon those who would give voice to public criticism is an atmosphere in which the First Amendment freedoms cannot survive."

The Supreme Court's decision Monday should do a good deal to dispel that pall.

ALTHOUGH the decision was unanimous, three justices signed concurring opinions which would have expanded the right to criticize public officials considerably further than the majority did.

Justices Hugo Black and Arthur J. Goldberg, joined in their separate opinions by Justice William O. Douglas, said the Court should have established an absolute privilege for criticism of officials, even when the criticism is prompted by malice.

It is probably well that the majority did not go that far. The court thus protects criticism of officials, even severe criticism, for good public purposes, without, at the same time, protecting malicious defamation of character.

The Court has shown wisdom in strengthening the one without the other. Its decision Monday is a landmark in the history of freedom in this country.

*Reprinted from The Denver Post*

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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has joined with overseas countries to set up brand-new airlines or has worked to develop existing ones that are, or may become, direct competitors.

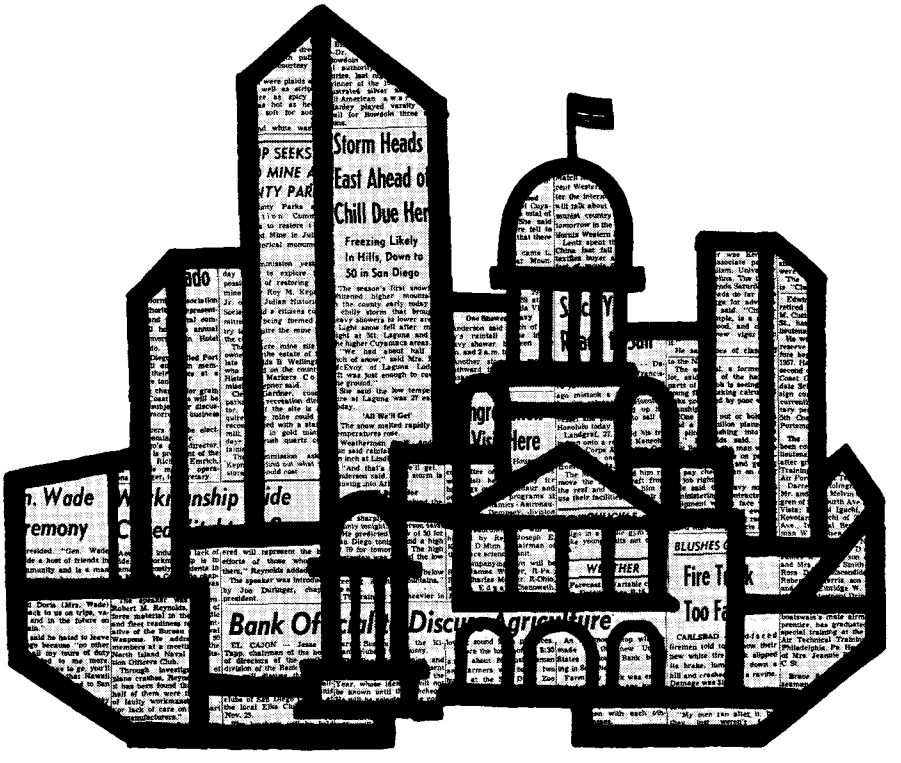
The Turkish Airlines project began after the Turkish Government asked the U.S. Government to help modernize its airlines. Pan Am was chosen. Contracts between Pan Am and Turkish Airlines were written with Pam Am reimbursed for the costs by the International Cooperation Administration (now the Agency for International Development). Pan Am provided a team of twenty-five technicians as advisers. They included representatives of every department: project director, operations manager, chief pilot, check and training pilots, maintenance manager, maintenance technicians, communications supervisors, traffic and sales manager and representatives, supply manager, financial manager, and others essential to the successful operation of an airline. The technical assistance team had two functions: 1) to establish modern operating and management procedures; 2) to train Turkish substitutes for the Pan Am group. Begun in March 1955, the project was completed in August 1960.

In Pakistan, Pan Am's technical assistance program operated from April 1955 until December 1962. Here a Pan Am team of twenty-five specialists worked with Pakistan International Air Lines as advisers. PIA now operates its own jet fleet on a completely self-sufficient basis, established in minimum time and at minimum risk. Today PIA competes with Pan Am.

The Afghanistan project, started in March 1957, is still in progress. Here the job was to establish an airline, Ariana Afghan Airlines, from scratch. Pan Am's latest project, in Iran, began this past February. A new airline wholly owned by the Iranian government succeeded two privately owned airlines that needed modern operating procedures. At Iran's request to the U.S. Government (passed, in turn, to Pan Am), limited technical assistance has been started and will be expanded later. In addition, plans are being drawn by Pan Am to set up new airlines in three African countries.

Helping nations set up airlines, providing skilled men and experience, training ground and air crews—all this is a long way from the old days when an American corporation "minded its own business" abroad. In the long run, what Pan Am is doing abroad will help not only nations overseas, but itself and U.S. foreign policy. Public relations here performs its most significant function.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.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## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Wintergreen. 2. *Green Grow the Lilacs.* 3. Paris green. 4. Green Bay Packers. 5. Greenhorn. 6. Green light. 7. Greenland. 8. Greenback Labor (or plain Greenback). 9. The green room. 10. The Green Mountain Boys. 11. *The Wearin' o' the Green.* 12. *The Green Pastures.* 13. Greenwich Village (New York City). 14. A green thumb. 15. *Green Mansions.*

## FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1079

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1079 will be found in the next issue.*

KTCZ KC TSFC BZWCEMRPPW,

KC TCSE LZ ECREPMXCYR.

XEPBMR

---

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1078***

*Look wise, say nothing, and grunt. Speech was given to conceal thought.*

—OSLER.

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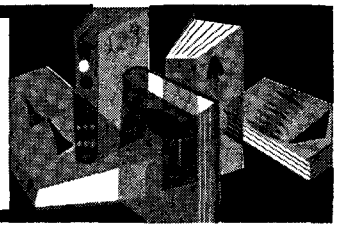
# Books in Communications



## The Emperor's Clothes

IT IS axiomatic that a totalitarian system cannot tolerate a free press. Journalists are incorrigibly unreliable yes-men, and there is always the danger that one of them, in a reckless moment, will suddenly conceive it his duty to point out that the emperor has no clothes. Because such a revelation can be embarrassingly disruptive of political dignity—especially if it is true—dictators have found it prudent to make it clear that writers, editors, and publishers must be among the foremost defenders of the totalitarian faith. This axiom was chillingly borne out in Hitler's Germany, where in a single decade a free and flourishing press was turned into an awesomely powerful instrument of conquest.

The record of the Nazi transition has now been brilliantly told and documented by Oren J. Hale, a professor of history at the University of Virginia who in 1945, while on duty with the War Department Historical Mission in Germany, interrogated publishers and party officials who had been concerned with the prewar and wartime press. His book, *The Captive Press in the Third Reich* (Princeton, $6.50), reveals how a handful of wily and unscrupulous men were able to topple a cornerstone of German society. It also reveals, for all men to ponder, why the job wasn't as difficult as one might have predicted.

Prewar Germany published more newspapers than any other industrial country. By 1932, according to one count, there were 4,703 dailies and weeklies (there are only about twice that number in the entire U.S. today). Into this publishing milieu, in the early 1920s, stepped as unlikely a newspaperman as ever bellowed a stop-the-press order. He was Max Amann, ex-law clerk, ex-banker, ex-army sergeant, and business adviser to one Adolf Hitler. His newspaper was an insignificant and ailing sheet called the *Völkischer Beobachter*, but it had at least one advantage: It was owned and financially backed by the Nazi Party. As circulation climbed—from some 7,000 in 1921 to well over 1,000,000 in 1941—its influence grew and it became an important instrument for disseminating Nazi ideas.

In its early years, however, the *Völkischer Beobachter* was merely one of a broad range of German newspapers adhering to a variety of political views. If a person didn't like what it said, he was free to read something else. But Hitler, who from the beginning took a close interest in the press, soon set about remedying that problem. Wherever the party had trouble making headway, he established a Nazi daily to weaken resistance. And he appointed Max Amann to the post of Reich Leader of the Press.

As Nazi power grew, it became possible to take more direct measures in suppressing rival views. In some cases papers were confiscated. In others, Nazi publishers moved into established newspaper plants or, if space was inadequate, carted presses and other equipment to their own plants. Meanwhile, what remained of the non-Nazi press was becoming enmeshed in a web of regulations and controls. Nazis were appointed to high posts on newspapers and were permitted to take over both the German publishers' association and its counterpart, the association of editors and writers. Many publishers, playing it safe (or so they thought), adopted a neutral policy toward the Nazis. As Hale writes, "Not a word of protest—not even an announcement—was uttered at the massive assault on freedom of the press resulting from the suppression of 150 Socialist and Communist newspapers. The executive committee [of the publishers' association] also published a statement of solidarity with the government . . . in denouncing the 'atrocity propaganda' directed by the foreign press against the new regime. For this demonstration of 'national discipline' they were thanked by Goebbels."

By 1933 the fiction of press freedom had been clearly abandoned. One law of that year required journalists to "regulate their work in accordance with National Socialism as a philosophy of life and as a conception of government." In the land of Gutenberg, the free press was legally dead.

*The Captive Press in the Third Reich* may not be as briskly compelling as a best-seller, and its detailed discussions of legal complexities are likely to prove tedious to some readers. But any newspaperman concerned with his own freedom to print the truth will do well to study this example of one case in which that freedom was lost.

**Wrongs and Writers:** The muckrakers, those celebrated journalistic warriors of this century's early years, are often depicted as men and women whose talent was criticism rather than creation. Writers like Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, and Samuel Hopkins Adams, so the argument runs, were uncannily adept at finding the flaws in American society; but, once having found and reported them, they considered the job finished. But this is not quite the case, as David Mark Chalmers's *The Social and Political Ideas of the Muckrakers* (Citadel, $3.50) makes clear. If the muckrakers' initial purpose was simply to expose corruption, by the time their era was ended each of them had evolved his own philosophy of reform. The path to the Grail may have been socialism or government regulation or some more novel panacea, but the muckrakers all shared the view expressed by Steffens in a letter to Theodore Roosevelt in 1907: "I am not seeking proof of crime and dishonesty. . . . What I am after is the cause and the purpose and the methods by which our government . . . is made to represent not the common, but the special interests; the reason why it is so hard to do right in the U.S.; the secret of the power which makes it necessary for you, Mr. President, to fight to give us a 'square deal.'" In short, the muckrakers all offered what Chalmers calls "affirmative creeds"—even if those creeds were sometimes drowned out by the crackle of debate that inevitably followed publication of their articles.

Chalmers's book is a short one—127 pages, including bibliography—but it constitutes a valuable outline of the muckrakers' ideas. Although the principal writers of the movement, thirteen by the author's reckoning, are discussed individually, the book adds up to an impressively complete view of one of American journalism's liveliest and most enterprising eras. —JAMES F. FIXX.



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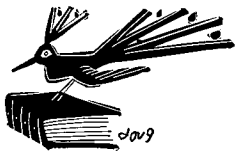
# J. Walter Thompson

*Continued from page 71*

business, a manufacturer who could be the first in his field to offer a "nationally advertised" brand could secure from retailers and distributors a more receptive hearing for his salesmen. Though Thompson had then long lost his exclusive magazine franchises, I was enjoined to remember: "Wherever you see smoke coming out of a factory chimney, you ought to see to it that magazine advertising orders come out the office door." And I did, in fact, successfully introduce a number of such nationally advertised "firsts," with advertising budgets that would now seem ridiculously small.

As all advertising agents, along with Thompson, lost their exclusive publication franchises, they became known as "general agents" and held themselves



out as having facilities for placing advertising in publications of every kind. Thus in the 1890s Thompson was issuing annual directories giving information about the "estimated" circulations and rates for all the "leading" daily and weekly newspapers, magazines, and farm, mail order, educational, medical, and foreign-language publications in the country.

Competition between agencies now returned partly to their ability to "deal" on prices with both publishers and advertisers, but also on their experience and on their ability to prepare advertising copy that would insure results.

When I came into the Thompson Company in 1912, it was one of the three or four largest agencies in the country. It had offices in New York, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Toronto, and London. And it was Thompson's boast that his check was good in any publication office, anywhere in the world—incidentally, this is still the *sine qua non* for "recognition" of any agency by any publisher.

But to the day of Thompson's retirement, at the end of 1916, all his emphasis was on the sale of advertising and on financial integrity of both publisher and advertiser. "What are your vacation plans?" he said to me on one of my visits from Cincinnati to New York. When I said they were for winter, he said: "Right! Stay on the job in the summer, and solicit the clients of your competitor while *he* is on vacation." The solicitor, who brought in the business, and to whom he in turn paid commissions, was the man he was interested in. Copywriters and artists—well, he supposed they were necessary.

His views on what made advertising work were simple, and very basic: Have a good product, trademark it, tell people about it in simple terms, and keep telling them over and over again. But so profound was his belief in this formula that he would, if necessary to get a new product started, take the advertiser's notes (at 6 per cent interest) for his first advertising bills.

His belief in trade-marks early led him to adopt one of his own. This was an owl, with widespread wings, holding a Greek lamp in his claws. This, he said, was "The Emblem of Wisdom with the Lamp of Science."

In one of his directories, among "Suggestions to Advertisers," he said: "This agency has expert writers and designers to serve its patrons." But perhaps more representative of his own interest in "copy" is the story of the Corticelli kitten.

When an artist presented to him a new painting of this kitten playing with a ball of the advertiser's silk thread, Thompson said, "Beautiful! Beautiful! All it needs is a big bow of red silk ribbon around that kitten's neck."

"But, Mr. Thompson, that will ruin it" protested the artist.

"Yes," said Thompson, "I know it will. And so will the advertiser see that it does. So he will say: 'Take that terrible bow off that kitten's neck!' Then he will feel that *he* has made the advertisement a good one."

"Emblem of Wisdom," yes. But "Lamp of Science"? That was to await the arrival of Thompson's successor, Stanley Burnett Resor.

# Letters to the Communications Editor

*Continued from page 70*

other commercial personalities. Anthony Newley recorded *Tribute,* and even a rock-'n'-roll group recorded a song in the late President's memory. Almost every record company has put out some sort of memorial album to the President, dealing with events of the four days, as well as events prior to and after the tragedy.

Mr. Tebbel also neglected the other major magazines' tribute issues. The two *Newsweek* issues on the assassination and President Johnson's first days rank, in my opinion, among the best efforts in solidifying the hysteria of those days. And down from this high point, one publishing company is offering a handful of Kennedy material for $1.50—a collection of magazines on the Dallas affair, on the President's life, on Jackie's life, on Caroline's life, on the Kennedy clan's life. Certain bookstores have also reported brisk sales on the lives of other Presidential assassinations and similar deaths. . . .

SKIP FERDERBER.

Hollywood, Calif.

### Sorry, Mr. Seltzer

MY LETTER CONCERNING relative television-newspaper costs and expenditures during the Kennedy assassination weekend [*SR* Mar. 14] unfortunately labeled me as "executive editor" of the Cleveland *Press.* My apologies to Louis B. Seltzer, editor of the *Press.* He is, in fact, my landlord, and I am his admiring and appreciative tenant, but only as editor of *Scripps-Howard News,* concern-wide magazine for Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

J. B. STEPHENS.

Cleveland, O.

"Are you sure Miss Ramsey said it was all right? None of the other children brought home *their* teaching machines."



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## CLASSIFIED

*CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.*

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**307 WORLDWIDE** Different 25¢. Sensational approvals. Niagara Stamps, St. Catharine's 214, Ontario.

(Continued on page 90)



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# CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 89)

## PERSONALS

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**SUMMER JOBS**—Over 35,000 summer jobs (also 7,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $5.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for "Summer Jobs." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Institute, 173 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.) Also "Summer Opportunities for Teenagers" (includes jobs; part-time work; travel, sports, special interest, foreign camps, etc.), $3.00. Supply limited.

**RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES.** Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

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**31ST WRITERS' CONFERENCE** in the Rocky Mountains, July 19th-July 31st. Outstanding staff: George Lanning, Short Story; John Frederick Nims, Poetry; William O. Steele, Juvenile; Leonard Gross, Nonfiction; Novel, William Lederer. Write John H. Wrenn, Director, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

## PERSONALS

**INTERNATIONAL GIFTS FOR GIVING.** Free color catalogue. Flowerland, North 35 Village Court, Midland, Texas.

**HAVE ART COLLECTION** of museum quality—various valuations. Pre-Columbian, Near East and South Pacific. Willing to exchange for land acreage anywhere in U.S. Box G-507.

**POETS**—Intensive summer Poetry Workshop at famous Aspen, Colorado, high in Rockies. 9 weeks or weekly. Beginners to advanced. Write: Aspen School of Contemporary Art, 3 Rutherford Place, New York, N.Y. 10003.

**SHOP AT HOME.** Many unusual, carefully selected gifts in our new illustrated brochure. Newco Products, Wayzata 1, Minnesota.

**MALE STENOGRAPHER,** B.A., linguist-tutor desires travel employment. Box G-9.

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**RADCLIFF PBK,** Harvard law degree, mid-30s, wants part-time work in field of better human relations, civil rights, etc. Remuneration secondary, interest primary. No work experience but willing heart. NYC or suburbs. Box G-517.

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**OFFER HOMELY ROOM** and board, $100 month. Must like Bach, books, pets. Los Angeles suburb. Box G-541.

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**VERSATILE WOMAN** teacher, 24, seeks challenging summer position. Experienced. Box G-396.

**YOUNG MAN,** university student, seeks intriguing summer employment. Box G-506.

**STEPHENS COLLEGE** sophomore desires summer employment NYC. Imaginative, creative, excellent with children, can operate switchboard. Box G-381.

**WHICH COLLEGE ENGLISH** or behavioral science department would appoint currently successful publishing executive (graduate work and publication in both disciplines), 44, tough-minded, and minimally neurotic, who considers the pleasures of classroom and campus worth a substantial reduction in income? Box G-385.

**PRINCETON Th.D.,** 33, articles published, studied abroad, Th.M., 8 years pastorate, seeks position in college religion department. Box G-377.

**ENGLISH STUDENT,** male, philosophy, geography, seeks vacation job. July-September. Box G-374.

**ITALY, PRE-ALPS.** Boys/girls, 12 years up, live with Italian family August, September. Mrs. Alberti, Piazza 19, Biella (Vercelli).

**OFFER PLEASANT SUMMER** to strong young man fond of landscaping, art, music, theatre in writers country house on lake 45 minutes from NYC. Box G-516.

**DRAFTABLE, DISILLUSIONED** young man, B.A. German—speaks French, Spanish—seeks challenging employment. Suggestions appreciated. 407 East Lafayette, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

**FORMER AIRLINES STEWARDESS** with secretarial background seeks summer position Cape Cod, exchange room and board. Box G-543.

**COLLEGE ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR,** female, wants summer job in New York. Not persnickety. Box G-528.

**NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO!** Reed coed, Merit Scholar, seeks employment June-August. Experienced writer, editor, tutor, traveler, babysitter, waitress, typist. Box G-50.



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## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**WANTED:** Ph.D.s interested in teaching college level courses in mathematics, business administration, economics, humanities; 8 three hour evening courses annually in Cape Kennedy area. No committee work or other administrative duties. Write: Resident Director, P.O. Box 4393, Patrick A.F.B., Florida.

**"NER"** reports hundreds of SPECIFIC $7,000-$70,000 Executive job openings. Write for free copy. National Employment Reports, 519-N Center, Racine 3, Wisconsin.

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**SCIENCE SPECIALIST** required for private boys' school. Enthusiastic man willing to accept challenge of high academic standards needed. Halifax Grammar School, 5750 Atlantic Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

**SUMMER TUTOR,** male, emphasis Hebrew subjects including Talmud, modern conversation; algebra; geometry; history, for two boys, grades 10 and 6. Board, lodging, beach resort oceanfront home, plus salary. July 1st-September 1st. Give one academic, one personal reference, general background. State salary desired. Box G-387.

**SOCIAL SECRETARY.** Girl Friday, intelligent and personable, capable of managing household and house personnel. Must handle correspondence independently. Requires shorthand and typing abilities. Excellent compensation. Write in detail including education, former position, etc. Box G-379.

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**SENIOR ADVERTISING COPYWRITER.** Major textbook publisher looking for right man to develop advertising copy, working with editors. Desirable background: elementary/high school teaching or textbook sales. Work in Boston. $7,500 upward depending on qualifications. Send complete resume to Box G-372.

**WIDOW SEEKS** woman helper May-October in New England. Driver's license. References. Box G-383.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Sale

**WEST NYACK, N.Y.** Small house, large studios, fireplaces, balcony, acre, terrace, view. $35,000. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

**CONNECTICUT.** Rebuilt sawmill with guest suite near New Haven. Particulars from Box G-103.

**BUCKS COUNTY, NEAR NEW HOPE.** Newly decorated 3 bedroom ranch house. Asking $25,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

**MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.** 1816 white Colonial clapboard house, excellent condition, in New England college town. Spacious corner lawn, shade trees, unusually large rooms, oil heat, storm windows. Attached work and storage shed, large attic, ample walk-in closets. 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, living room, dining room with fireplace, large kitchen and pantry. Barn-garage. $29,500. Easy walk to center of village and college. Box G-380.

**TECHBUILT MODERN:** Stunning house, flexible design, large rooms. Three hilltop acres. Near swimming and Berkshire Tanglewood cultural centers. $29,500.
**SMALL ESTATE:** Two houses of top construction, finest appointments. Swimming pool. 70 acres of complete privacy. 3 hours to NYC. Asking $60,000. Booth Hoddick, Salesman, Lillian Esselstyn, Inc., Kinderhook, N.Y.

**CHARMING HOME** with beautiful grounds. 9 rooms, 1½ baths, 2 fireplaces. Insulated, thermostat-controlled heat. Close to sea. Ecellent private home or with business. $20,000. Loan available.
**ISLAND**—7 acres, off Nova Scotia. Fieldstone house, 2 frame buildings, 160 ft. pier, artesian well, deep anchorage. Family or sportsman's retreat. $8,750. Herbert P. Whyte, East Sullivan, Maine.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Sale—Furnished

**HAWAIIAN HILLTOP STUDIO.** Secluded, quiet retreat. View. Jenkins, Anahola, Kauai.

**SUPERB VIEW** of Mount Desert, Maine, from Cranberry Island shore. 4 bedrooms, modern Cape Cod, furnished. $22,000 cash. Box G-386.

**3½ PARKLIKE ACRES** near Washington, N.J. 5 room Colonial, furnished, modern equipment. $18,500. Sibley, 1442 Campbell, Rahway, N.J.

### For Rent—Furnished

**SECLUDED VERMONT FARMHOUSE,** 120 acres meadow and forest, half hour drive from Bread Loaf. Season $300, year $600. Box G-184.

**SPAIN, COSTA DEL SOL.** New villa. Attractively furnished double bedrooms, modern kitchen, bathroom. Full-time maid. Car available. Magnificent view Mediterranean. Box G-389.

**RIVIERA:** Fully equipped country house in quiet inland village 12 miles above Nice. Four months minimum lease. Available June. Box G-536.

### For Summer Rental

**SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET**—Charming, spacious rose-covered cottage: 5 rooms, 2 baths, washer, fireplace, lovely garden, patio, moor view, garage. Includes guest cottage: 2 bedrooms, kitchenette, bath. Seclusion, but only 5 minute walk to stores, beach, tennis, golf. June 15th-August 7th, $1,350, plus gardener and utilities. Also available May and September. References. UNiversity 5-8853 NYC or Box G-312.

**VERMONT—CENTRAL.** Old tavern, all modern conveniences, linens. 4 bedrooms. Beautiful, quiet country. Recreation nearby. $250 monthly. Box G-328.

**EARLY BIRDS** have first choice of several exceptional Berkshire summer rentals. No lake cottages. References advisable. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

**VERMONT—WESTON.** New home. Spacious living room with deck, 5 bedrooms, playroom, 2 baths. Acreage with stream and Green Mountain views. Seasonal or monthly. Box G-348.

**CAPE COD COTTAGE**—sleeps 4, comfortable, complete. F. Dickerson, Truro, Massachusetts.

**EXCLUSIVE AREA**—Westbrook, Connecticut. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Private beach, large lawn. $600 month inclusive. Will also sell. New Haven 288-1056, 248-2472 or Box G-534.

**CAPE COD COTTAGES** in Orleans area. Bimonthly to seasonal. Reserve early for best choice. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. C, Orleans, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Tel. 255-0552.

**BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS**—3 bedrooms, screened pavilion, pond for fishing, swimming. $350 month, $700 season. 966-2793, Washington, D.C.

**ATTRACTIVE FURNISHED COTTAGE.** Restful setting. Lovely view. Fireplace. Electric kitchen. On Appalachian Trail. Near lake. Knabe grand available nearby. Reasonable. Francis Hathorn, Woodstock, Vermont.

**BEAUTIFUL ISLAND**—Stonington, Maine. 7 cottages, pool, running water, boats. Box G-539.

**UNUSUAL CONTEMPORARY** directly on Long Island Sound. Spectacular views. Wonderful terrace. Boston whaler, sailing dinghy. July. $1,500. 203-838-0042.

**WAITSFIELD, VERMONT.** Ski chalet—furnished. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen. Season or monthly. Box G-519.

**WEST HEMPSTEAD, L.I.** 3 bedrooms, air conditioner, fireplace. July-August. $375. Box G-399.

**MANCHESTER, VERMONT.** Two new houses, well furnished, 3 twin bedrooms, 15 acres, magnificent views, sports, art center. Half season $500. Box 432, Manchester, Vermont.

**1750 SALT BOX.** Dennis, Cape Cod. Private beach. Living room, dining room, modernized kitchen, 4 fireplaces, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Season rental. Box G-512.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Summer Rental

**MOUNTAINTOP ESTATE** near Woodstock, Vermont. Charming Cape Cod, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, all conveniences. $300 monthly, $500 season. Box G-395.

**CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS**—Quaint, historic Provincetown at tip of Cape Cod. Beautifully furnished duplex on beach. Living room 18' x 34', large dining room, sun room, spacious, fully equipped modern kitchen, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, maid's room, open deck, private beach. Magnificent panorama of entire harbor. $3,000 season. Phone Provincetown 399 or write Harriet Adams, Realtor.

**GREEN RIVER, VERMONT**—Brattleboro 10 miles. Attractive Early American Cape Cod. 3 bedrooms, fireplace, screened porch. Walk to swimming, fishing. $595. June 1st-September 15th. Box G-369.

**SOCIALIZE AND/OR RETREAT** beautiful Martha's Vineyard Island. Reserve now luxurious contemporary compact house. Fully equipped, 3 bedrooms, private beach. $150 week. Box G-365.

**MAINE MOUNTAINTOP**—3 hours from Boston. Isolated yet 1 mile Bridgton. Inspiring view. Conveniences. 3 houses sleep 14. Completely furnished. Includes boats, house on nearby lake. $75 week, $275 month. May 1st-October. McKegney, 3600 Porter N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016.

## HOUSES WANTED

**THEOLOGY PROFESSOR,** wife, 3 school children want year's furnished rental starting August in New York commuting area. Box G-394.

**FURNISHED HOUSE** rental wanted for July in southern Vermont or adjacent New York area. 3 bedrooms. Box G-392.

## HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

**HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU** will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

**MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES** for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

**WHITE MOUNTAINS COTTAGE** summers for trailer or apartment Florida winters. Box G-378.

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### For Summer Rental

**MANHATTAN BROWNSTONE** Duplex. Garden. East 49th Street. Furnished. July-August. PLaza 2-7977.

**ITALY**—Apartment, maid for summer. Mrs. Alberti, Borgo Santa Croce 6, Florence.

**LUXURY APARTMENT,** 3½ rooms, piano, elevator, free parking, 25 minutes from NYC. Perfect for graduate student and family. $300 plus utilities for June 5th to Labor Day. Box G-537.

**WEST 72nd, NYC.** River view, adjacent park. 5 rooms. Box G-515.

**CHICAGO'S LAKE SHORE DRIVE.** Spacious, furnished apartment. Air-conditioned. 1 bedroom, twin beds. Fully carpeted. Available June 1st to September 1st. $217.50 per month. Box G-373.

**MANHATTAN.** Small, charming, completely furnished. Couple or single woman. June, July. August optional. Box G-502.

## APARTMENT WANTED

**BUSINESSWOMAN** wants to return to Manhattan. Small, livable apartment East Side between 50th and 80th Streets would be nice. Reasonable. Box F-671.

(Continued on page 92)



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## CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 91)

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

**BEAUTIFUL VERMONT.** A few well-chosen acres bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for summer, winter or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

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**UNIQUE:** Wilderness Corporation, controlling 2,200 acres mountain, forest, unspoiled lake, offers 20 nondivisible one acre lots in Community of Friends and like-minded people behind 100 foot "Common Land" along shore. Charter to "preserve wilderness" insures uncrowded lake for all time. Almost no motor boats. Several cottage rentals, '64 season. Write or phone Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

**POCONOS, PENNSYLVANIA**—Beautiful property, early farmhouse, barn, stream, acreage. F. E. Hart, Greentown, Pennsylvania.

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**ADIRONDACK RESORT** business opportunity or large private home. Lodge with motel and pool started. 400 ft. lot with river frontage. $35,000. M. S. Young, Star Route, Phoenix, N.Y. 13135.

**COMPUTER SAYS** only 7½ SR readers qualify. Unusual opportunity seeks unusual person. The best of two worlds is open to someone with vision, ambition, love of horses and challenging projects. Famous Latin American riding center set in Colonial town with 20th century serendipities, superb climate, will consider active partner, $25,000 minimum capital. Dreams still pay. Box G-545.

## CAMPS

**GIRLS' PRIVATE CAMP.** Ages 8-12. 85 acre farm, western New York. Excellent introduction to camp life. Professional guidance. Individual instruction in swimming, western riding, canoeing, pioneer camping. Brochure: Miss Sarah Brinsmaid, Camp Brin-Lyn, Lyndonville, N.Y.

**CAMP ZAKELO,** Harrison, Maine (Boys 7-15. Established 1928), requires schoolteachers for Camping Skills; Land and Water Sports; Crew; Sailing; Water Skiing; Golf; Tennis; Astronomy; Electronics; Journalism; Band; Languages; Reading Dynamics; Tutoring; post-season World's Fair. Director Zak Zarakov (Exeter '24, Harvard '27), 393 Clinton Road, Brookline, Massachusetts, LOngwood 6-6200 or 12 East 86th Street, New York City, BUtterfield 8-4000.

**T-R RANCH.** Reading, Riding, Roping. Boys 9-14. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

**CAMP** for boys and girls 7-12 years. Natural history, conservation, animal chores, vegetable gardens, haying and farmwork. Swimming, games, singing and a life with beauty and discipline. Eight week season only. George F. Dillman, Otis, Massachusetts.

**TALENTED TEENAGERS:** A special program at the Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

**CAMP CHOCONUT.** Stressing self-reliance. A summer of constructive fun for 40 boys, 9 to 16. Campcraft, trips, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 wooded acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

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**SUMMERLANE.** A school and camp in the anarchist tradition. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

## CAMPS

**THE FRENCH CAMP** at Peter Pan Farm. Voluntary French lessons by Frenchman. Voluntary farm chores. Elaborate Arts-Crafts department, Music, Drama. Horseback riding, filtered swimming pool, tennis court, sports. International staff—campers. Coed, ages 5-16. Relaxed, non-competitive family atmosphere. Aart & Johanna Vos. Phone: Woodstock, N.Y. OReole 9-6936.

**CAMP ANNISQUAM FOR BOYS.** In historic Gloucester, Massachusetts. Unique saltwater sailing camp. Excitement, adventure, open-sea fishing, swimming, boating, all land sports, exploring trips. Mature leadership. Superior accommodations. Abram Resnick, 161 Waban Hill Road, North, Newton, Massachusetts.

**A CHANCE TO "LIVE LIKE INDIANS."** The Farm and Wilderness Camps are starting an Indian encampment on their 2,200 acre tract of mountain land, with forest, lake, and a stream to dam up. Groups of boys from Timberlake will live in authentic Sioux tipis, building a village, cooking as the Indians did, learning Indian crafts, dances, stories, and Indian lore under the guidance of Indian and white American counselors, with daily supervision from Timberlake by Kenneth Webb and/or Jackson Bailey. A dozen boys, ages 11 through 15, are invited to join these groups for the four weeks from July 10th to August 7th. Cost will not exceed $250. This will be a rugged but challenging, gay and valuable experience. For details, write: Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

**ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS.** Fun and adventure for boys 7-18. Six age groups. 2 private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse trips. Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Riding, forestry, riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature councilors. 3 nurses. 39th year. Booklet. William H. Abbott, Director, Box 2383, Fayetteville, N.Y.

**MAINE SAILING SCHOOL**—summer camp, coed, 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

**FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS.** Boys 9-16, two groups. Flagship trips, forty-two land, water activities. Olympic size outdoor pool. Gyms. Approved summer school available. Catalogue. Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

**LES CHALETS FRANCAIS,** Deer Isle, Maine. "Where French is Fun." Imaginative program. Girls 5-18 learn fluent French the conversational way. Swiss chalets. Riding. Sports. Ballet, art, drama, music. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania.

**A CAMP OF NOTE:** All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

**SCIENCE & ARTS, CAMP MINNOWBROOK,** Lake Placid, N.Y. 'The modern concept in camping.' • Since 1949. Science • Electronics • Astronomy • Music • Dance • Drama • Art • All Land and Water Sports. 440 West End Avenue, NYC 24, 212-EN 2-4340.

**GROVE FARM WORKSHOP** in the Humanities. Gifted boys-girls, 14-18. Cultural history, English, drama, choral music. Hiking, swimming; carpentry, forestry, farm gardening. June 28th-August 9th. 275 acres. B. S. de Frees, North Rumford, Maine.

**RAMBLERNY** Camp for the performing arts, New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, modern dance, music, sports, theatre trips, dormitories. Coed 8-20, June 28th-August 22nd, $695. Ruth and Charles Woodford.

**D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS.** 36 boys, 10-16. Three age groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips: Maine, Canada. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, New York.

**AFRICA-ASIA-LATIN AMERICA.** Summer Workshop of Nations for youth 16-17. In the coolness of the redwoods near San Francisco, learn customs and culture of people of newly emerging nations from resident foreign instructors who are graduate students attending American universities. Scholarships available. Nations Incorporated, P.O. Box 1146, Berkeley 1, California.

**PIONEER CAMP,** Hiawatha Forest, Upper Peninsula. Challenge for older boys and girls 10-16 • Small groups develop program • Canoe trips • Work projects • Exploring • Sailing • Campcraft • Individual needs recognized. Carl Hartman, Manistique, Michigan.

**CAMP ELLIOTT.** Democratic Community Living. Work, Study, Recreation. Coed. 14-16. $175 per 3-week session. Brochure and application from Ethical Culture Society of Bergen County, 687 Larch Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey. 201-TE 6-5187.

**CAMPING FOR DEAF,** or physically handicapped? Try Camp Thorpe, Brandon, Vermont. Coed, 6-14. Private. 38th year.

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**WILL YOUR RETIREMENT** be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

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**THE MANOR HOTEL**—Asheville, N.C. Ideal for year-round living. Perfect for a vacation.

**RETIRE:** Best climate this hemisphere. Romantic city; culture and beauty abound; low living costs; medical plan. Modern, functional 1-bedroom brick homes $5,495 with 10 year terms. Box G-3.

## VACATIONS

**COLONIAL CHARM** midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

**SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION** . . . Pine-clad mountains surround Maine's most accessible lakes. Seacoast cities nearby. Free magazine in color. Sebago-Long Lakes Association, Sebago Lake 16, Maine.

**LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE,** concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

**DAVID'S FOLLY.** Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

**WATERVILLE INN**—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

**SHAWMUT INN.** AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 40 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 22nd. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

**PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE** off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

**CHRISTMAS TREE INN.** AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1566

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Changed radically, in appearance or nature. | 26 43 174 127 185 54 195 154 101 148 132 |
| B. Aardvarks (2 wds.). | 123 98 149 18 63 79 125 189 28 |
| C. Responded to the humor of; ridiculed (2 wds.). | 8 108 14 188 40 2 99 77 75 |
| D. Bringing into close connection. | 73 42 160 93 83 95 100 186 167 85 52 |
| E. Give a speciously good appearance to character (colloq.). | 126 4 183 39 33 55 165 193 152 |
| F. One who rises again from torpor or decadence. | 31 66 192 135 25 156 91 184 179 |
| G. Settlement upon a person or institution. | 41 17 121 64 133 1 58 37 96 |
| H. Warning sign often seen on the bank of a reservoir (2 wds.). | 3 117 72 155 163 19 194 131 181 |
| I. Calcareous. | 172 80 102 35 115 89 178 142 22 |
| J. All people; frequently limited to mean all of a group. | 191 59 7 129 169 67 9 124 144 |
| K. Great Dutch organist and composer, years before even Buxtehude (d. 1621). | 109 118 60 20 143 162 175 78 11 |
| L. A sea urchin. | 76 62 161 70 196 47 81 21 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| M. Object of permanent worth or useful qualities; precious possession, esp. if used in the plural for small things. | 6 36 136 139 84 29 119 45 |
| N. Ambiguous with intent to deceive. | 44 138 68 110 87 10 74 5 82 |
| O. Wandering. | 51 159 166 88 86 140 114 |
| P. Teacher, esp. with advanced special knowledge in any line. | 15 61 106 164 128 23 147 177 171 |
| Q. Where, characterized as "beautiful, heavenly", there was room for Mary (Moody and Sankey gospel hymn; 3 wds.). | 50 116 158 105 153 90 30 71 137 |
| R. Member of Congress who was married in the White House, 1906 (1869-1931). | 168 16 103 122 104 57 190 111 46 |
| S. Gave assistance in some physical work (3 wds.). | 48 120 34 150 182 157 187 94 38 |
| T. ". . . so shall he reap"—based on a Biblical exhortation. | 145 65 97 12 112 53 107 24 49 |
| U. The sound of sharp, repeated knocking (comp.). | 32 180 69 27 176 130 151 |
| V. Portion of time devoted to education, esp. of the young, five times a week for most of the year (2 wds.). | 146 141 56 170 134 173 13 113 92 |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | | | | 1 G | 2 C | 3 H | | 4 E | 5 N | 6 M | 7 J | | 8 C | 9 J | 10 N | 11 K |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12 T | 13 V | | 14 C | 15 P | 16 R | 17 G | | 18 B | 19 H | 20 K | | 21 L | 22 I | 23 P | 24 T | 25 F | 26 A |
| | 27 U | 28 B | | 29 M | 30 Q | 31 F | 32 U | 33 E | 34 S | | 35 I | 36 M | 37 G | 38 S | | 39 E | 40 C |
| 41 G | | 42 D | 43 A | 44 N | 45 M | | 46 R | 47 L | 48 S | 49 T | 50 Q | 51 O | 52 D | | 53 T | 54 A | |
| 55 E | 56 V | 57 R | 58 G | 59 J | 60 K | 61 P | | 62 L | 63 B | 64 G | 65 T | 66 F | | 67 J | 68 N | 69 U | |
| 70 L | 71 Q | | 72 H | 73 D | 74 N | 75 C | | 76 L | 77 C | 78 K | 79 B | | 80 I | 81 L | 82 N | 83 D | |
| 84 M | 85 D | 86 O | | 87 N | 88 O | 89 I | 90 Q | 91 F | 92 V | | 93 D | 94 S | | 95 D | 96 G | | 97 T |
| 98 B | 99 C | | 100 D | | 101 A | 102 I | 103 R | | 104 R | 105 Q | 106 P | | 107 T | 108 C | 109 K | | 110 N |
| 111 R | 112 T | | 113 V | 114 O | 115 I | 116 Q | 117 H | 118 K | 119 M | 120 S | 121 G | 122 R | 123 B | 124 J | | 125 B | 126 E |
| 127 A | 128 P | 129 J | | 130 U | 131 H | 132 A | | 133 G | 134 V | 135 F | 136 M | 137 Q | | 138 N | 139 M | 140 O | 141 V |
| 142 I | 143 K | 144 J | | 145 T | 146 V | 147 P | 148 A | 149 B | 150 S | | 151 U | 152 E | 153 Q | | 154 A | 155 H | 156 F |
| 157 S | 158 Q | | 159 O | 160 D | | 161 L | 162 K | 163 H | | 164 P | 165 E | 166 O | 167 D | 168 R | 169 J | | 170 V |
| 171 P | | 172 I | 173 V | 174 A | 175 K | | 176 U | 177 P | | 178 I | 179 F | | 180 U | 181 H | 182 S | 183 E | 184 F |
| 185 A | 186 D | | 187 S | 188 C | 189 B | 190 R | 191 J | 192 F | 193 E | 194 H | 195 A | 196 L | | | | | |

**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.**



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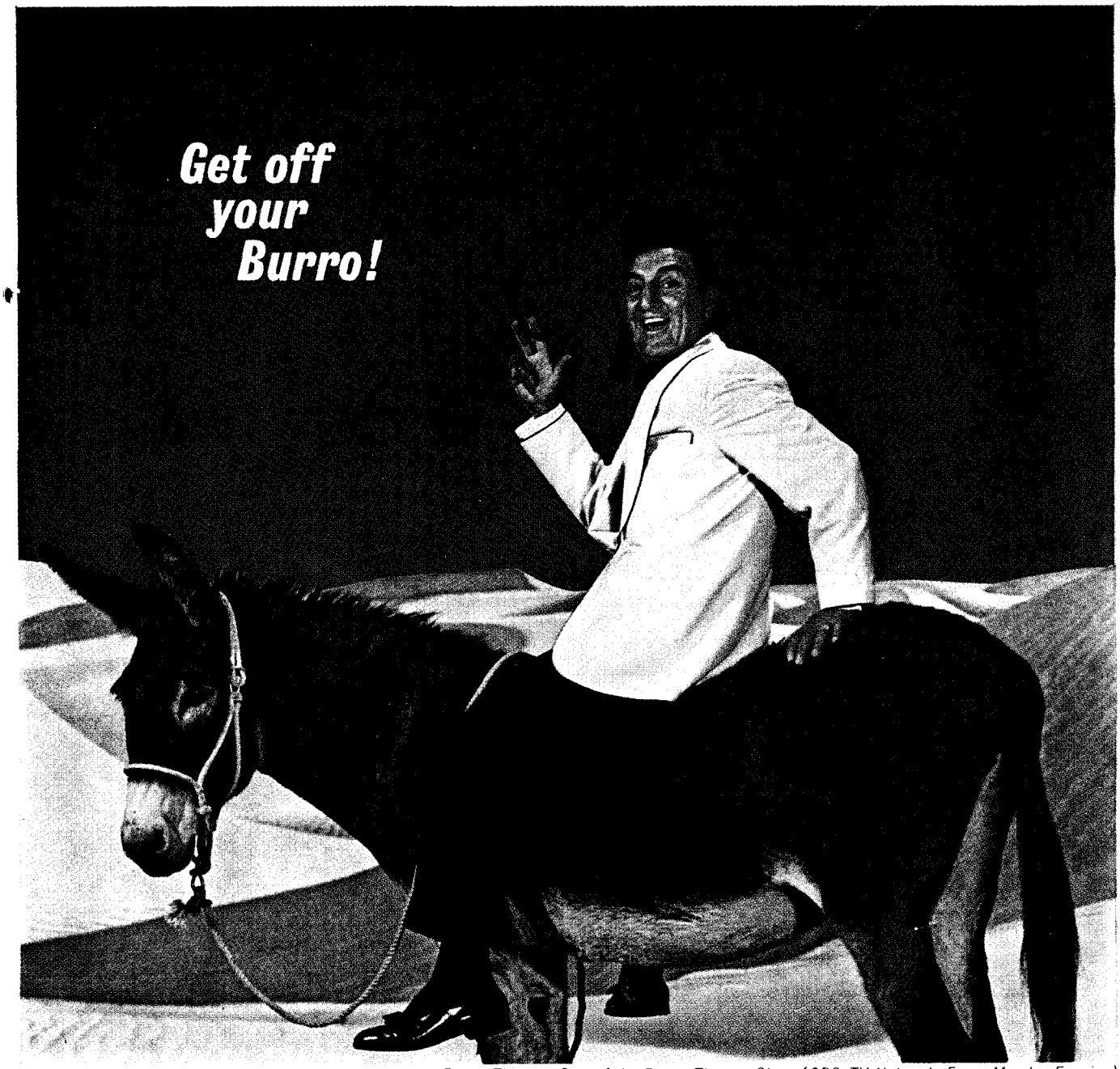


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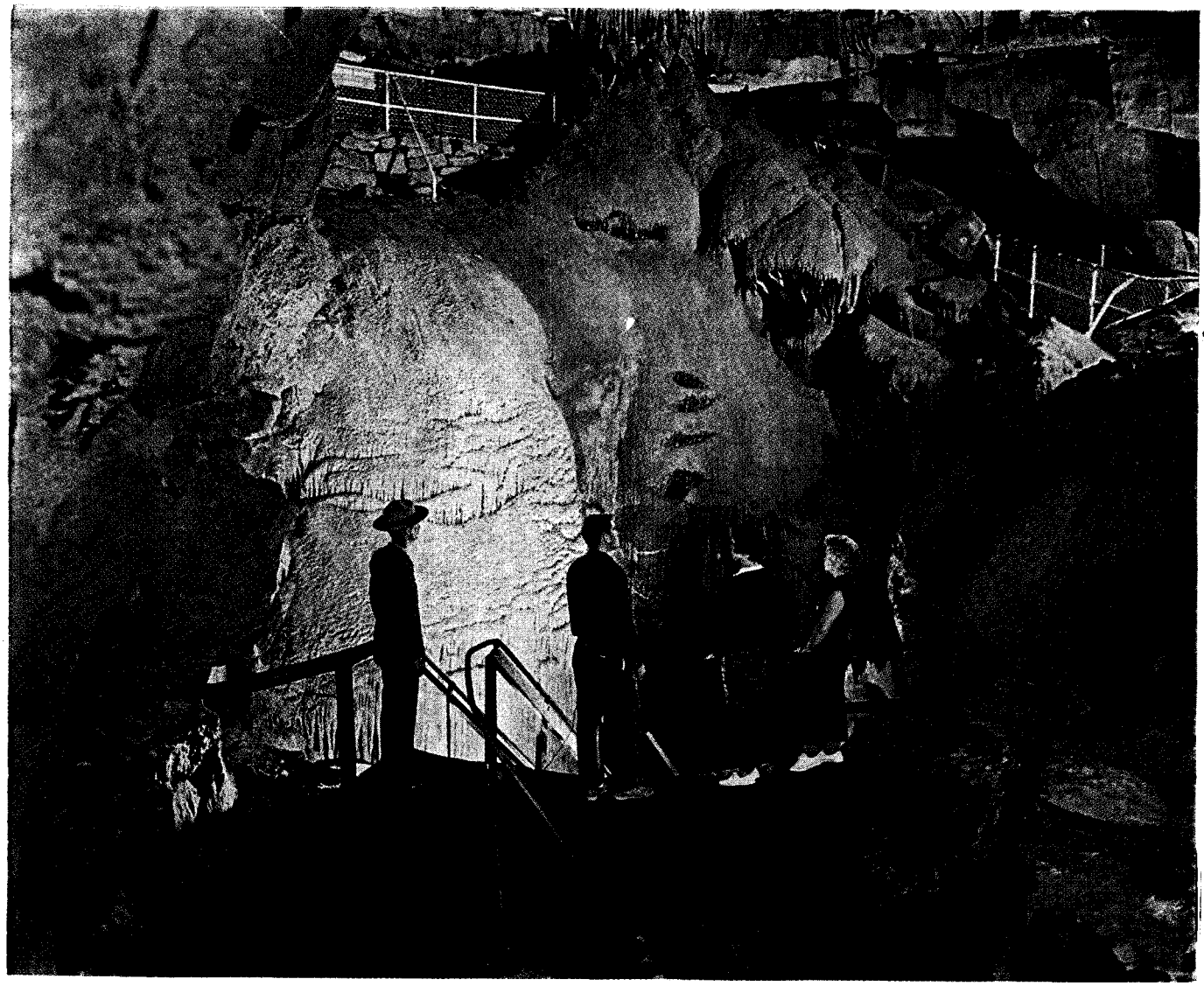

# Mammoth Cave...

**Conservation saved it for you. See it on your way to the New York World's Fair.**

Mammoth Cave has been famous ever since a pioneer hunter named Houchins tracked a wounded bear into it in 1798. It was known as one of the world's greatest natural wonders a hundred years ago, and travelers from many countries were amazed by its great size and great beauty. So in 1924, a group of private citizens, recognizing its worth as a national treasure, formed the Mammoth Cave National Park Association to save it.

They asked for help. They got help—from Kentucky's governors, legislators, congressmen. From service clubs, conservation groups, businessmen. They worked for years to arouse the nation; in 1941, their work was rewarded when Mammoth Cave became a National Park.

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For man is a natural creature. He will always need Nature for his well being. But all the national treasures so far saved are not enough. We are a growing nation. Americans yet unborn must have opportunity to know the natural beauty of our land as our forefathers did. Like them, they must feel its challenge and reward, its promise and its fulfillment.

That is why conservation is everybody's job, and always will be.

**Free tour service:** If you are driving to the New York World's Fair, let Sinclair help plan your trip to include visits to Mammoth Cave or other National Parks. Write Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020.

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